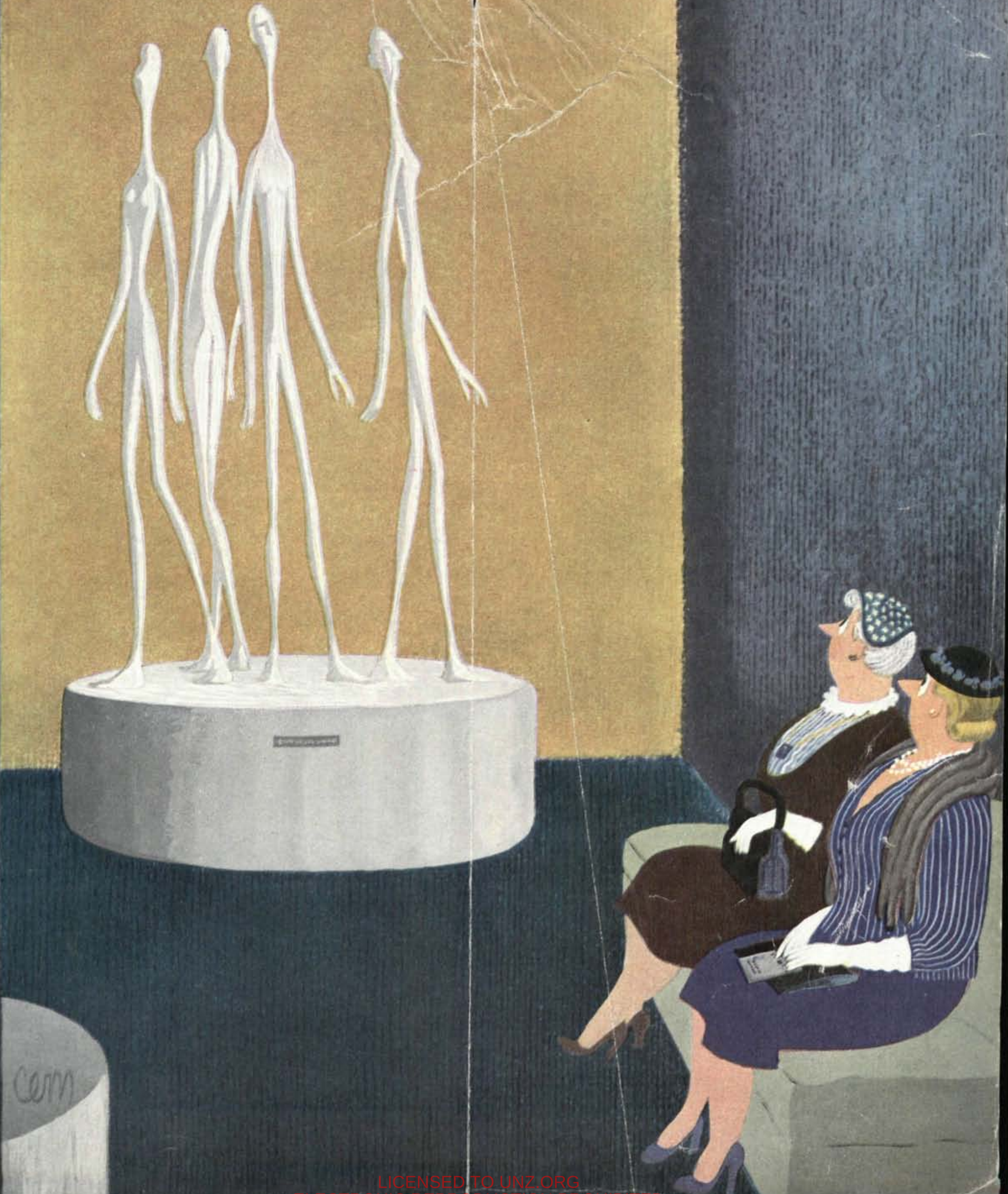
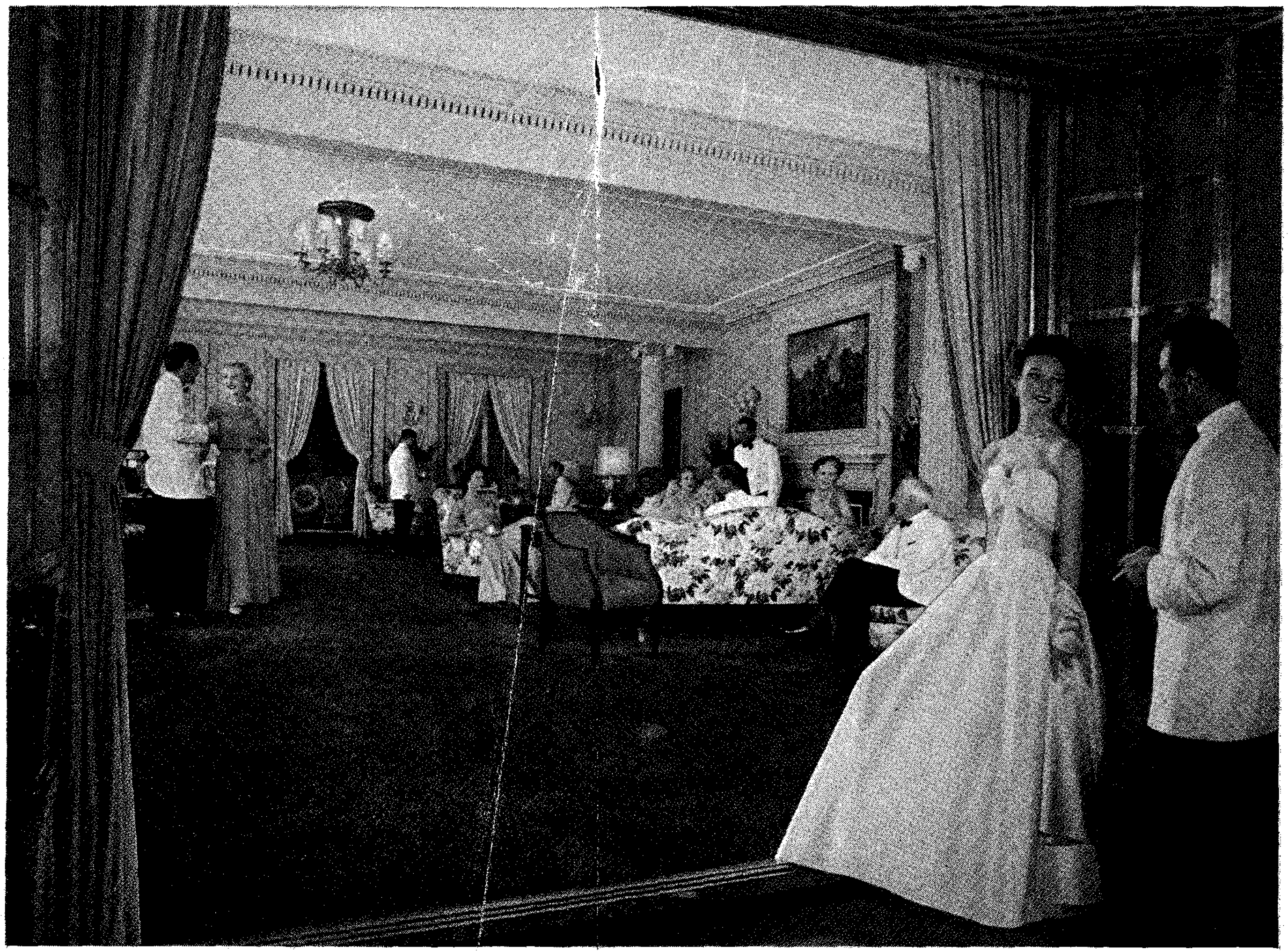
★ Jan. 15, 1955

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents



GRACE LINE



Beautiful Georgian living room on a Santa ship. Cruise clothes B. Altman & Co., N. Y. Photograph by Robert Bagby

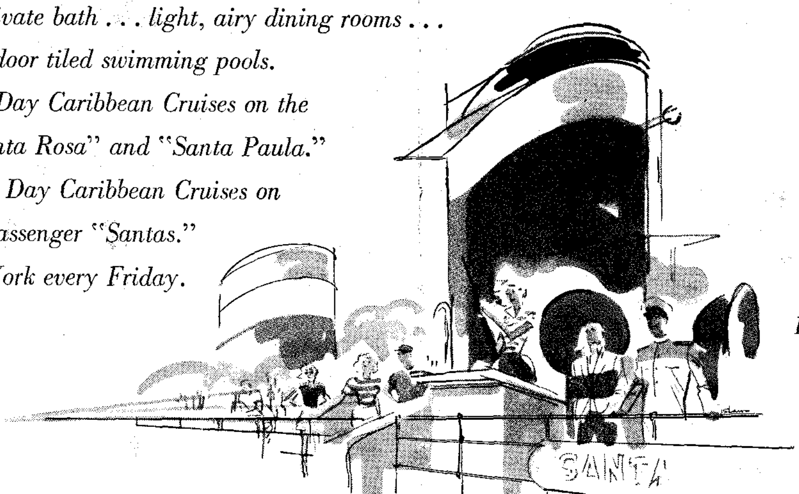
CARIBBEAN CRUISES

Grace "Santas" are especially designed for tropical cruising . . . all rooms outside, each with private bath . . . light, airy dining rooms . . . outdoor tiled swimming pools.

Twelve Day Caribbean Cruises on the luxurious "Santa Rosa" and "Santa Paula."

Also 16-18 Day Caribbean Cruises on modern cargo-passenger "Santas."

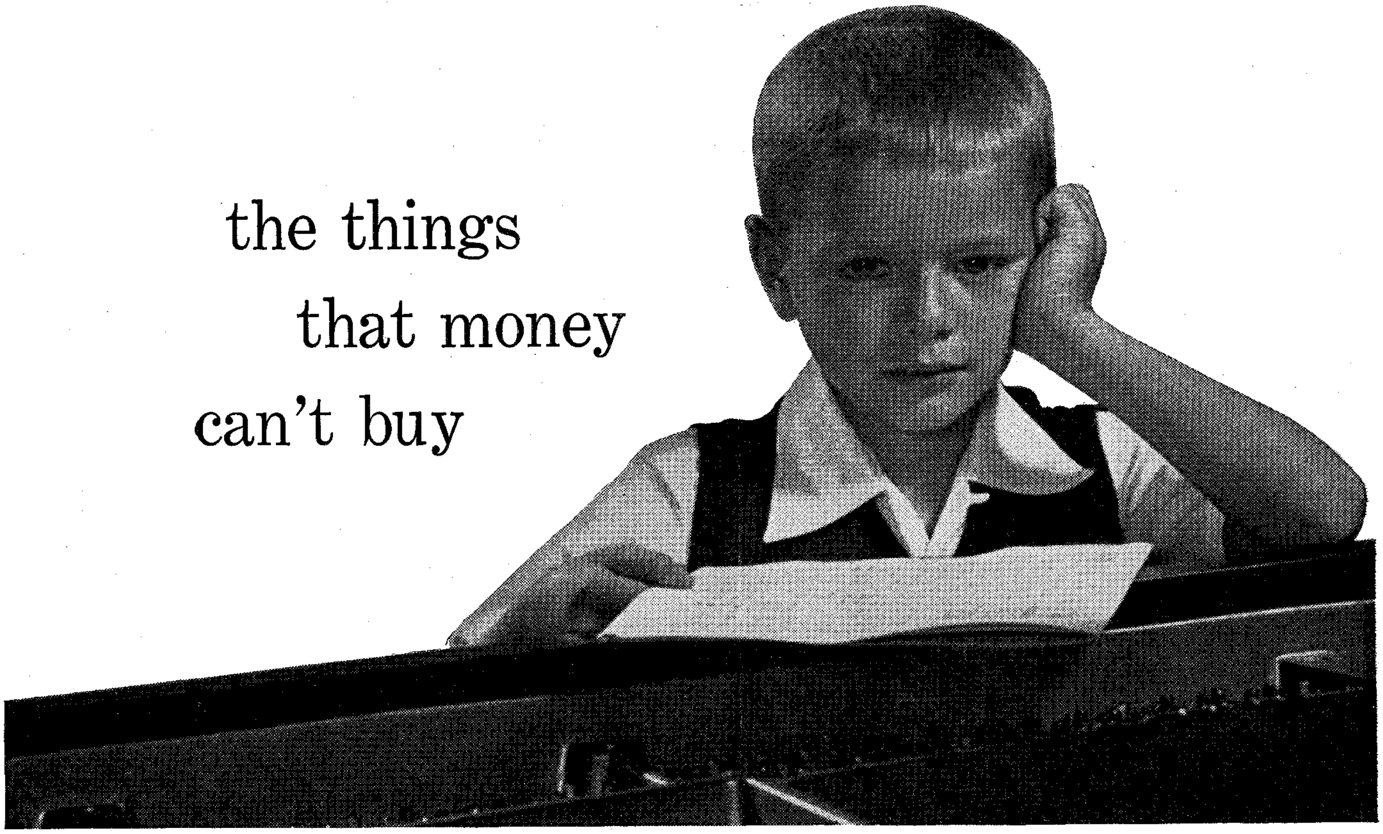
Sailings from New York every Friday.



See your Travel Agent
or Grace Line,
Hanover Square, New York.
Agents and Offices
in all Principal Cities

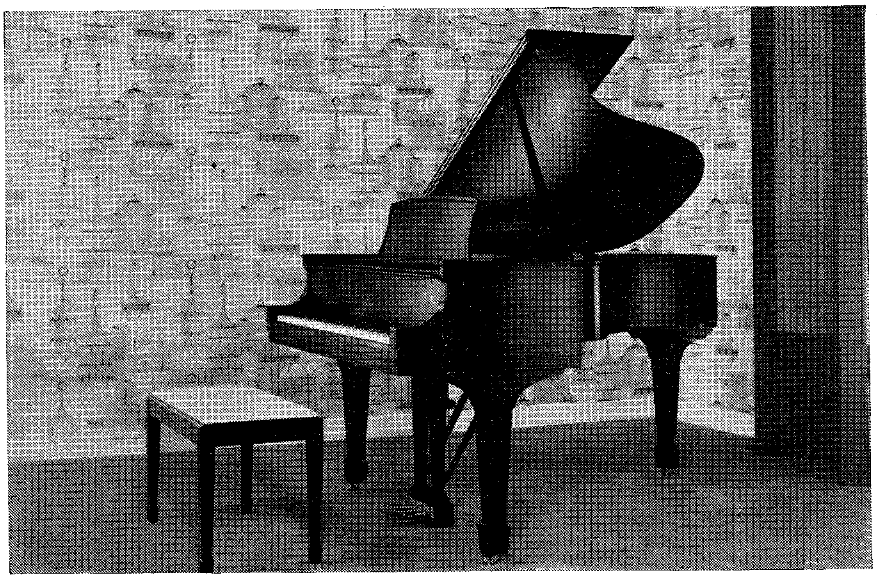
GRACE LINE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the things that money can't buy

. . . come into your home with a STEINWAY



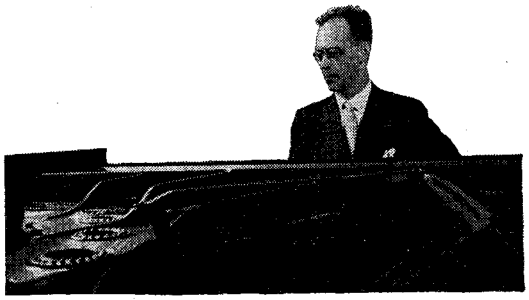
THE MAGNIFICENT STEINWAY GRAND. No other piano offers the tone and the inspiration that are built into the Steinway. A Steinway Grand piano can be delivered by your Steinway dealer for as little down as $258 50

Liberal terms. Slightly higher in the West.

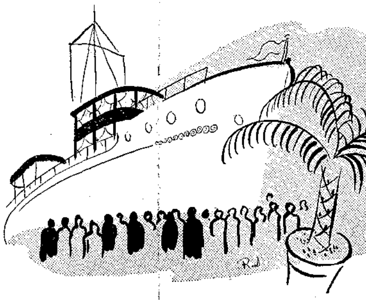
What will he be when he grows up? Whatever career he chooses, the Steinway will help your boy find his way by *doing*, and find reward in *accomplishment*. In the machine age, the kindly discipline of the keyboard forges in him mettle to rise above push-button ease. The habit of doing makes him the master, not the victim, of gadgets. Adding so much in satisfaction and depreciating so little over the years, the Steinway is really an investment that yields dividends in a commodity money can't buy.

Most of the world's great artists use the Steinway. Among them are Rudolf Serkin, pictured at the right, and great names in music like Bachauer, Bartlett & Robertson, John Browning, Firkusny, Istomin, Johannesen, Labunski, Lipkin, List, Ormandy, Toscanini . . . also nearly all of the nation's leading orchestras, radio and television stations.

Our booklet, "How to Choose Your Piano," will be sent free if you write Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th Street, New York.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anastasia—Two brilliant performances, by Viveca Lindfors and Eugenie Leontovich, stand out in Guy Bolton's pleasant but unlikely play about a girl who may or may not have been the Czar's surviving daughter. With Joseph Anthony, Hurd Hatfield, and David J. Stewart. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Bad Seed—Nancy Kelly is superb as the tortured mother of a nine-year-old murderess in Maxwell Anderson's adaptation of William March's novel. Patty McCormack, Henry Jones, Evelyn Varden, and Thomas Chalmers are also prominent in the grisly proceedings. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Dear Charles—Tallulah Bankhead is practically all there is to this remake of a 1944 comedy about fashionable sex. With Fred Keating, Hugh Reilly, Werner Klemperer, and Robert Coote. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 29.)

The Flowering Peach—Menasha Skulnik makes a funny and touching Noah, and he is ably assisted by a cast that includes Berta Gersten, Leon Janney, Janice Rule, and Barbara Baxley. But Clifford Odets' folk play is a little on the wearing side. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lunatics and Lovers—Though Sidney Kingsley's farce about night life in a Times Square flea bag is occasionally labored, it is pretty comic just the same. The extremely able cast includes Dennis King, Buddy Hackett, Sheila Bond, Vicki Cummings, Mary Anderson, Nat Cantor, and Arthur O'Connell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mrs. Patterson—The presence of Eartha Kitt in the principal role is the chief asset of this otherwise threadbare fantasy. Among those who give Miss Kitt a hand are Estelle Winwood, Avon Long, Ruth Attaway, and Estelle Hemsley. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New York City Center Theatre Company—Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter," with Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, will play through Sunday, Jan. 16. . . . ¶ The third in this season's series of four revivals will be Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life," with Franchot Tone, Harold Lang, Myron McCormick, Gloria Vanderbilt, John Carradine, and Paula Laurence. Preview Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 19, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Quadrille—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne near the top of their form, as usual, in a Noel Coward comedy that is substantially below Mr. Coward's best form but amusing in a long-winded way. Also with Edna Best and Brian Aherne. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rainmaker—N. Richard Nash's melodrama about a plain girl and a captivating stranger, while dated and sometimes silly, has its moments, and it also has Geraldine Page. Others in the cast are Darren McGavin, Richard Coogan, and Cameron Prud'homme. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Reclining Figure—The mysterious methods of some art dealers and the unhappy predicament of their clients provide Harry Kurnitz with the theme of his comedy. Despite a few funny scenes, the humor, generally speaking, is not very advanced. Abe Burrows directed the cast, which includes Percy Waram, Martin Gabel, Mike Wallace, and Georgiann Johnson. (Holiday, Broadway at 47th St. CI 5-5530. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Wedding Breakfast—Theodore Reeves' comedy about impoverished young love is rather frail, in spite of some fine performances by Lee Grant, Harvey Lembeck, Virginia Vincent, and Anthony Franciosa. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Witness for the Prosecution—Agatha Christie's mystery is a little old-fashioned, but it contains some of the most ingenious plot twists imaginable. Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, Ernest Clark, Horace Braham, and Robin Craven are featured in a cast of thirty. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 16.)

Long Runs—**Anniversary Waltz:** Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields concocted this comedy about two people (Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey) who lived together before they were married. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **The Caine Mutiny Court Martial:** A dramatization of a section of the Herman Wouk novel, in which Lloyd Nolan is Queeg, John Hodiak the defendant, and Barry Sullivan the defense lawyer. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 15.) . . . **The Seven Year Itch:** A middle-aged man gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Tom Ewell plays the man in George Axelrod's comedy, and Sally Forrest is his inamorata. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The Solid Gold Cadillac:** A comedy, by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, portraying some complicated skulduggeries in the business world. Loring Smith heads the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **Tea and Sympathy:** A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins are currently in the central roles of Robert Anderson's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **The Teahouse of the August Moon:** John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, with David Wayne, John Forsythe, Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Boy Friend—Whether you lived through the twenties or are too young to remember those frivolous times, you ought to like this British parody of the sort of musical that was then prevalent. The book was written by Sandy Wilson, who is also responsible for the lyrics and music, and Julie Andrews is completely irresistible in the role of a charmer as empty-headed as a Toby mug. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fanny—Ezio Pinza, Walter Slezak, and other talented people in one of those big, colorful, plot-and-character musical shows, which is based, a little obscurely, on the doings of some poor but tuneful folk in Marseille. Book by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan; score by Harold Rome. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

House of Flowers—Oliver Messel has designed some astonishingly beautiful sets and costumes, and Herbert Ross's dances are generally admirable, but Truman Capote's book and Harold Arlen's music are considerably less inspired. In spite of her material, however, Pearl Bailey is a delight, and Diahann Carroll, Juanita Hall, and Frederick O'Neal are very agreeable, too. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—Labor relations in a pajama factory might not strike you as the most promising theme in the world for a musical comedy, but George Abbott and Richard Bissell have turned it into one of the merriest of the current offerings. In the highly competent and professional cast are Janis Paige, John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Carol Haney, and Reta Shaw. Music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Mary Martin, Cyril Ritchard, and some spectacular bits of stagecraft combine to make this revival of the Barrie fairy story perhaps the best you've ever seen. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Saint of Bleecker Street—Gian-Carlo Menotti's arresting music drama about sin and sanctity in the depressed byways of lower Manhattan contains a good deal of cloudy motivation, which might lead some of its listeners to prefer sin. It is, however, beautifully produced under the composer's direction, and its youthful cast, including Gloria

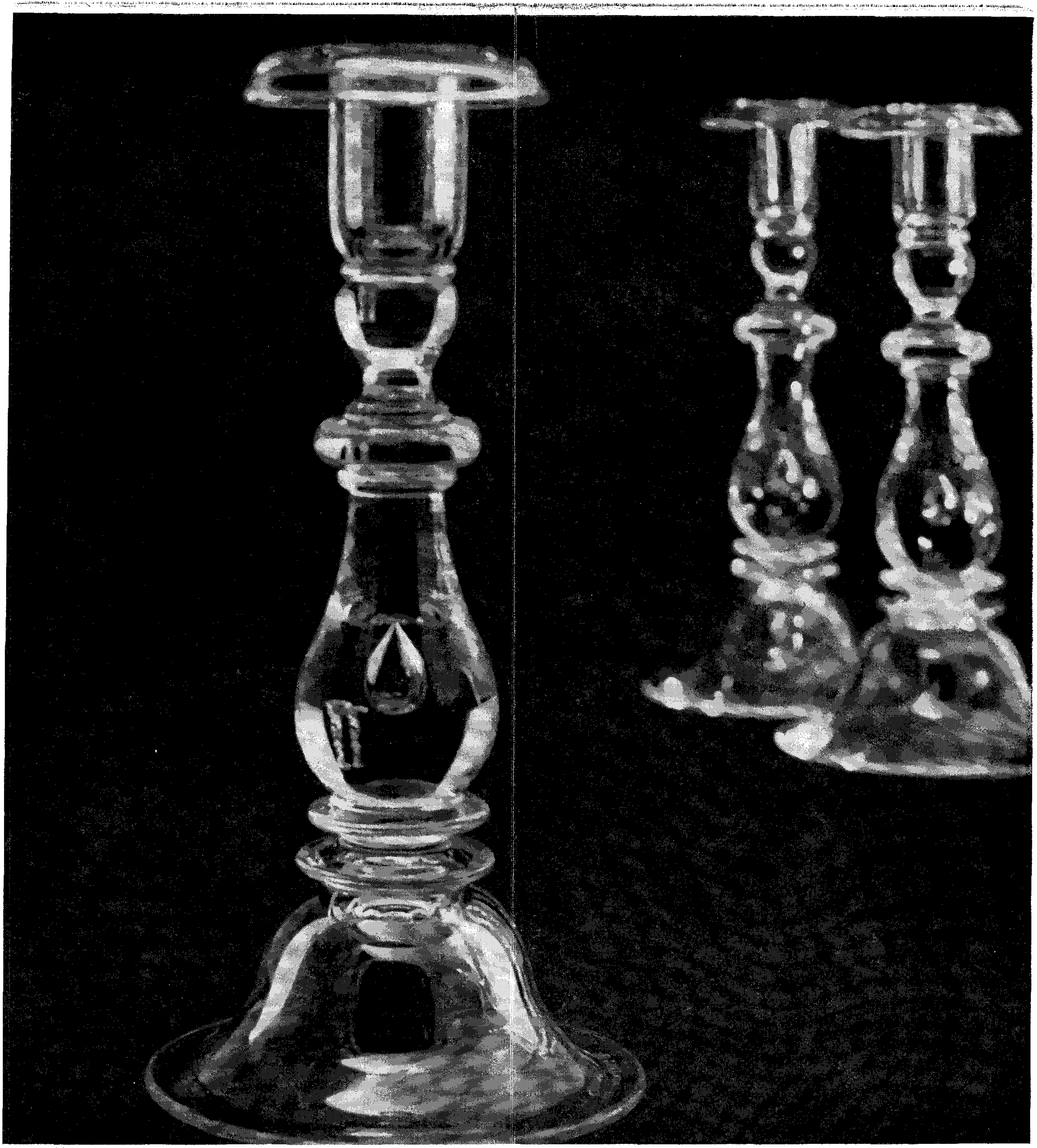
	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	76
BOOKS	91
THE CURRENT CINEMA	66
LETTER FROM PARIS	70
MUSICAL EVENTS	89
ON THE COURTS	68
THE RACE TRACK	79
TELEVISION	86

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXX, No. 48, January 15, 1955. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1955, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



BALUSTER CANDLESTICKS WITH TRAPPED TEARDROPS · ACTUAL SIZE · $30.00 EACH

MADE AT THE CORNING GLASS CENTER · CORNING, NEW YORK

STEUBEN GLASS

718 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lane as the extremely attractive villainess, sings its lush melodies with great spirit. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAN-CAN:** Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter did the score, and Lilo and Norwood Smith are among the inhabitants. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **COMEDY IN MUSIC:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **KISMET:** An adaptation of Edward Knoblock's 1911 comedy-melodrama, with a score pieced together from the music of Alexander Borodin. William Johnson and Elaine Malvin are now the vagabond poet and his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Festival—A new comedy by Sam and Bella Spewack that will star Paul Henreid and Betty Field. Directed by Albert Marre and produced by Walter Fried in association with Felix Brentano. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 18. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Jan. 14-16: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Jan. 21: "Don Giovanni." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Congreve's "The Way of the World," with Howard Morton and Gerry Fleming. Directed by Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

Club Theatre—Clarence Derwent, Whitford Kane, and Lesley Woods in "The Merchant of Venice," directed by Iza Itkin. (Finch College Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. SU 7-5405. Fridays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma," with a cast, under the direction of Sidney Lumet, that includes Geraldine Fitzgerald, Frederic Worlock, Shepperd Strudwick, Roddy McDowall, and Philip Bourneuf. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

President Theatre—"The Troublemakers," George Bellak's drama about a murder in a New England college, is a little overwrought and ingenuous, but it is exciting, and its point is serious and important. Among the leading players are William Smithers, Lois Wheeler, and Curt Conway. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," presented by the Provincetown Repertory and directed by John F. Grahame. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Fridays through Sundays at 8:40.)

Shakespearewrights—"Twelfth Night," directed by Norman Peck. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—"The Passion of Gross," a play written by Harold Levitt and directed by Paul Vincent Gordon. The cast is headed by Jack Gilford and Sylvia Short. Opens Thursday, Jan. 20. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

José Greco—With his company of Spanish dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Marina Svetlova—With her company. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Ruth Draper and Paul Draper—The best monologuist and the most stylish dancer extant should provide you with a very satisfactory evening in this joint program. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 15.)

Hollywood Ice Revue—A couple of hundred pairs of skates, belonging to Barbara Ann Scott, Gundi Busch, Andra McLaughlin, and Freddie Trenkler, among others, flashing through various production numbers, one of them "The Wizard of Oz." Opens Thursday, Jan. 13, and will run through Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Sundays at 7 and every other evening, except Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 18-19, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

"Three for Tonight"—Drama, music, and dance make up this latest Paul Gregory production. The large company includes Marge and Gower Champion, Harry Belafonté, and the Voices of Walter Schumann. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a jewel box that bears the mark of expert workmanship, has Blue Danube dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's band until ten, and dance music after that by Quintero's rumba men and Chauncey Gray's orchestra. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The lounge "under the clock" is the cocktail-hour crossroads for commuters, commuters' wives, commuters' children, commuters' girl friends, and just plain New Yorkers. There's music every day but Sunday, and also in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays, from seven to nine. No dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The entertainment here, though unquestionably professional, is not supplied by the house. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

Nino's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (PL 5-6644)—A worthy effort to reprise a famous coëducational *palais de danse* of the Turtle Bay and Sutton Place set. Hugo Pedell, who knows the neighborhood well, is the music master. His orchestra, which is spiced by Jud Woldin's airy piano, begins at nine, alternating with Horace Diaz's rumba band. The cocktail and dinner murmurings emanate from Nick D'Amico's duo. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Met, a handy training camp for café life, has now contributed Marguerite Piazza and her famous chest tones to the Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band make good, sturdy dance music. Only a dinner show on Sundays, and closed on Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, dancing every evening from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The waltzing in the Persian Room is currently being handled by Tony De Marco, the ageless and knowing career man. The lady in and on his arms is, inevitably, named Sally. Most of the singing is being handled by Jenny Collins, who is apt to get all worked up over the calmest lyrics. The major-domo is Ted Straeter, pianist, tenor, and fashion plate, whose virtuoso dance band alternates on the stand with Mark Monte's musicians. On Thursday, Jan. 20, Lisa Kirk, a tiger-lily soprano, becomes the floor show. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The serenity of the Rendez-Vous Room, one of the best of all possible worlds, is broken only by the rocket's red glare of an arriving swordful of flaming *shashlik.* Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dreamy dance music starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's group does muted melodies for cocktails in the Palm Court every afternoon. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's dance music, which stays comfortably in low gear, makes the Grill a safe place for beginners of all ages. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Most of the big estates have been broken up, but the Maisonette goes right on entertaining in the grand manner. There's dancing all evening to Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's perpetual-motion bands, and, at dinner and supper, Billy Daniel (not to be confused with the singer named Billy Daniels) does his soft-shoe song-dance-and-chat bit with a young lady named Georgine Darcy. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long, in the Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra ministers to anyone in the mood for calisthenics.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, the blithe band of the Dorsey Brothers is living it up in commendable fashion. Buddy Rich is at the drums. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—People who love to visit the town, but wouldn't live here if you etc., etc., often use this country store as the entering wedge. Dancing in an alcove to Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The incumbent revue is built around two dozen time-honored Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz songs, all of which speak so well for themselves that there is little left for the book of the show to say, a fortunate state of affairs. The humor, some of it juvenilely robust, is done best by Paul Gray and Louise Hoff; the dancing looks best when Tommy Wonder and Rain Winslow are involved. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine and between shows.

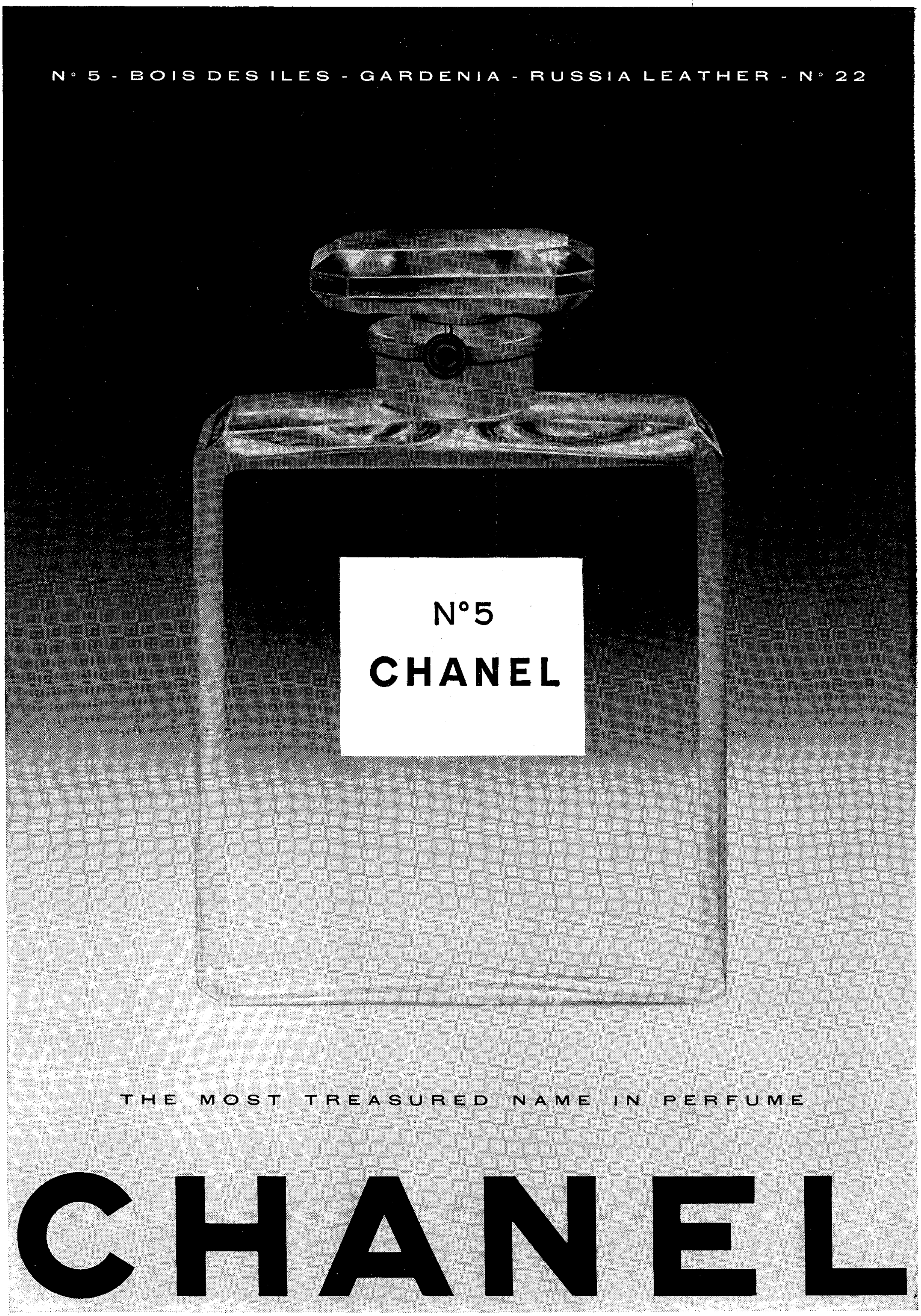
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinah Shore sings only for her supper, except Fridays and Saturdays, when she joins in the dinner show as well. The Skylarks, singers too, are still undergraduates, so they're not allowed to cut any classes. All hands operate in the Empire Room, which also houses Nat Brandwynne's fine big dance band most of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The huge maze called Peacock Alley affords Alex Fogarty's decorous piano from six to twelve and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra from eight-thirty to one. Sundays, Mischa Borr's orchestra does a solo flight from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, which has had its head in the clouds for so long, offers cocktails—thus beating any other sightseeing bus hollow—and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Norbert Faconi and his perambulatory violin



N° 5 - BOIS DES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22

N°5
CHANEL

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

have the perfect tableside manner for this *guys-and-dolls pump room.* Except Sundays, he promenades from suppertime on, and there is piano all evening by Rudy Timfield. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg does piano in an American vernacular.... **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Lessons (from six to eight and from ten to two every night but Sunday) in piano that's cool enough for the most circumspect drawing room and sprightly enough for the bouncy younger set. The professor who manages this without a single split in his personality is Cy Walter.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An executive suite of notable opulence, with Paul Morse at the piano during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis was out of town when Rome burned, but he's fiddled at most of the important social occasions since then. His tiny dance band is around after nine. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins loving, weeping, making music, and dancing with fascinating fury. The clients are now and then allowed to do a little footwork, too. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche,* George Kent plays for cocktails, and Tommy Hughes for dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): No fuss, no feathers, but plenty of hail-fellow-well-met talk, frequently punctuated by the piano of Louis Hawkins, the energetic host of the place, and of Bob Printz, whose deft phrasing is mostly moonlight and roses. They begin at seven. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): The new setting for this Mittel-europa school of cookery is placid, happy, and (from seven-thirty until the small hours) full of the music you'd expect in such surroundings.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): In this fourth part of Gaul, the cast speaks French like natives of Scranton. Johnnie Ray, who felt the call to the pulpit early in life, is the star preacher, singer, and athlete of the evening. He leaves Sunday, Jan. 16. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean, the young Harvard scientist who has gone to original sources for his humor, is presenting his findings after hours here. Portia Nelson, a lyric nightingale just returned to her native heath, is an excellent blend of minx and maiden. The bill also includes the Larks, a singing foursome, and Helen Halpin, an industrious comedienne. The background is Bart Howard's and Otis Clements' piano and the restrained jazz of Jimmy Lyons' trio.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Arte Johnson's nonsense requires the close attention of the entire class, but it's worth the effort. Ceil Cabot's nonsense is just as intricate but far more rampageous. The Turtlenecks, a new quartet in the best of voice and humor, and Melitta, a Cuban with a disarming manner and some quiet Latin songs, are on tap, too. Julius Monk, mentor of this unruly brood, plays piano, and the music of the unique Norman Paris Trio is a show in itself. Mr. Johnson goes away Saturday, Jan. 15; Irwin Corey, the wildest of all Shakespearean clowns, resumes his lectures on Monday, Jan. 17. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): They all laugh when Stan Freeman sits down to play the piano, and with good reason, for he has fun not only in his fingers but in his accompanying words. Looming over everything is Sylvia Syms, the baby Vesuvius, spouting songs of sacred and profane love. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Miss Syms departs on Sunday, Jan. 16; next evening, Lucille Reed, one of Chicago's pet sopranos, moves in. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Herb Corey and Mildred Cook let loose their last gags on Sunday, Jan. 16; Betty O'Neil, who is off duty that evening, sings her last songs on Monday, Jan. 17. Next night, Patricia Bright, a tense little humorist, and George Smiley, a chipper tenor, will arrive. There's plenty of piano all week long by Bob Downey, Harold Fonville, and Hazel Webster. Antique silent movies, embellished by the ad-lib puns of Paul Killiam, are added on Sundays; Mondays are audition nights.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The course of untrue love doesn't run very smooth, either, but Mabel Mercer's songs offer a few helpful household hints on what to do about it until the analyst comes. She's ensconced in a small upstairs salon where the knowledgeable Sam Hamilton is almost constantly at the piano. Closed Sundays. On the floor below is the febrile Show Spot Lounge, where, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis provides breezy piano.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A community sing that becomes quite free and easy after midnight. Mae Barnes, who declaims her strophes in a voice heard 'round the world, is the ringleader. The comedy of Tony and Eddie, who do pantomime to other people's recordings, is sometimes on the beam, sometimes way over the river and into the trees. There are also Jimmie Daniel's *bon-vivant* ballads, the stream-of-unconsciousness musings of Lee Goodman, the Three Flames' Existentialist words and music, and Bruce Kirby's blank-faced horseplay. Closed Mondays.... **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A homey little cellar populated principally by Jorie Remes, an offbeat humorist who explains, in rather well-chosen phrases, why life is actually just a necessary evil. Nancy Kenyon sings about this and that innocent emotion. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A museum devoted to loud and pungent Early American music. The artifacts, all of them alive and kicking, are Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon. Ted Roy does the interlude piano. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are often mass dementia. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Reporting for duty weekdays around nine is the trio of Erroll Garner (who, laughing fit to kill, lets his unique chords fall where they may on the keyboard) and a quartet in which Johnny Smith and Perry Lopez play very pretty two-part guitar. Sunday nights, Jack Elliot's brisk and bright modern trio has the place to itself. Cocktail and dinner piano every live-long day.... **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): A liberal education is offered by the curriculum here. Ella Fitzgerald, who can do no wrong, has the backing of a trio, including Don Abney, who hang on her every wonderful word; Ed Sauter and Bill Finegan, the electronic kings, have reshuffled their twelve-man Univac so that it often makes real music again; Don Shirley and Richard Davis are still at their Debussyesque variations (sort of Melisande meets boy, Melisande gets boy). Closed Mondays. On Tuesday, Jan. 18, Billy Eckstine and the Clifford Brown-Max Roach sextet will replace this festival of sound.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): An off-campus activity for many a stripling. The music, all of it old-line, is by Pee Wee Erwin's veterans. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time.

Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A new quintet headed by Doc Cheatham (on trumpet) has just moved in. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Except Sundays, from ten on, Cy Coleman's trio, which has been completely rebuilt and modernized, unveils its quiet and effective intricacies. It leaves Wednesday, Jan. 19.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The meeting place of an extremely feverish freethinking, freewheeling society. Chris Connors, Dan Terry's band, and the Modern Jazz Quartet (a foursome so cool that it's almost supersonic) are dishing out the stardust the customers like to hear. Visitors on Mondays, which are jam-session nights.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The Grill has reverted to its old love—music in the barrelhouse mood. It starts at six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at five-thirty on Sundays. Dancing after nine-thirty. Paul Barbarin's band, a New Orleans battalion on its first exchange scholarship, is the host. The afternoon guests, on Sunday, Jan. 16, will be Wild Bill Davison's crew. No music Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A cheerful point of view prevails inside the circular bar, where, after nine, Marian McPartland, a current-idiom pianist with lots of good ideas, and her two-man rhythm section play a lot of up-to-date harmonics. While they're off duty, Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude,* lets loose his own introspective modernist piano. No music Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, Herman Chittison sits down at his well-tempered concert grand around nine-thirty. He and his two assistants are steady, solid senders. Joe Moon's piano is the interlude diversion. No music Sundays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Dixie was never really like this, but the rumpled version on view here does sound great. A constant stream of musicians (among them Jimmy McPartland, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Joe Thomas, Buster Bailey, Charlie Queener, and Russell Moore) amble on and off the quarter-deck behind the bar from 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M., all huffing and puffing like mad. Closed Mondays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Promised for Friday, Jan. 14, is a beer-garden brawl involving Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Max Kaminsky, Vic Dickenson, Snub Mosely, Pee Wee Russell, Omer Simeon, Joe Sullivan, Ken Kersey, Pop Foster, Zutty Singleton, Keg Purnell, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing, too, as if anyone would bother.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Charlie Shavers, Tyree Glenn, Art Trappier, Gene Sedric, R. C. H. Smith, and Willie the Lion Smith should all be playing with fire.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CHARLES ALSTON—Figure studies, in oils and water colors, depicted in a semiabstract manner; through Jan. 29. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

DARREL AUSTIN—A group of twenty-one paintings in a retrospective show of works done between 1935 and 1954; through Jan. 29. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ROLOFF BENY—Abstract water colors, drawings, and prints, mainly on landscape subjects, by one of the leading young Canadian artists; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (The Contemporaries, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

EDWARD BETTS—Sea and rocks, especially along the coast of Maine, are represented in these lacquer paintings; through Friday, Jan. 21. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

BILL BOMAR—Oils and water colors, largely inspired by the artist's stay in Taos, New Mexico; through Jan. 25. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

PAUL-EMILE BORDUAS—A selection of abstract water colors by this French-Canadian painter;

Make mine a *Hadley*

Pure cashmere treasure, to give sparkle to life in the southern sun. Cardigan about thirty dollars at the nicest stores anywhere, everywhere. For specific ones, write Hadley Cashmeres, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

Linen Shorts by Evan-Picone

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Feb. 5. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Reg Butler—A model for his "Unknown Political Prisoner," plus forty more pieces and a few drawings; through Feb. 5. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

George Constant—A survey of the artist's paintings from 1930 to 1954; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

Salvador Dali—Sixteen oils, together with about a dozen water colors and drawings illustrating Dante's "Divine Comedy;" through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

James Fosburgh—Portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes in a set of twenty-eight oils; through Jan. 29. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Twelve canvases, principally figures studies, painted in 1954; through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Marsden Hartley—A dozen paintings, rarely shown, from his early Expressionist "Berlin" period, 1913-15; through Jan. 29. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Jules Kirschenbaum—A first one-man showing of Surrealist paintings, technically expert if a little melancholy in outlook; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Salpeter, 42 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Georges Mathieu—Oils, on view for the first time, done between 1948 and 1951; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

Matta—New paintings, exploiting as effectively as ever his strange, other-worldly cosmogony; through Jan. 31. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

George L. K. Morris—"Converging Disks," "Descent in Depth," and twelve additional abstract oils; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Sculptures, collages, and etchings, generally revealing a primitive influence; through Jan. 25. (Grand Central Moderns, 120 E. 57th St.)

Roland Oudot—The first exhibition here in many years by an accomplished Frenchman, who paints in the Courbet-Manet tradition; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

William Pachner—Both figures and landscapes are to be found in this collection of about twenty paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

Bernard Perlin—Lacily stylized studies of Italian and other scenes, in his first exhibition in some five years; through Jan. 29. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Recent paintings and collages, including everything from stained-glass windows to winking lights, to show that Abstract Expressionism can be fun, too; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

George Rickey—Mobiles and other constructions, taking their inspiration chiefly from machine movements; through Jan. 29. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

Hyde Solomon—Abstract Expressionist oils, all on Southern landscape themes, and done with great airiness and delicacy; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Frederic Taubes—Paintings on a variety of subjects in an exhibit marking the artist's twenty-fifth year of work in America; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

George Tooker—Tempera paintings of people and places in New York; through Jan. 29. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

Jacques Zucker—Landscapes ranging from Mexico to Majorca, and several interiors; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

College Art—A lively showing of oils, sculptures, and other works, by students at the University of Mississippi; through Jan. 24. (Forum, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **sculpture center**, 167 E. 69th St.: Terra-cotta sculptures by six artists, among them Lu Duble and Henry Kreis; through Feb. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 5, and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.) . . . **tanager**, 90 E. 10th St.: Small oils and sculptures by more than eighty artists make up the gallery's third annual invitation show; through Thursday, Jan. 20. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

French; Group Shows—At the **fine arts associates**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Bonnard, Utrillo, Chagall, and other present-day artists; through Jan. 31. . . . **kleemann**, 11 E. 68th St.: Canvases by six contemporary painters, including Bernard Buffet and Jean Dubuffet; through Jan. 31. . . . **rehn**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Charles Burchfield and Edward Hopper are two of the twenty-four regular gallery members who have a painting apiece on display; through Saturday, Jan. 22.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **argent**, 67 E. 59th St.: Wallace Herndon Smith; starting Monday, Jan. 17. . . . **ganso**, 125 E. 57th St.: Joseph Meert; starting Monday, Jan. 17. . . . **hansa**, 210 Central Park S.: Ida Fischer; starting Tuesday, Jan. 18. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . **bertha schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: Wolfgang Behl; starting Monday, Jan. 17. . . . **jacques seligmann**, 5 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Monday, Jan. 17.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The remaining two parts of a three-part display, celebrating the Museum's twenty-fifth year: Cézanne and the early twentieth century, through Jan. 23; and Cubism and abstract paintings, through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ About a hundred prints, representing the work of European artists from Post-Impressionism to the present; through Feb. 20. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—A loan show of Spanish medieval art, including sculptures, paintings, metalwork, ivories, and manuscripts; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Recent acquisitions, including a constructivist sculpture by Pevsner and an early Feininger, along with a group of pieces from the Museum collection, ranging from a Seurat and a Cézanne to a recent "constellation" by Calder. The show has now been extended through Jan. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Lee Hersch and Ralph Nelson memorial exhibitions; through Jan. 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

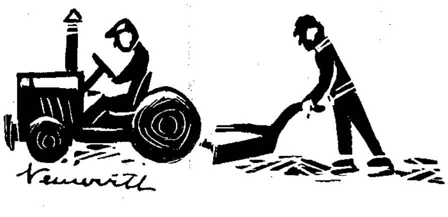
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The annual invitation show of paintings, sculptures, water colors, and drawings by contemporary American artists; through Feb. 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Manon," with Licia Albanese, Giacinto Prandelli, Frank Valentino, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Carmen," with Nell Rankin, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Eleanor Steber, Nadine Conner, Cesare Siepi, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Blanche Thebom, Kurt Baum, and George London. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 16, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Roggero, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit for the West Side Institutional Synagogue.) . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Andrea Chenier," with Zinka Milanov, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lucine Amara, Cesare Siepi, and Cesare Valletti. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Margaret Harshaw, Astrid Varnay, Ramon Vinay, and George London. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Jean Fenn, Giuseppe Campora, and Ettore Bastianini. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:15: "Vittorio," a ballet, with Mia Slavenska and Zachary Solov; and "Salome," with Christel Goltz, Blanche Thebom, Paul Schoeffler, and Ramon Vinay. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Zinka Milanov, Jean Madeira, Richard Tucker, and Josef Metternich. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:15: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Brenda Lewis, Patrice Munsel, Jarmila Novotna, and Charles Kullman. (A benefit for the Mizrachi Women's Organization of America; for tickets, call GR 7-4720 Mondays through Thursdays, 9 to 5, and Fridays, 9 to 2.)



ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Guido Cantelli conducting—Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 14, at 2:30 (no soloists); Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:45 (an all-Beethoven program, with Robert Casadesus, piano); Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2:30 (with Robert Casadesus, piano); Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 21, at 2:30 (no soloists); and Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:45 (with Nathan Milstein, violin).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting, with Alexander Brailowsky, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Heitor Villa-Lobos conducting a program of his own music, with Nicanor Zabaleta, harp. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with the Mannes-Gimpel-Silva Trio. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

American Chamber Orchestra—Robert Scholz conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the Air—Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Benny Goodman, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

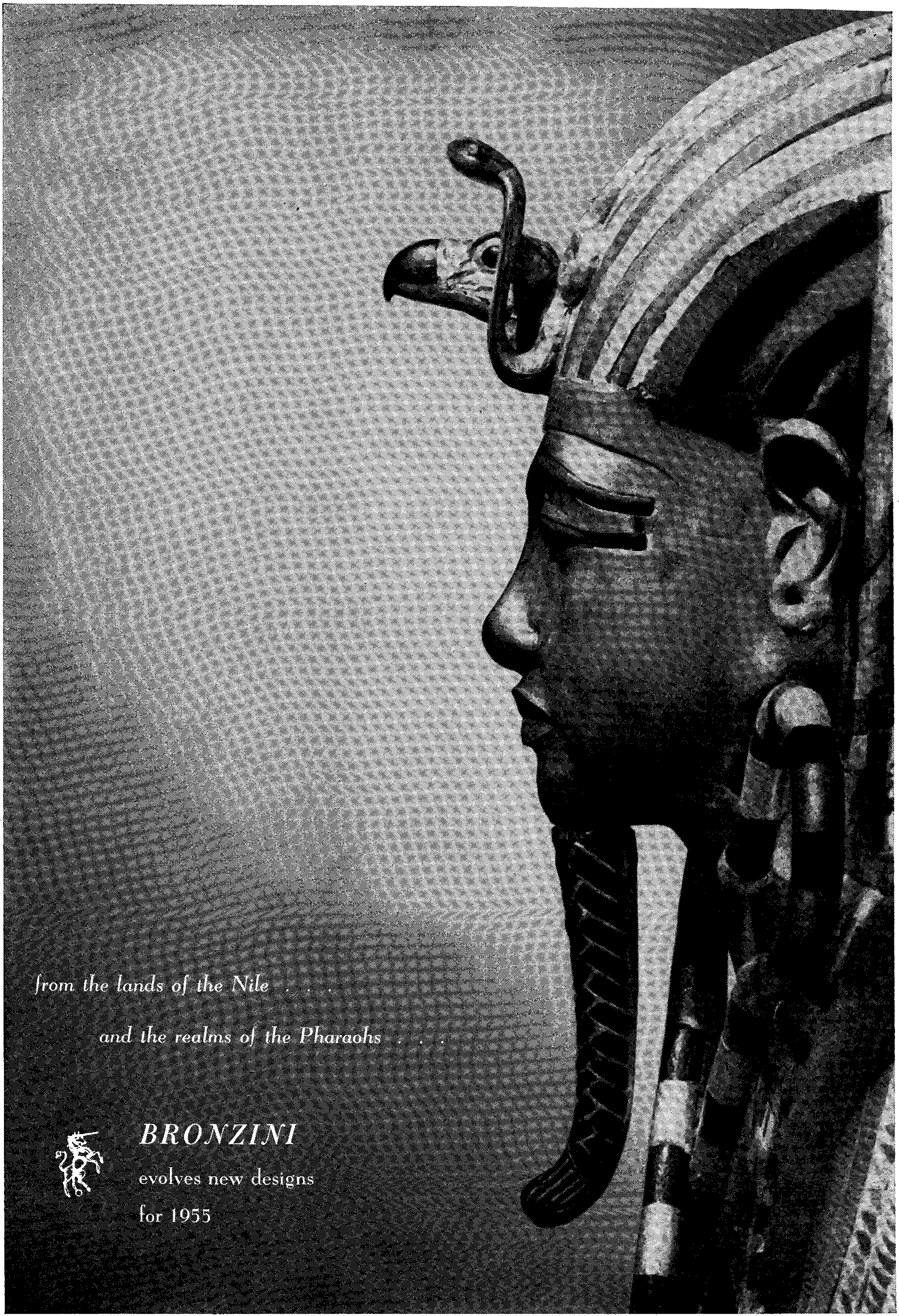
American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

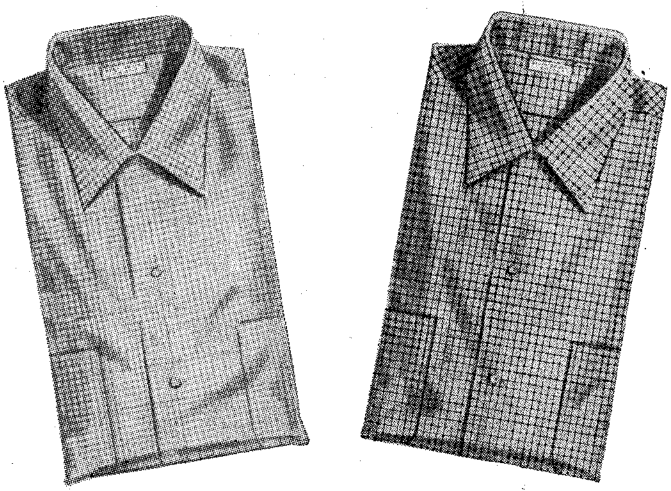
Albert Schweitzer's Eightieth-Birthday Concert—Edouard Nies-Berger directing the Central Presbyterian Church Choir and the Nies-Berger Chamber Orchestra in an all-Bach program, with soloists. A benefit for Dr. Schweitzer's hospital in Lambaréné, French Equatorial Africa. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Frank Brieff directing the chorus and an orchestra in solo and choral cantatas, arias, and duets of Johann Sebastian Bach, with Eileen Farrell, soprano; William Warfield, baritone; Julius Baker, flute; and other soloists. The second in a series of four concerts. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

New York Concert Choir—Margaret Hillis directing an all-Beethoven program, with Ania Dorfmann, piano, and the New York Concert Orchestra. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Arnold U. Gamson directing the New York Concert Choir and an orchestra in a performance of Bellini's "La Sonnambula," in concert form, with Laurel Hurley, soprano; Cesare Siepi, bass; and


from the lands of the Nile . . .
and the realms of the Pharaohs . . .
BRONZINI
evolves new designs
for 1955



ESTABLISHED 1818

another Brooks Brothers exclusive...
LIGHTWEIGHT SPORT SHIRTS OF DACRON* AND EGYPTIAN COTTON
that require little or no pressing

Here is the ideal sport shirt for the man who is cruise or Southern resort bound. Cool, comfortable sport shirts, woven in small patterns and handsome, soft colorings that—with little or no pressing—look neat and fresh after laundering. Their Dacron content assures longer than average wear, too.

(left) *1/8" checks in blue, red or grey on white grounds. Short sleeves, $14; long sleeves, $15.*

(right) *In attractive black-and-red, navy-and-light blue, or brown-and-tan Tattersall checks on white grounds. Short sleeves, $14; long sleeves, $15.*

Shirts in small, medium, large and extra large.

*DuPont's fiber.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

others. The second in a series of four programs. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—At the GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum: The last two in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 13, and Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.) . . . KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM, Y.M.H.A.: With Artur Balsam, piano, and John Barrows, horn. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:40.)

PAUL BADURA-SKODA—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

PETE SEEGER—Folk singer; the last two in a series of six programs. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Jan. 13, and Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

BURL IVES—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2:30.)

WEBSTER AITKEN—Piano; the second and third of three Schubert-sonata programs. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, and Saturday, Jan. 22, at 5:30.)

GINA BACHAUER—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MARAIS AND MIRANDA—Ballad singers. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

CONCERT SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—The Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet and Maxim Schapiro, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 5:30.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Guitar. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 8:40.)

MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI—Piano; the eighth of twelve Beethoven programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Jan. 17, at 8:40.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR AMERICAN COMPOSERS AND CONDUCTORS—A program of music by various composers, among them Bernard Wagenaar and Peter Mennin, performed by Maxim Schur, piano; Emanuel Vardi, viola; and the National Arts Club Wind Quintet. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 21, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

FRIEDRICH GULDA—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

FREDELL LACK—Violin. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

YEHUDI MENUHIN—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Leonard Rose will give a cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 23, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 18, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

CARIB SINGERS—A calypso and mambo program. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

INDOOR POLO—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

PLAYS—By the PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Heidi." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . JUNIOR THEATRE: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . Y PLAYHOUSE COMPANY: "Robin

The Classic Knit

Two beauties from the

Masterpiece

Collection by

Catalina

Designed for the woman
who loves and appreciates and knows
how to wear beautiful clothes.
Shown above: Water Witch, crimp nylon
and Lastex knit, $15.95. Right: Snug Harbor,
Orlon and Lastex knit, $14.95.

© Catalina, Inc., Los Angeles 13
A division of Julius **KAYSER** *& Company*
hosiery • lingerie • gloves

There's no festival

LIKE AN IRISH FESTIVAL

an tóstal

MAY 8-29, 1955

In May, when all the wild beauty of Ireland blossoms forth again, we invite you to visit us for the greatest of Irish parties, the gayest of all festivals . . . the one with the entire Irish nation as host, our annual Festival of Welcome to the world, An Tóstal!

There'll be music and dancing, sports galore, drama and pageantry. A cast of thousands will relive the story of St. Patrick, and at the Abbey and the Gate, great traditions of the Irish theater will add new glory . . . and *you'll* be there! Above all, the people of Ireland, with a smile on their lips and a song in their hearts, will offer you Céad Míle Fáilte—the Hundred Thousand Welcomes of the Irish!

Write Box 12 for a full-color map of Ireland and details of An Tóstal. Book your trip to An Tóstal with your Travel Agent.

Irish
TOURIST INFORMATION BUREAU
33 East 50th Street
New York 22, N. Y.
Telephone: PLaza 3-0159

Issued by
Fógra Fáilte
the National
Tourist Publicity
Organization
for Ireland

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hood." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 3:30.)

VARIETY SHOW—"Little Red Riding Hood," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus several other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The January show, "Skies in '55," previews astronomical events for the new year, including a total eclipse of the sun, meteor showers, and the changing sky patterns of the different seasons. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

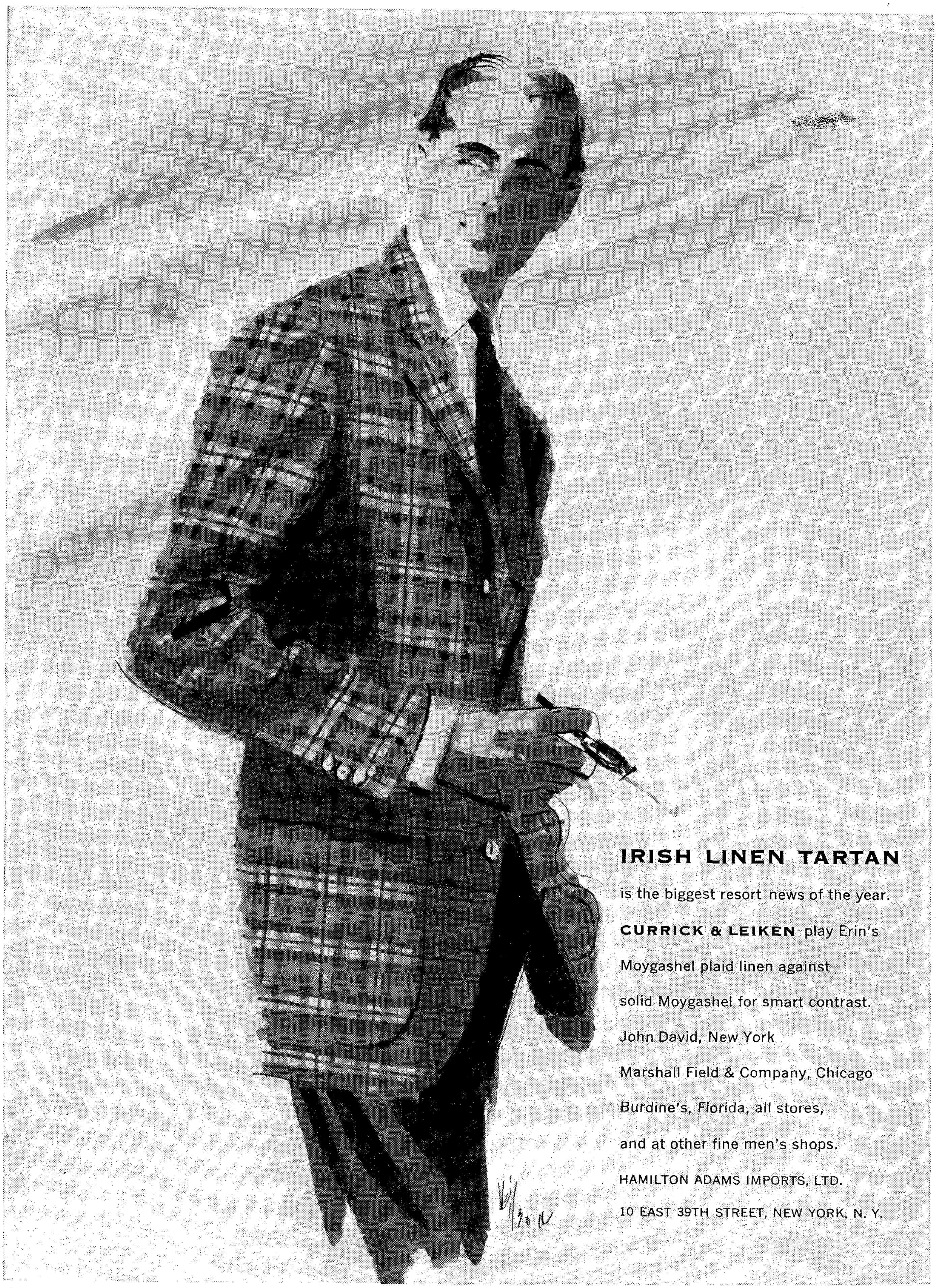
UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until Jan. 25, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene. In the meantime, there are periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

POETRY AND DRAMA READINGS—At the **MC MILLIN THEATRE:** A group of actors sponsored by Peggy Wood in a concert reading of Maxwell Anderson's "Anne of the Thousand Days." (Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.) . . . **KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM,** Y.M.H.A.: W. H. Auden reading from his own works. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:40.)

NATIONAL MOTOR BOAT SHOW—If it does nothing else, it gives the boating fraternity a breath of midwinter hope. (Kingsbridge Armory, 29 W. Kingsbridge Rd., at Jerome Ave., the Bronx. Friday, Jan. 14, from 6 to 11; Saturdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 2 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 17-21, from 1 to 11. Through Sunday, Jan. 23.)

THE LIVINGSTON FAMILY—About a hundred items relating to the family that originally settled here in 1674, of which a prominent member was Robert R. Livingston, our first Secretary of Foreign Affairs. Included in the display are Napoleon's agreement to the Louisiana Purchase, the lyrics of a Fourth of July song written by Thomas Paine, and letters from Robert Fulton about his steamboat. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 13-15, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century gold and enamel snuffboxes; pieces by Carl Fabergé; Meissen, Minton, and other porcelains; Queen Anne and Georgian silver; Louis XV and Louis XVI furniture; and Oriental rugs. From several collectors, among them Mrs. Harrison Williams and Princess Gabrielle Liechtenstein. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and prints by such artists as Pissarro, Chagall, and Laurencin; the property of Henry McBride, the late Millicent A. Rogers, and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 15.



IRISH LINEN TARTAN

is the biggest resort news of the year.

CURRICK & LEIKEN play Erin's Moygashel plaid linen against solid Moygashel for smart contrast.

John David, New York
Marshall Field & Company, Chicago
Burdine's, Florida, all stores,
and at other fine men's shops.

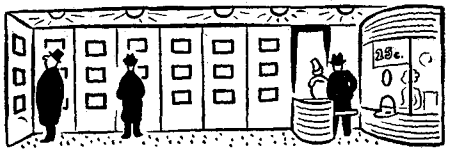
HAMILTON ADAMS IMPORTS, LTD.
10 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

MOYGASHEL®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Animal Farm—An English cartoon film derived from George Orwell's acid allegory about totalitarian ways. It's somewhat handicapped by a tendency to make the animals resemble the lovable types Disney likes to draw. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Carmen Jones—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera has an all-Negro cast, and the plot has been jazzed up, but not beyond recognition. Dorothy Dandridge makes a magnificent Carmen, and Harry Belafonté is her Don José. Most of the songs are sung off screen by Marilynn Horne, LeVern Hutcherson, and Marvin Hayes, but the redoubtable Pearl Bailey, who is also on hand, sings her own, thank Heaven. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Jan. 18.)

The Country Girl—Bing Crosby gives a splendid performance as a down-at-the-heels actor, and Grace Kelly and William Holden are equally incisive as the wife and the theatrical director who are trying to redeem him. Adapted from the play by Clifford Odets. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

Dial M for Murder—Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams in Alfred Hitchcock's version of the thriller about a tennis player who wants to lob his wife to eternity. Not too long on movement, but frequently absorbing. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th St., EL 5-8790; starting Jan. 19.)

Gate of Hell—A remarkable Japanese film dealing with life in the thirteenth century and crowded with color, melodrama, and fine acting. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

High and Dry—An ancient Scottish mariner pits his wits against those of an American transportation wizard in an English film that has plenty of solid comic scenes. Alex Mackenzie is the aging but artful Scot, and Paul Douglas is his American foil. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Jan. 19.)

The Little Kidnappers—A charming English film, mostly about two small boys in Nova Scotia in 1904. The young ones set up some stout defenses against the rigid Calvinist orthodoxy of their grandfather, including the off-hand adoption of a baby one of them has found in the woods. Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter are completely beguiling as the boys, and Duncan Macrae, Jean Anderson, Adrienne Corri, and Theodore Bikel do all right as their elders. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 17, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; Jan. 18-19.)

Men of the Fighting Lady—Some authentic and startling shots of naval pilots in action during the Korean fighting compensate for a rather routine story about the difficulties of a jet squadron run by a martinet. With Van Johnson, Dewey Martin, Keenan Wynn, and Frank Lovejoy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 16-18.)

On the Waterfront—A fine dramatic interpretation of Malcolm Johnson's Pulitzer Prize-winning report on labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. The picture has as its leading character Marlon Brando, whose performance can't be faulted; neither can the work of his associates, among them Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Lee J. Cobb. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Jan. 18)

Romeo and Juliet—Maybe this film treats Shakespeare a trifle cavalierly—the text has been edited fairly extensively—but it is certainly handsome. Made in Italy, with an English-speaking cast, and directed by Renato Castellani. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Sabrina—A slightly labored gambol dealing with a chauffeur's daughter on Long Island who aspires to better things. Audrey Hepburn is perhaps overly ebullient as the ambitious young lady, but Humphrey Bogart is superb as a member of the insular *haut monde* who eventually wins her. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Jan. 13. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Jan. 18, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Jan. 16.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Jan. 15.)

The Big Day (1952)—A French film, originally known as "Jour de Fête," about a village postman, Jacques Tati, who is enraptured by American speedup ideas. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Jan. 14.)

Black Narcissus (1947)—Some nuns on a Himalayan mountain peak. An English picture, with Deborah Kerr, David Farrar, and Flora Robson. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 15.)

Chaplin Comedy—"Triple Trouble," a one-reeler from the silent past. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd St., BU 8-9304; starting Jan. 18, tentative.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Jan. 13.)

Detective Story (1951)—Melodrama in a precinct station, taken from the play by Sidney Kingsley. With Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 16-17.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 15.)

Kiss of Death (1947)—Gangster homicide in New York. With Victor Mature and Richard Widmark. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 16-17.)

Knock on Wood (1954)—Danny Kaye as a mixed-up ventriloquist taking on some international spies. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 16-18.)

The Member of the Wedding (1952)—Carson McCullers' play, translated to the screen. Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon de Wilde again have the leading roles. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Jan. 18.)

Notorious (1946)—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in a Brazilian spy tale, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 19.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 13.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, taking in a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. A British picture, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 16-18.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope (1952)—An Italian comedy, played against a background of poverty and unemployment by a cast of amateurs. Directed by Renato Castellani. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 14-15.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Jan. 19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 16: "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 17: "The Dream of a Rarebit Fiend" (1906), directed by Edwin S. Porter; "The Tramp" (1915), with Charles Chaplin; "His Bitter Pill" (1916), produced by Mack Sennett, with Mack Swain; "High and Dizzy" (1920), with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; and "Two Tars" (1928), with Laurel and Hardy. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, James Mason.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Vera Cruz" (in Superscope), Gary Cooper, Burt Lancaster, Denise Darcel.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE COUNTRY GIRL.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Theodora, Slave Empress," Gianna Maria Canale, George Marchal.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Jan. 18: "Green Fire" (in CinemaScope), Stewart Granger, Grace Kelly.
From Jan. 19: "The Americano," Glenn Ford, Cesar Romero.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Jan. 19: "Deep in My Heart," José Ferrer, Merle Oberon.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Jan. 18: "The Silver Chalice" (in CinemaScope), Virginia Mayo, Pier Angeli.
From Jan. 19: "Young at Heart," Doris Day, Frank Sinatra.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Prince of Players" (in CinemaScope), Richard Burton, Maggie McNamara.

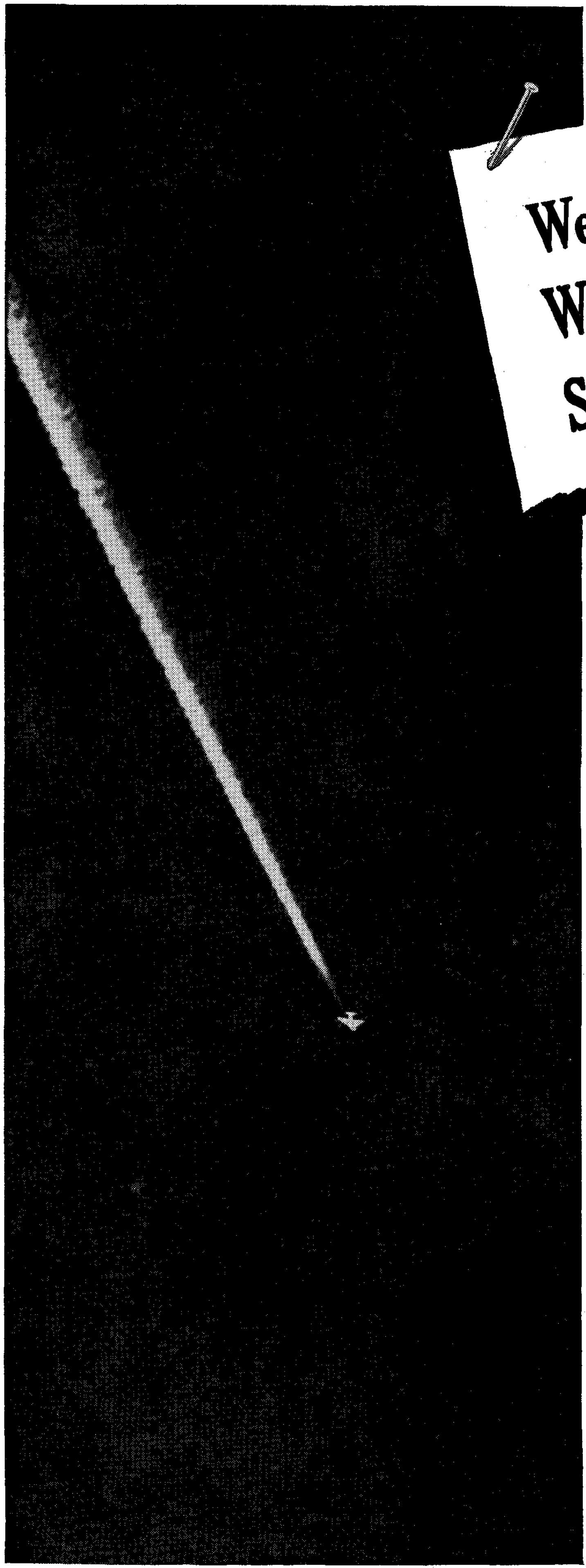
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"There's No Business Like Show Business" (in CinemaScope), Ethel Merman, Marilyn Monroe, Dan Dailey.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"3 Ring Circus" (in VistaVision), Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

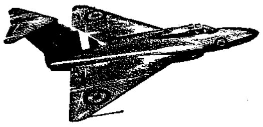
Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Jan. 19: "Sunderin," Hildegarde Neff.



Western Europe's Watchdog Against Sneak Atom Attack

Powered by
the Javelin is
ful fighters ir
vice ceiling
and an ext
climb.
Its produ
and first c
rons are c
Deliver
ers to N
ing pl



Pearl Harbour was a good lesson for all of us. We doubt that the next war will start with weeks and months of diplomatic tea parties. The chances are that it will come like sudden death. And, if you were the enemy, with all the chips down, a sneak attack on London would seem like a pretty good opening tactic.

Defence against this sneak attack is not an easy job. Certainly an early warning radar network in Europe is vital, but even single high-flying, high speed atomic bombers can wreak immediate destruction. And if, and when they try, the prime defensive weapon is the Gloster Javelin. Here is an aircraft second to none in the world. It flies and fights at altitudes higher than ever before. It has a destructive power tough enough for any bomber, but the most important thing of all is that it carries in it the most complex search radar gear, a British invention, which is unparalleled in any other aircraft.

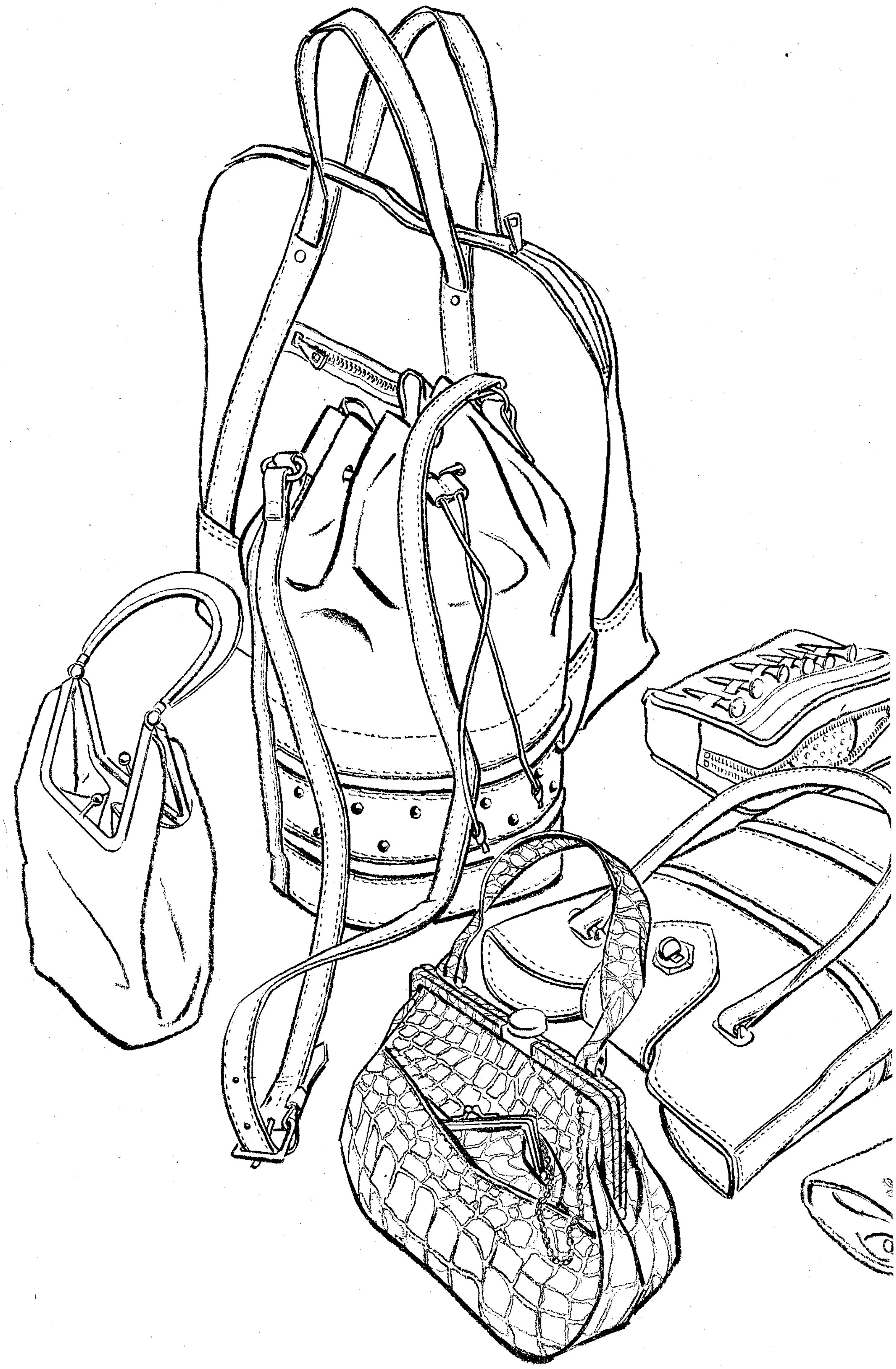
Fair weather or foul, night or day, the Javelin can track down and engage in combat any bomber. The Javelin carries a two-man crew – one to fly the aeroplane and the other to operate the complex radar gear.

Very little can be said about the delta-wing Javelin because Security prevents it, but airmen know it for what it is – the most important aircraft in Western Europe. It is powered by twin Armstrong Siddeley Sapphires and is made by Gloster, who made the first successful jet aircraft and comes from the Hawker Siddeley Group, makers also of the Hawker Hunter intercepter and the Avro Vulcan four-jet Delta bomber.

'DAY AND NIGHT ALL WEATHER FIGHTER

Gloster Javelin

GLOSTER AIRCRAFT CO. LTD., GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND. Member of the Hawker Siddeley Group/Pioneer... and World Leader in Aviation



Some people go buy more than others . . .

It's no crime to spend your time off loafing. Millions do.

But a growing group of men and women prefer to while away their leisure at a furious pace. And they buy new clothes, new furnishings, new gadgets with equal gusto. For it takes lots of equipment to join in the energetic pastimes of today.

These active, eager families make prospects of more than passing interest to most advertisers.

After all, it's the family devoted to enjoyment of leisure time that shells out for the accessories and gadgets that go hand in glove with these activities. It's the family with travel in mind that stocks up and dresses up for the occasion. It's the family that expects guests whose larder gets well stocked.

This, then, is one of the big reasons for Holiday's success. It attracts and guides the restless, well-to-do families — millions of readers — who are accustomed to getting out in the wide open spaces or to having friends in, who are the first to travel, to enjoy weekends away, to participate in sports, the arts, hobbies and the whole wonderful whirl of pleasure.

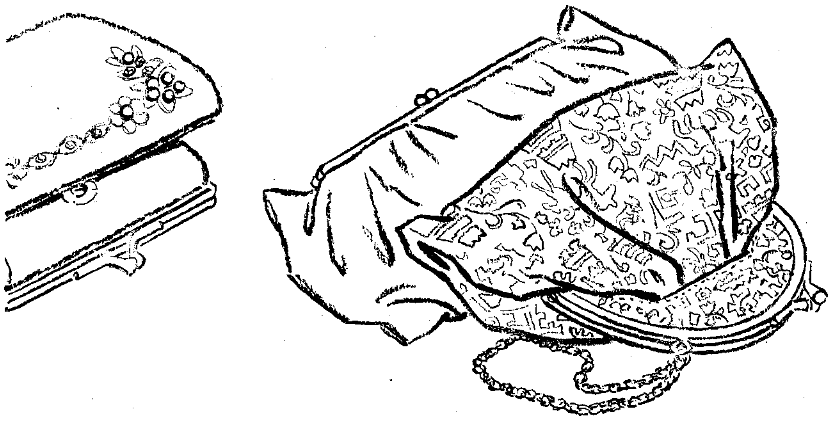
They, obviously, are the people who buy more than others. Quite a market. Quite a magazine.

Small wonder Holiday had a hand in loosening purse strings for some 1,038 advertisers during 1954.

HOLIDAY

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

. . . its readers are the leaders of the big change to "everyday holiday living!"



have a glow of your own with

Superglow fluid make-up

containing **Lumium**

A fluorescent quality in Lumium makes the skin reflect rather than absorb light rays, giving the skin a brilliant and luminous candlelight look. This new make-up — together with Superglow face powder — gives the skin a warm loveliness that is practically incandescent. Superglow fluid make-up combines also another beautifying ingredient — G62 — which is a self-sterilizing factor.

In beautiful shades to match Superglow face powders.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

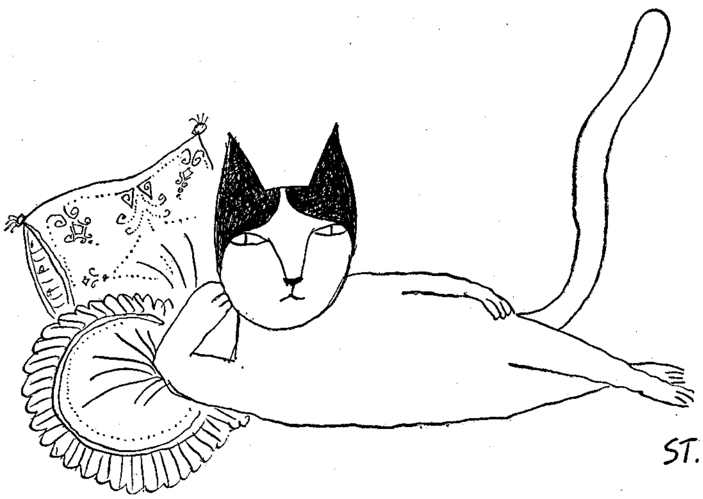
WHEN Mr. Murrow interviewed Mr. Oppenheimer the other night on his TV show, he asked the physicist whether he was worried about the earth's becoming an unhealthy place as a result of experimental bomb explosions. Mr. Oppenheimer replied that he was "not unworried." He then went on to say that he was even more concerned about what kind of world we'd have if war should come.

Leaving war out of it, let's get back to peace, coexistence, and those experimental bombs that leave Mr. O. not unworried. The likelihood that the United States and the Soviet Union will continue to touch off a hydrogen bomb now and then just for the hell of it is far greater, in our opinion, than the likelihood that atomic war will occur. The Eniwetok bomb had some after-effects that were both embarrassing and tragic. If this country should set off another great bomb in an experimental mood, or if Russia should, or if both should, the after-effects would quite likely be a great deal more embarrassing and far more tragic.

MR. OPPENHEIMER is an unusually articulate fellow. Like all men of science, though, he is torn two ways: by the urge to add something to the store of knowledge (no matter what it is, no matter what the cost), and by the desire to make the world a better place. The conflict is evident when he speaks. Physicists who have had to play with nuclear fission during the past decade have lived a schizophrenic existence: as government servants they have felt the necessity of building a bigger, better bomb, which will give everybody a smoother ride; as human beings they have wondered whether applied science would lead at last to pure extermination. In his Columbia University speech, Mr. Oppenheimer used a phrase that is memorable; he said we live "at the edge of mystery." Curiously enough, there was a small news item, about that time, that beautifully illustrated his words—the announcement that a certain substance in human tears was believed to have an arresting effect on cancer cells. Here is the edge of mystery for you: love, sorrow, beauty causing tears; tears arresting cancer; ergo, love arresting cancer. The fine edge of mystery.

THE thing about atomic energy that has impressed us all along is not that it is flashy but that it is unique. In most affairs of a violent nature, the human race has a knack of getting in pretty deep and then blundering and bludgeoning its way out and up. We have seen this over and over again: in foreign wars, where we finally beat tyranny down; in domestic strife, where we finally correct (after so much blood) some obvious injustice, like human slavery. The atom, however, will apparently not allow the human race the leeway it has always enjoyed, will not allow it the months and years of mistakes and recoveries. If men continue to fiddle with fuses—a bomb here, a bomb there—they will presumably wake some morning with more radioactivity in the room than the body can stand, especially if there is a fetus in the house. This terrible prospect troubles the thoughts of all laymen, who haven't any knowledge. It troubles Dr. Oppenheimer, who has, and leaves him "not unworried."

THERE is not a single scheme of mouse or man, of man or nation, that doesn't depend for its success on the existence of a friendly atmosphere, one that will support life. Without a benign habitat, everything loses its point—even Point Four. We don't think the problem of contamination-by-experimentation, of extinction-through-curiosity, has yet been presented to the world in anything like the vivid, detailed, and compelling way that it merits. Most of the dickering between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. on the subject of atom control has been carried on in the frame of possible war. But the bombs of future war are mere paper bombs; while they exist in stockpiles and in the mind, they haven't fallen yet and there has been no fall-out from them. It is the peacetime, coexistential bombs that are most real today, even though a thousand times less damaging than the war bombs if there was a war. It is the peacetime bomb that goes off, from time to time, killing fish, killing men, gradually building up the level of radioactivity. We suggest that the United States present this nuclear problem fully and dramatically in the near future, with the help of its best scientists and dreamers and prophets, from the forum of the United Nations. And, having presented it, our government should persist in negotiations with friend



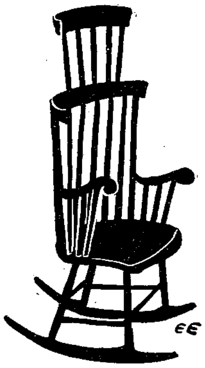
and foe, in an attempt to prevent the creeping suicide of a very interesting race in a most pleasant world.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Sunday Breakfast Club, of Philadelphia, holds its meetings Wednesday evenings, in the Midday Club.

Philosopher

THAT great man Mike Todd is currently commuting between here and Yugoslavia, where, in the next year or so, with the help of up to seventy thousand members of the Yugoslav Army and with a few thousand acres of Yugoslav farm land for his *mise en scène*, he intends to make a movie of "War and Peace." It will be far and away the best movie of all time. How do we know? Because Mike Todd says so. And do we believe everything Mike Todd says? Absolutely. The fact is Mr. Todd awes us. We find him every bit as remarkable as he claims to be, which is remarkable indeed. A movie with a few dozen principals, seventy thousand extras, and an entire country for a backdrop is an enterprise that just fits Mr. Todd. It gives him room to breathe in. Emerson urged his fellows to make no small plans, and Mr. Todd, a close student of the classics, has spent much of his life following this gallant Emersonian precept. One day last week, we heard that Mr. Todd was spending a few minutes in town, en route to London from the Florida Keys, and we arranged to interview him in his duplex penthouse, on upper Park Avenue. When we reached this aerie, for which "gorgeous" would be the palest imaginable modifier and which, thanks to an ingenious arrangement of window bays, gives one the sense of hanging suspended in space above the avenue, the student of Emerson was in conference; from behind closed doors came the growl of a Broadway billingsgate that had very little of Concord in it and threatened a carnage worse than Waterloo. Nervously, we tiptoed about, admiring the furnishings of the apartment, which included a large bar, a piano, sets of Shakespeare and Molière, African statuary, a bronze winged lion, a ship's clock, and an immense photomural of past Todd triumphs, among them "Up in Central Park," "Hamlet," and "Something for the Boys."



A last bark from behind the closed doors and Mr. Todd emerged, unbloodied and in tearing high spirits. Small, round-shouldered, and dark-haired, his face tanned from his stay in Florida, our hero was wearing moccasins, slacks, and a black T shirt, and was smoking an outsize Romeo y Julieta cigar. He bade us welcome, then snarled, in the friendliest fashion, "Y'ever read 'War and Peace'?" We confessed that we had read much of it many times but had never read all of it at any time. "There y'are!" said Mr. Todd, raising his eyes to the ceiling, as if to appeal to heaven to admit what heaven had hitherto denied. "Why haven't you read it?" he asked us, leaving heaven to shift for itself. "I'll tell you why—because of the names. You couldn't keep all those lousy Russian names straight—right? Well, in a movie, that isn't any problem. Movies are visual. Natasha, Anna Pavlovna—who cares *what* a girl's name is? You're not looking at a name, you're looking at a face."

When, we inquired, had Mr. Todd first thought of making a movie of "War and Peace"? Mr. Todd hurled himself sidewise into a chair. "I can tell you exactly," he said. "It was eight years ago, when my boy was at Lawrenceville. They have this thing, Parents Day, at Lawrenceville, and I went down there and sat in class with my boy, and the professor said they'd be starting in on 'War and Peace.' Well, that was one I'd missed, so I went out and bought it and read it, and it knocked me for a loop. One of the world's treasures, that's what it is. And when the next Parents Day rolls around, I'm down there with my boy, and the professor happens to say something about 'War and Peace,' and I raise my hand and say, 'Just a minute, Professor. I think maybe you're in the wrong about that.' 'Oh, is that so, Mr. Todd?' the professor comes back, and my boy is dying a thousand deaths. We go to the book, and I'm right and the professor's wrong. He was nice about it, though."

From that moment on, Mr. Todd said, he was determined to make a movie of "War and Peace." "People have been talking about making a movie of it ever since the movies began," he said. "Now it looks like everybody's trying to make it at once—Selznick, the Italians, maybe even the Russians, for all I know. But we're the only people who can make it with the Todd-AO process. You know what that is, don't you?" We shook our head. "You never read 'War and Peace' and you don't know what the Todd-AO process is?" Todd demanded, with such scorn that we shrank back in our chair and asked if it had anything to do with Cinerama. "*Cinerama!*" Mr. Todd exclaimed. "For that crack, I refuse to tell you *any*thing about the Todd-AO process except this—that it's the process 'Oklahoma!' has just been filmed in and it's the biggest thing that ever hit the movies, and poor Selznick and the rest of them know it and it's driving them nuts. I been offered eight million for my share of Todd-AO and I wouldn't touch it."

As for Yugoslavia, Mr. Todd went on, he had decided to make the movie there because it was as close as he could get to the appropriate countryside and the appropriate facial types. "I need Slavs—Slavs by the thousands," he said. "I went over to Yugoslavia and I sold the Yugoslav Army on giving me a helping hand. Luckily, the Army still has lots of cavalry and the countryside isn't full of telegraph poles. We're going to make this movie accurate down to the last bit of hairdress and harness; I don't care what it costs. I went over to Oxford a couple of weeks ago to talk to the philosopher Isaiah Berlin, who wrote that book on Tolstoy—the hedgehog one. I told him my conception of the movie, and he said it sounded wonderful. He'd been going to give me a few minutes at 11 A.M., and at 4 P.M. we were still jabbering away. What a lot of laughs! I told Berlin he was the showman, not me, and he told me I was the philosopher, not him. A great guy, and I don't see how he missed. I mean, stuck there in All Souls."

Incontrovertible

A YOUNG couple with a four-year-old son, name of Joey, moved into an old-fashioned house with old-fashioned hot-air heat conveyed through those old-fashioned grilles in the floor called registers. Presently, Joey's mother noticed that he made a point of keeping clear of one large register, in the floor of the living room, and asked him why. Because of the old woman, he said. What old woman, she asked. It seemed the maid had told Joey there was a fierce crone lurking below that register who was fond of eating small boys if they were naughty and gave maids trouble. Joey was not taking any chances. His mother had a heart-to-heart talk with him. She explained that there was no old woman dwelling beneath that register, nor could there possibly be one. It was too hot. And there was no room. Anyone who tried to live under that register would very soon die. Joey nodded, and his mother congratulated herself on having done a good job of trauma prevention. Then she had a brisk talk with the maid about putting scary notions in a child's head. But Joey continued to give the register a wide berth, so she approached the problem again.

"Now, Joey, why are you still afraid to go near the register? Mother told you there isn't any old woman hiding down there, didn't she?"

"Yes, Mommy."

"Then what's the trouble?"

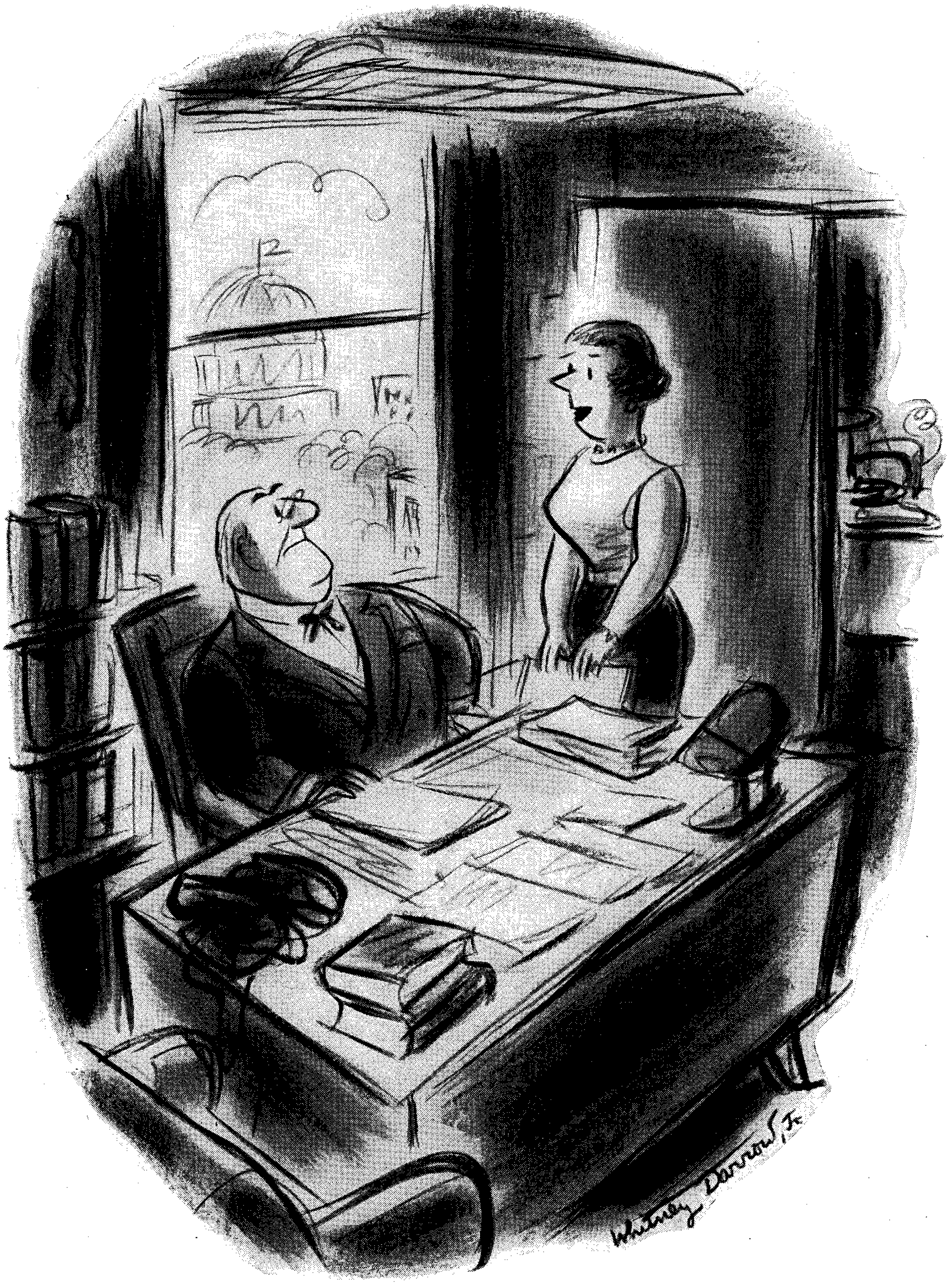
"I'm afraid of the elephant, Mommy."

"What elephant?"

"Well, there's an elephant hiding down that register, and he reaches up and grabs little boys."

Mommy began to map out the outline of her next conference with the maid. "Who told you there was an elephant hiding in the register?" she asked.

"The old woman did," said Joey.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Senator, I did notify the press that you had a very important statement to make. Is it my fault if no one showed up?"

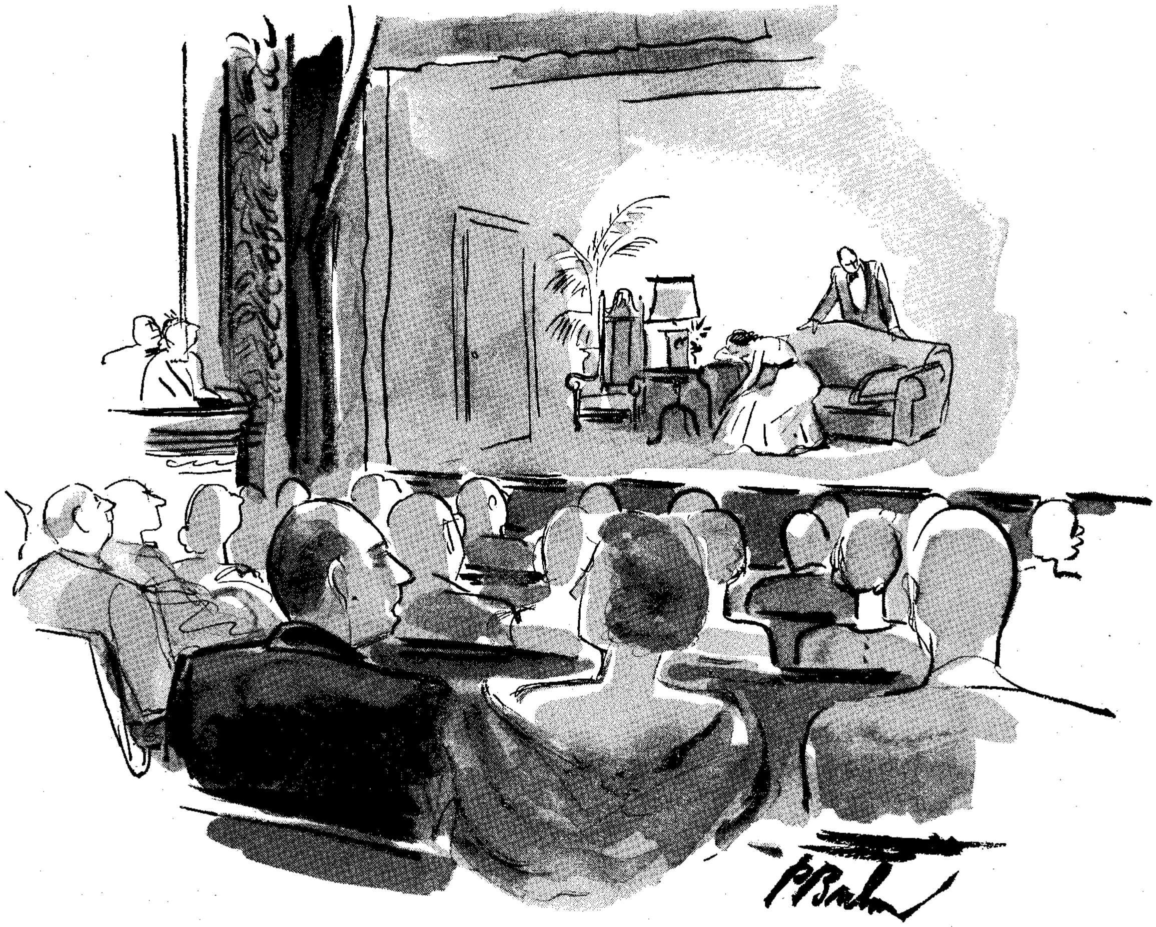
• •

Mind on Bacteria

IT'S been quite a season with us for taking a look at some of the more out-of-the-way branches of the healing art. Our most recent look was directed at the New York City branch of the Society of American Bacteriologists, whose midwinter luncheon meeting, held last week at the Statler, we were privileged to attend. The bacteriologists are old friends of ours, and this year they turned out to be—if less convivial than the psychosomaticists, less original than the musical therapists, and less garrulous than the psychoanalysts—the most informative of the lot. In the first place, they were in a spirited mood, induced by the fact that the United States government has classified their Society, for tax purposes, as an association of tradesmen, rather than a scientific organization. "We'll fight the decision to the finish!" cried a man who we later learned was Dr. Merrill W. Chase, in the pre-luncheon crush of bacteriologists, over two hundred and fifty strong, assembled in the Penn Top Room. (Among bacteriologists, one cannot with the unaided eye and ear tell an M.D. from a Ph.D., and, what's more, one had better not try.) We soon ran into Dr. Seymour H. Hutner, of Haskins Laboratories, and Dr. Wayne W. Umbreit, of the Merck Institute for Therapeutic Research.

"My Christmas-card verse suddenly came to me in a blinding flash as I was coming out of nitrous oxide, at my dentist's," Dr. Hutner, an ebullient bacteriologist, was remarking when we joined them.

"I recently read a paper contending that scientific papers should be written in the style of the Homeric epics," Dr. Umbreit declared. "There's a debate



"If we were seeing this on television, we'd have switched to another channel."

going on in *Science* about whether scientists have any culture or not. The answer, of course, is that they have."

A man came by who walked with his head inclined forward, as if from habit. "From spending his days peering into a microscope," Dr. Hutner explained to us when the man was out of earshot. "He is evidently a bacteriologist, as opposed to a microbiologist, which is a more sophisticated word for the same thing. Microbiologists shuffle papers, and never look through a microscope unless it cost over twenty-two hundred dollars."

We moved on presently, to fall into conversation with Dr. David Weiss, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Dr. Weiss told us that neither he nor the Society is afraid that the medical profession is becoming insufficiently bacteria-conscious in this age of ascribing more and more human ills to the mind and emotions. "Sure, susceptibility to a cold can be psychosomatic," said Dr. Weiss. "We know that various physical states of the host induced by emotions can render him more subject to various bacterial invasions. Dr. René Dubos, one of our greatest microbiologists, is working right now on the thesis that social factors contribute heavily to diseases caused by bacteria. You have potentially fatal bacteria in your mouth this minute."

We were relieved when, just at that point, luncheon was announced. At it, we sat next to Dr. Harry Sobotka, who told us that he is engaged in research at Mt. Sinai Hospital on thermophilic bacteria, which flourish at temperatures up to a hundred and seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit, or hot enough to be the death of most bugs. "To study them, my assistants have to go into rooms heated to a hundred and thirty," Dr. Sobotka said. "How long can you stand it in there, Herman?" he asked one of his assistants, who was seated on the other side of him.

"Five minutes," said Herman, unconcernedly. "It's like Jones Beach."

Dr. Sobotka nodded, and began telling us about a cleavage between bacteriologists on the question of whether bacteria have nuclei or not. "There's not much argument about the fact that they have nuclear *material*," he explained. "The question is, is it all in one spot, or is it spread around like water in a sponge? Some men say they can see a discrete nucleus, and others say, 'The hell you can.' "

"Cytology is still in its infancy," called a young lady at a nearby table, who had been eavesdropping on Dr. Sobotka.

"She said 'cytology,' the study of cells, not 'psychology,' " Dr. Sobotka advised us. "Nevertheless, psychology is coming into the field of bacteriology. At an international meeting in Rome last year, a Portuguese doctor from Ceylon read a paper, titled 'Mind on Bacteria,' telling how he had made two identical cultures of a certain bacterium, then spent many hours staring intently at one of them, with a hypnotic gaze, and repeating the words 'You shall not grow! You shall not grow!' Well, he claimed that he inhibited the growth of the hypnotized culture enough to give statistically significant results."

Kelly's Key

AS we've said before, surprises abound underground. A subway traveller overheard the following exchange between two token-booth men, either of whom might have been named Kelly, and passed it along to us.

"He wants the key."

"Who wants the key?"

"Kelly."

"Oh, Kelly wants the key!"

"Yes, the key, the key of the city for Kelly."

Whereupon the other man started to sing, "Oh, the key of the city for Kelly, For he's a jolly good felly."

Our informant made for the turnstile, and the rest was lost.

Out of Prison

A FEW weeks ago, we had a talk with a lawyer called John Marshall Harlan, who had given up his partnership in a leading New York law firm to devote himself to public service on the bench. Now we've had a talk with a lawyer called Thomas E. Dewey, who has given up public service to devote himself to his partnership in a leading New York law firm—the very one, in fact, that Harlan left. The firm used to be known as Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer & Wood and has been transformed into Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer & Wood. On the day of our visit to the firm's offices, Mr. Dewey had scarcely begun to unpack; what's more, the clutter of boxes and filing cabinets surrounding him didn't trouble him in the least. He was cheerful and talkative. For the first time in years, he told us, he felt that he had time to talk. "We're living out of crates these days, here and in our new apartment, on East Seventy-second Street," Mr. Dewey said. "The odd thing is how much I enjoy it. At home, I wander about like an idiot, taking things out of packing boxes and putting them back and simply staring out of the window. There doesn't seem to be any hurry about things any more—no hurry at all. The telephone doesn't ring and ring, and every few minutes my wife and I look at each other and say, 'Isn't this heaven?' "

Mr. Dewey said that he and his wife felt exactly like two people newly let out of prison. "For one thing, we haven't had dinner with friends here in town a dozen times in a dozen years," he said. "You can't imagine the pleasure of being able to say, 'Dinner? Sure, any night next week would be fine.' And to go to the opera! My wife and I not only like music, we both worked hard at it for years, and yet we only went to the Met three times while we were in Albany. I admit I was in town a lot during those twelve years, but if it wasn't smoke-filled rooms, it was speeches, and if I wasn't cutting ribbons, I was laying cornerstones." He shook his head in mock despair. "I hate to think how far those cornerstones would stretch, laid end to end," he said. Then, settling back in his chair, he lit a cigarette and drew deeply on it. "To think of all that being over!" he exclaimed. "To think of beginning the practice of law again! I already have a couple of cases in hand—anti-trust suits, and that sort of thing. I call that pretty good for a fellow who I hear is supposed never to have practiced law in his life. It's true that I've been in public office for most of the past twenty-four years, but I practiced with two law firms here from 1925 to 1931, practiced on my own for a year and a half, in 1934 and 1935, before I got to be District Attorney, and practiced again for a few months in 1942, before I was elected Governor. Still, people are right to wonder how much law I know. I have a great deal to learn, or relearn, and I don't look on this new life as any moonlight cruise. One helpful thing will be that I'll be answerable to only a few masters, instead of to sixteen million. The only budget I'll have to worry about will be my own, and if I get mad at something that happens in Albany, I'll just have to sit down and write a letter to the papers, like everyone else."

The former Governor rocked happily back and forth in his chair. "If I'd been elected President in 1944, when I first ran, and had served two terms, I'd have been through with politics and back in civilization two whole years earlier," he said. "It's strange how little I seem to care about politics any more—so little that I doubt if there'll be many letters to the papers. I don't much care what happens in Albany, or in Washington, or anywhere. I feel as detached as someone sitting in a rather poor seat at a professional-football game whose outcome doesn't interest him. Some of the time, I'm not even going to watch the game. There's a lot that needs doing in this country, but no one man can be expected to do it all—or, for that matter, very much. Let somebody else worry about things now—I'm fifty-two and I'm off to 'Don Giovanni.' "

Deal

ONE of our readers, a somewhat choosy lady of sixty, went to Altman's in search of a small red hat. She saw just what she wanted on a table, tried it on, and, as she looked around for a salesgirl, was approached by another lady, who said, "I'm awfully sorry, but that's my hat. I put it down while I was trying some on."

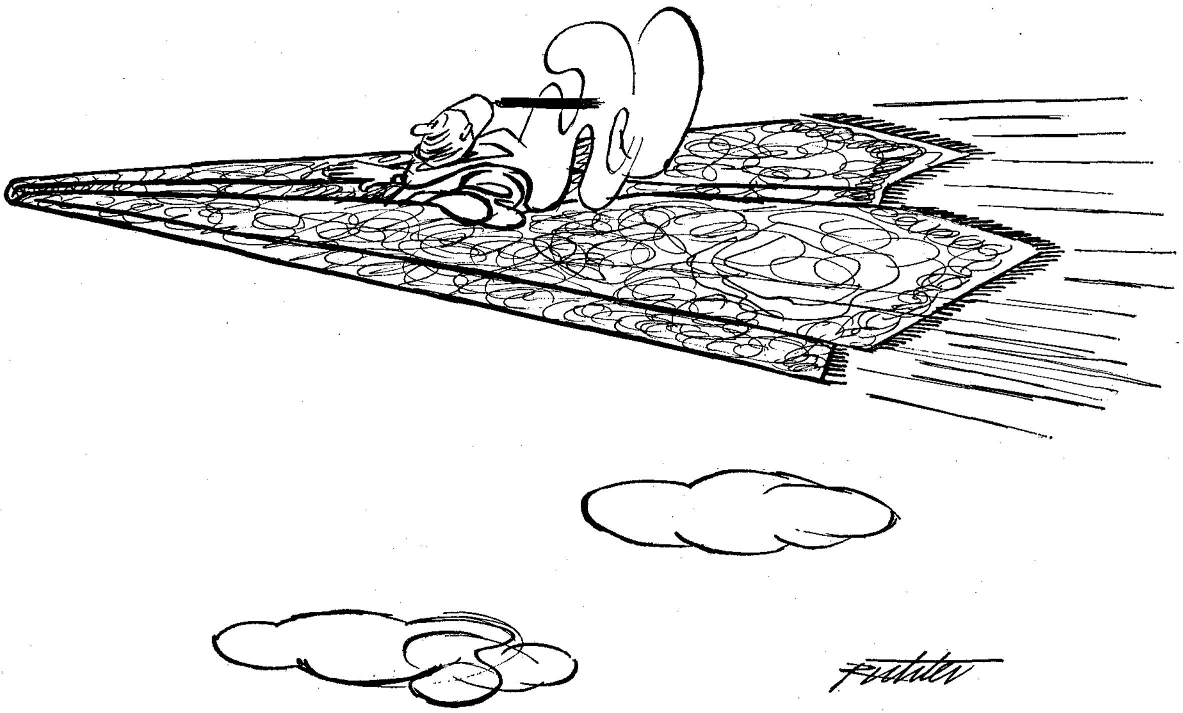
The first lady took the hat off and said *she* was awfully sorry, because the hat was just what she was looking for, and would its owner tell her where she had bought it?

"In Reading, Pennsylvania, where I live," said the second lady. "I bought it yesterday, for this trip, but my husband hates it. He says he doesn't like me in red. Do you *really* like it very much?"

"Yes," said the first lady, and, sensing a further question in the Reading lady's manner, went on, "Would you like to sell it?"

"Oh, yes," said the second lady. "It cost one-ninety-eight. Is that all right?"

It was. An obliging saleslady, overcoming chauvinism, provided an Altman box to avoid suspicion of shoplifting, and all hands parted friends.



I LIVE ON YOUR VISITS

THE boy came into the hotel room and immediately it seemed even smaller.

"Hey, it's cool in here," he said. This was not meant as a comment on the temperature. "Cool," for reasons possibly known in some department of Heaven, was a term then in use among many of those of his age to express approbation.

It was indeed cool in the room, after the hard gray rain in the streets. It was warm, and it was so bright. The many-watted electric bulbs his mother insisted upon were undimmed by the thin frilled shades she had set on the hotel lamps, and there were shiny things everywhere: sheets of mirror along the walls; a square of mirror backing the mirror-plated knob on the door that led to the bedroom; cigarette boxes made of tiny bits of mirror and matchboxes slipped into little mirror jackets placed all about; and, on consoles and desk and table, photographs of himself at two and a half and five and seven and nine framed in broad mirror bands. Whenever his mother settled in a new domicile, and she removed often, those photographs were the first things out of the luggage. The boy hated them. He had had to pass his fifteenth birthday before his body had caught up with his head; there was that head, in those presentments of his former selves, that pale, enormous blob. Once he had asked his mother to put the pictures somewhere else—preferably some small, dark place that could be locked. But he had had the bad fortune to make his request on one of the occasions when she was given to weeping suddenly and long. So the photographs stood out on parade, with their frames twinkling away.

There were twinklings, too, from the silver top of the fat crystal cocktail shaker, but the liquid low within the crystal was pale and dull. There was no shine, either, to the glass his mother held. It was cloudy from the clutch of her hand, and on the inside there were oily dribbles of what it had contained.

His mother shut the door by which she had admitted him, and followed him into the room. She looked at him with her head tilted to the side.

"Well, aren't you going to kiss me?" she said in a charming, wheedling voice, the voice of a little, little girl. "Aren't you, you beautiful big ox, you?"

"Sure," he said. He bent down toward her, but she stepped suddenly away. A sharp change came over her. She drew herself tall, with her shoulders back and her head flung high. Her upper lip lifted over her teeth, and her gaze came cold beneath lowered lids. So does one who has refused the white handkerchief regard the firing squad.

"Of course," she said in a deep, iced voice that gave each word its full due, "if you do not wish to kiss me, let it be recognized that there is no need for you to do so. I had not meant to overstep. I apologize. *Je vous demande pardon.* I had no desire to force you. I have never forced you. There is none to say I have."

"Ah, Mom," he said. He went to her, bent again, and this time kissed her cheek.

There was no change in her, save in the slow, somehow offended lifting of her eyelids. The brows arched as if they drew the lids up with them. "Thank you," she said. "That was gracious of you. I value graciousness. I rank it high. *Mille grazie.*"

"Ah, Mom," he said.

For the past week, up at his school, he had hoped—and coming down in the train he had hoped so hard that it became prayer—that his mother would not be what he thought of only as "like that." His prayer had gone unanswered. He knew by the two voices, by the head first tilted then held high, by the eyelids lowered in disdain then raised in outrage, by the little lisped words and then the elegant enunciation and the lofty diction. He knew.

He stood there and said, "Ah, Mom."

"Perhaps," she said, "you will award yourself the privilege of meeting a friend of mine. She is a true friend. I am proud that I may say it."

There was someone else in the room. It was preposterous that he had not seen her, for she was so big. Perhaps his eyes had been dazzled, after the dim-lit hotel corridor; perhaps his attention had been all for his mother. At any rate, there she sat, the true friend, on the sofa covered with embossed cotton fabric of the sickened green that is peculiar to hotel upholsteries. There she sat, at one end of the sofa, and it seemed as if the other end must fly up into the air.

"I can give you but little," his mother said, "yet life is still kind enough to let me give you something you will always remember. Through me, you will meet a human being."

Yes, oh, yes. The voices, the stances, the eyelids—those were the signs. But when his mother divided the race into people and human beings—that was the certainty.

He followed her the little way across the room, trying not to tread on the train of her velvet tea gown that slid along the floor after her and slapped at the heels of her gilt slippers. Fog seemed to rise from his raincoat and his shoes cheeped. He turned out to avoid the coffee table in front of the sofa, came in again too sharply and bumped it.

"Mme. Marah," his mother said, "may I present my son?"

"Christ, he's a big bastard, isn't he?" the true friend said.

She was a fine one to talk about anybody's being big. Had she risen, she would have stood shoulder against shoulder with him, and she must have outweighed him by sixty pounds. She was dressed in quantities of tweedlike stuff ornamented, surprisingly, with black sequins set on in patterns of little bunches of grapes. On her massive wrists were bands and chains of dull silver, from some of which hung amulets of discolored ivory, like rotted fangs. Over her head and neck was a sort of caul of crisscrossed mauve veiling, splattered with fuzzy black balls. The caul caused her no inconvenience. Puffs of smoke issued sporadically from behind it, and, though the veiling was crisp elsewhere, around the mouth it was of a marshy texture, where drink had passed through it.

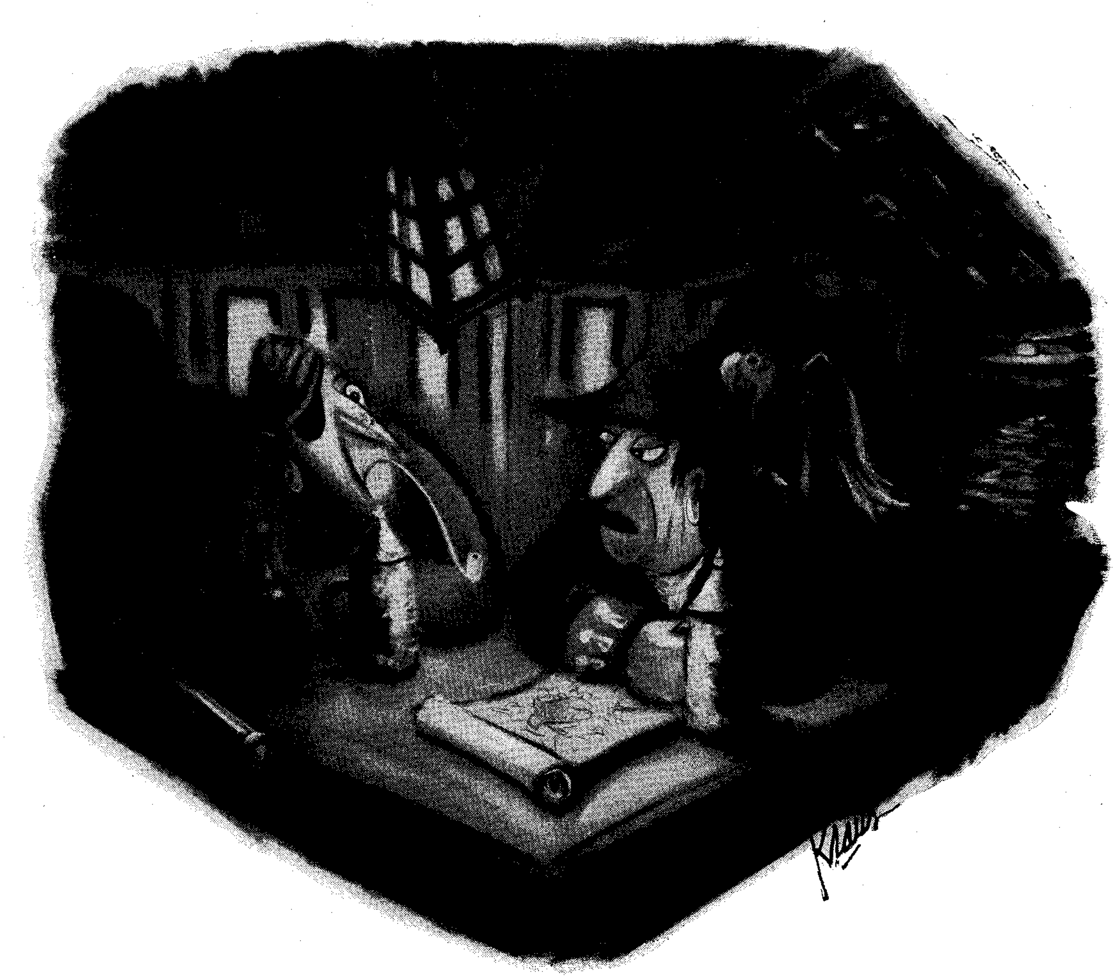
His mother became the little girl again. "Isn't he wonderful?" she said. "This is my baby. This is Crissy-wiss."

"*What* is his name?" the true friend said.

"Why, Christopher, of course," his mother said.

Christopher, of course. Had he been born earlier, it would have been Peter; earlier again, Michael; he had been not much too late for Jonathan. In the lower forms of his school, there were various Nicholases, several Robins, and here and there a Jeremy coming up. But the members of his own class were in the main Christophers.

"Christopher," the true friend said. "Well, that's not too bad. Of course, that downward stroke of the 'p' is bound to give him trouble, and I'm never really happy about an 'r' and an 'i' together. But it's not too bad. Not too. When's your birthday?" she asked the boy.



"If there's one thing I've learned in this rotten business, it's that dead men tell no tales."

• •

"The fifteenth of August," he said.

His mother was no longer the little girl. "The heat," she said, "the cruel August heat. And the stitches. Oh, God, the stitches!"

"So he's a Leo," the true friend said. "Awfully big for a Leo. You want to be pretty careful, young man, from October 22nd to November 13th. Keep away from anything electrical."

"I will," the boy said. "Thank you," he added.

"Let me see your hand," the true friend said.

The boy gave her his hand.

"Mm," she said, scanning the palm. "M-hmm, m-hmm, m-hmm. Oh. Well—*that* can't be helped. Well, you'll have pretty good health, if you just watch that chest of yours. There's a long sickness in your twenties and a bad accident some time around forty-five, but that's about all. There's going to be an unhappy love affair, but you'll get over it. You'll marry and— I can't see if there's two or three children. Probably two and one born dead, or something like that. I don't see much money, any time. Well, you watch your chest." She gave him back his hand.

"Thank you," he said.

The little girl came back to his mother. "Isn't he going to be famous?" she said.

The true friend shrugged. "It's not in his hand," she said.

"I always thought he'd write," his mother said. "When he was so small you could hardly see him, he used to write little verses. Crissy, what was the one about the bumpety bunny?"

"Oh, Mother!" he said. "I don't remember!"

"Oh, you do so, too!" she said. "You're just being modest. It was all about how the bunny went bumpety, bumpety all day long. Of course you remember. Well, you don't seem to write verses any more—at least none you show to *me*. And your letters—they're like telegrams. When you write at all, that is. Oh, Marah, why do they have to grow up? And now he's going to be married and have all those children."

"Two, anyway," the true friend said. "I'm not too happy about that third one."

"I suppose I'll never see him then," his mother said. "A lonely old woman, sick and trembling, and no one to take care of me."

She picked up the true friend's empty glass from the coffee table, filled it and her own from the cocktail shaker, and returned the friend's. She sat down near the sofa.

"Well, sit down, Crissy," she said. "And why don't you take off your coat?"

"Why, I don't think I'd better, Mom," he said. "You see—"

"He wants to keep his wet coat on," the true friend said. "He likes to smell like low tide."

"Well, you see," the boy said, "I can stay just a minute. You see, the train was late and everything, and I told Dad I'd be sure to be there early."

"Oh?" his mother said. The little girl ran off abruptly. The eyelids came into play.

"It's because the train was late," he said. "If it had been on time, I could have stayed awhile. But it had to go and be late, and they're having dinner awfully early tonight."

"I see," his mother said. "I see. I had thought that you would have dinner with me. With your mother. Her only son. But no, that is not to be. I have only an egg, but I would have shared it with you so gladly. So happily. But you are wise, of course. You must think first of your own comfort. Go and fill your stomach with your father. Go eat stalled ox with him."

"Mother, don't you see?" he said. "We have to have dinner early because we have to go to bed early. We've got to get up at daybreak because we're driving to the country. You know. I wrote you."

"Driving?" she said. "Your father has a new car, I presume."

"It's the same old heap," he said. "Nearly eight years old."

"Really?" she said. "Naturally, the buses in which I am obliged to ride are all this year's models."

"Ah, Mom," he said.

"Is your father well?" she said.

"He's fine," he said.

"Why not?" she said. "What is there could pierce that heart? And how is Mrs. Tennant? As I suppose she calls herself."

"Let's not do this again, will you, Mom?" he said. "She's Mrs. Ten-

①

②

nant. You know that. She and Dad have been married for six years."

"To me," she said, "there is only one woman who may rightfully wear a man's name; the one whose son he has sired. But that is only my humble opinion. Who is to listen to it?"

"You get along all right with your stepmother?" the true friend said.

As always, it took him a moment before he could connect the term. It seemed to have nothing to do with Whitey, with her gay little monkey's face and her flying straw-colored hair.

A laugh fell from his mother's lips, hard, like a pellet of ice. "Such women are sly," she said. "They have ways."

"Well, born on a cusp," the true friend said. "You've got to keep considering that."

His mother turned to the boy. "I am going to do something that you will agree, in any honesty, that I have never done before," she said. "I am going to ask a favor of you. I am going to ask you to take off your coat and sit down, so that for just a few poor minutes it will seem as if you were not going to leave me. Will you let me have that illusion? Do not do it out of affection or gratitude or consideration. Just in simple pity."

"Yes, sit down, for God's sake," the true friend said. "You make people nervous."

"All right, sure," the boy said. He took off his raincoat, hung it over his arm, and sat on a small, straight chair.

"He's the biggest damn thing I ever saw," the true friend said.

"Thank you," his mother said. "If you think I ask too much, I plead guilty. *Mea culpa*. Well, now that we are cozy, let us talk, shall we? I see so little of you—I know so little about you. Tell me some things. Tell me what there is about this Mrs. Tennant that causes you to rank her so high above me. Is she more beautiful than I am?"

"Mom, please," he said. "You know Whitey isn't beautiful. She's just sort of funny-looking. Nice funny."

"Nice funny," she said. "Oh, I'm afraid I could never compete with that. Well, looks aren't everything, I suppose. Tell me, do you consider her a human being?"

"Mother, I don't know," he said. "I can't do that kind of talk."

"Let it pass," she said. "Let it be forgotten. Is your father's country place attractive at this time of year?"

"It isn't a place," he said. "You know—it's just a big sort of shack. There isn't even any heat. Just fireplaces."

"Ironic," she said. "Bitterly, cruelly ironic. I, who so love an open fire; I, who could sit all day looking into its leaping golds and purples and dreaming happy dreams. And I haven't even a gas log. Well. And who is going to this shack, to share the lovely, glowing fires?"

"Just Dad and Whitey and me," he said. "Oh, and the other Whitey, of course."

His mother looked at the true friend. "Is it growing dark in here?" she said. "Or is it just that I think I am going to faint?" She looked again at the boy. "The *other* Whitey?"

"It's a little dog," he said. "Not any particular kind. It's a nice little dog. Whitey saw it out in the street, when it was snowing, and it followed her home, and so they kept it. And whenever Dad— whenever anybody called Whitey, the dog would come, too. So Dad said well, if he thought that was his name, then that was going to *be* his name. So that was why."

"I am afraid," his mother said, "that your father is not aging with dignity. To me, whimsey after forty-five is a matter of nausea."

"It's an awfully nice little dog," he said.

"The management does not allow dogs here," she said. "I suppose that will be held against me. Marah—this drink. It is as weak as the beating of my heart."

"Why doesn't he make us some fresh ones?" the true friend said.

"I'm sorry," the boy said. "I don't know how to make cocktails."

"What do they teach you, anyway, in that fancy school of yours?" the true friend said.

His mother tilted her head at the boy. "Crissy," she said, "want to be a big, brave man? Take the bowl and get some nice, cold ice out of the kitchen."

He took the ice bowl, went into the minuscule kitchen, and took a tray of ice cubes from the tiny refrigerator. When he replaced the tray, he could hardly close the refrigerator door, the shelves were so crowded. There were a cardboard box of eggs, a packet of butter, a cluster of glossy French rolls, three artichokes, two avocados, a plate of tomatoes, a bowl of shelled peas, a grapefruit, a tin of vegetable juices, a glass of red caviar, a cream cheese, an assortment of sliced Italian sausages, and a plump little roasted Cornish Rock hen.

WHEN he returned, his mother was busied with bottles and shaker. He set the bowl of cubes beside them.

"Look, Mom," he said, "honestly I've got to—"

His mother looked at him and her lip trembled. "Just two more minutes," she whispered. "Please, oh, please."

He went and sat again.

She made the drinks, gave one to the true friend, and kept one. She sank into her chair; her head drooped and her body looked as boneless as a skein of yarn.

"Don't you want a drink?" the true friend said.

"No, thanks," the boy said.

"Might do you good," the true friend said. "Might stunt your growth. How long are you going to stay up in this country where you're going?"

"Oh, just over tomorrow night," he said. "I have to be back at school Sunday evening."

His mother stiffened and straightened. Her former coldnesses were as tropical heat to that which took her now.

"Do I understand you to say that you will not be coming in to see me again?" she said. "Do I understand you aright?"

"I can't, Mom," he said. "I won't have a chance. We've got to drive back, and then I have to get the train."

"I quite comprehend," she said. "I had thought, in my tenderness, I would see you again before your return to your school. I had thought, of course, that if you must rush away like a mad thing today, then I would see you again, to make up for it. Disappointments—I thought I had had them all, I thought life could bring forth no new ones. But this—this. That you will not take a little bit of your time from your relatives, who have so much of it, to give to me, your mother. How it must please them that you do not want to see me. How they must laugh together. What a triumph. How they must howl in merriment."

"Mother, don't say things like that," he said. "You shouldn't, even when you're—"

"Please!" she said. "The subject is closed. I will say no more about your father, poor, weak man, and that woman with the dog's name. But you—you. Have you no heart, no bowels, no natural instincts? No. You have not. I must face the fact. Here, in the presence of my friend, I must say what I had thought never, never to say. My son is not a human being!"

The true friend shook her caul and sighed. The boy sat still.

"Your father," his mother said. "Does he still see his old friends? *Our* old friends?"

"Why, I don't know, Mom," he said. "Yes, they see a lot of people, I guess. There's almost always somebody there. But they're alone a lot of the time. They like it that way."

"How fortunate," she said. "They like being alone. Smug, content, no need— Yes. And the old friends. They do not see me. They are all in twos, they have lives, they know what they're going to be doing six months from now. Why should they see me? Why should they have memories, kindnesses?"

"Probably most of them Pisces," the true friend said.

"Well, you must go," the boy's mother said. "It is late. Late—when is it ever late for me, when my son is with me? But you have told me. I know. I understand, and so I bow my head. Go, Christopher. Go."

"I'm terribly sorry, Mom," the boy said. "But I told you how it is." He rose and put on his coat.

"Christ, he gets bigger and bigger," the true friend said.

This time, the eyelids of the boy's mother were lowered at her friend. "I have always admired tall men," she said. She turned again to the boy. "You must go," she said. "It is so written. But take happiness with you. Take sweet memories of our little time together. See—I shall show you that I bear no vengefulness. I shall show you that I wish only well to those who have wrought but evil to me. I shall give you a present to take one of them."

She rose, moved about the room, touched boxes and tables fruitlessly. Then she went to the desk, moved papers and inkstands, and brought forth a small, square box, on top of which was a little plaster poodle, sitting on its hind legs, its front paws curved endearingly, begging.

"This is a souvenir of happier times," she said. "But I need no reminders. Take this dear, happy thing to one you love. See! See what it is!"

She touched a spring at the back of the box and the "Marseillaise" tinkled forth, hesitantly.

"My little music box," she said. "That moonlit night, the ship so brilliant, the ocean so still and beckoning."

"Hey, that's cool, Mom," he said. "Thanks ever so much. Whitey'll love it. She loves things like that."

"Things like that?" she said. "There are no other things like that, when one gives from one's heart." She stopped and seemed to ponder. "*Whitey* will love it?" she said. "Are you telling me that you propose giving it to that so-called Mrs. Tennant?" She touched the box; the tinkling ceased.

"I thought you said—" the boy said.

She shook her head at him, slowly. "Curious," she said. "Extraordinary. That my son should have so little perception. This gift, from my poor little store, is not for her. It is for the little dog. The little dog that I may not have."

"Why, thanks, Mom," he said. "Thanks."

"So go," she said. "I would not hold you. Take with you my wishes for your joy, among your loved ones. And when you can, when they will release you for a little while—come to me again. I wait for you. I light a lamp for you. My son, my only child, there are but desert sands for me between your comings. I live on your visits—Chris, I live on your visits."

—DOROTHY PARKER

•

Ralph Neves has been listed on both horses. But when post time arrives, you can look forward to Johnny Longden bein⅛ up on Miz Clementine.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

He better hang on!

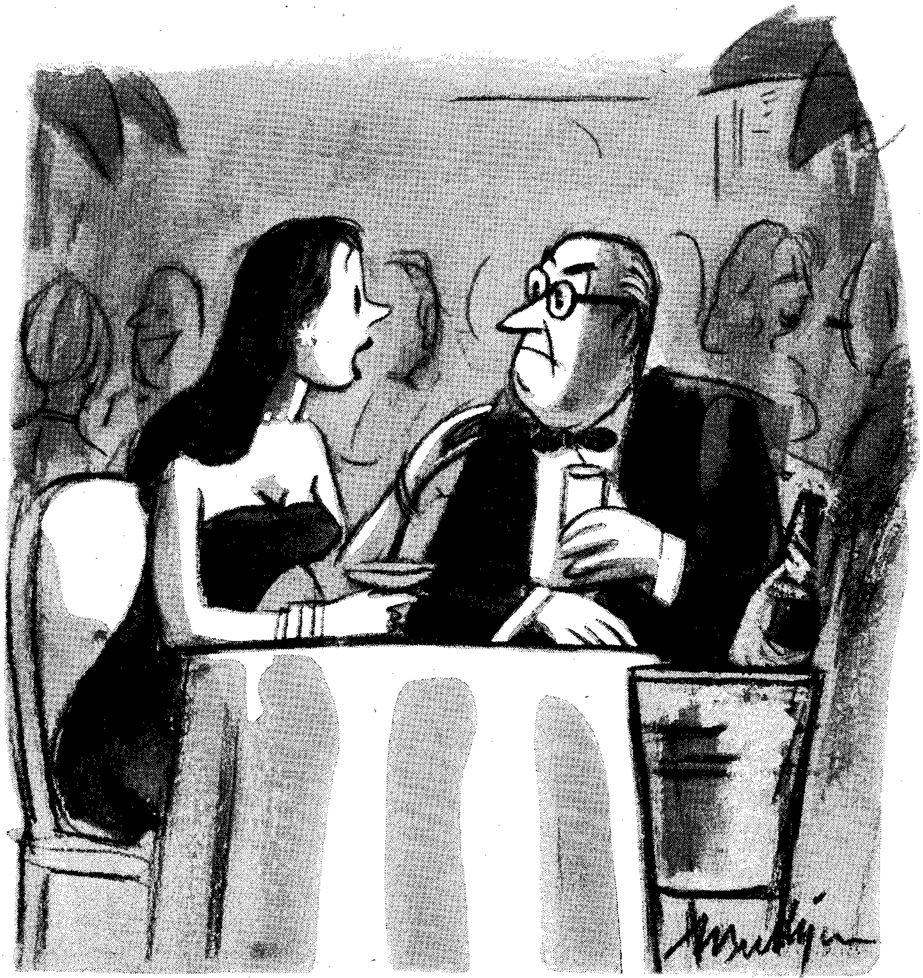
A PACKAGE FROM HOME

NOT long ago there were pictures of the Iwo Jima flag-raising memorial in the newspapers—photographs, that is, of the bronze group that was modelled from the photograph taken on Mt. Suribachi. I suppose there is a sort of redundance in printing a picture of a sculpture made from another picture, but the sight of the group haunted me anyhow, just as the original photograph did—not because I saw the flag-raising, which I didn't, though I was on Iwo Jima at the time, but in a queer, reversed way, because when the first photograph was taken, I was racing away from Mt. Suribachi and toward the front. Suribachi was a pocket in the rear that had been cut off soon after the landing.

As a headquarters Marine, I didn't have any business going up there. I was carrying an unopened package—the first mail I had received since we landed, five days before. I wanted to show the package to a fellow in one of the line companies—E Company, 3rd Battalion, 24th Marines—whom I'll call Jack Beardsley. He was a sergeant then, but when I first made his acquaintance, back in boot camp, he had been a corporal.

I had quite a bit to do with Jack's being on Iwo, and it seems only right that I should have been dodging around trying to find him while others (although I didn't know it at the time) were raising the flag on Suribachi. I had prayed, literally and on my knees, that he should be sent into combat—as a favor to him, I might add, although it no longer seemed so on D-plus-4. So the least I could do, I felt, was let him share the package. We had shared a great many in the past, and even though all of them had been mine (I don't recall that Jack ever got a package from home), I wanted to keep the tradition intact.

Jack Beardsley had been my D.I.—D.I. is short for Drill Instructor—at Parris Island, and it was under his relentless hand that I had learned to drill, in the South Carolina sun. A lot has been written about how tough trainees had it in boot camp—about the fraternity-initiation kind of discipline and the humiliating punishments. (I remember that once we had to scrub our barracks floor with toothbrushes.) I won't add anything to all that except to say that Jack Beardsley seemed to me like a professional sadist authorized by the Marine Corps to inflict as much punishment on us as he wanted to.



"Have you and your wife considered seeing a marriage counsellor?"

Jack was quite a bit younger than I—seven or eight years, I'd say. He was slender, rather tall and good-looking, and unlike most of the boys in our platoon, who came from the South, he was a New Englander. He was without a New Englander's reserve, though. He was terribly self-confident and ambitious. I didn't like him, but I thought I saw in Jack what our ancestors must have found in the Green Mountain Boys—someone fine and honest underneath a rough, cruel exterior.

The training period lasted ten weeks. I didn't mind the discipline too much, or the confinement—you get used to that. What really stuck in my craw was the way Jack Beardsley helped himself to the cookies and candy the rest of us got from home. There was a regulation allowing the D.I. to inspect packages—for liquor, I suppose. Most of the fellows got packages at one time or another, and as Jack gave them out at mail call, he would tell the recipients to stand aside and wait until the letters were distributed. Then he would go to his room, which was just off the squad room, and call them in, one by one. They opened their packages, and Jack pretended to rummage through them for contraband. When he had satisfied himself of their contents, he waved his hand. It was then that the trainee was expected to say, "Sir [we always "sirred" the D.I.], Private So-and-So requests permission to offer Corporal Beardsley some cookies."

Magnanimously, Jack always granted the request. He would help himself to a handful, put them in his desk, and dismiss the man, who saluted, took one step backward, did an about-face, and marched out as the next man came in.

I was one of the few married men in the barracks, and since I got packages from both my wife and my mother, I came to know Jack Beardsley rather better than most of the other boots did. Hardly a week went by that I wasn't in his room two or three times. He always helped himself liberally to whatever turned up—especially to the cookies that my wife had mailed from the Woman's Exchange in New York—with the air of one conferring a privilege.

ONE day, I entered Jack Beardsley's room with the customary votive offering and found that his guard was down. He told me to stand at ease, which was unusual, and then, when he had helped himself to some macaroons, he astonished me by saying, "Sit down, Dempsey." The elimination of the word "Private" was a stunning concession. It suddenly put us on an almost equal footing. I sat on his bed.

"I suppose you guys think I'm a heel," he began.

"No, sir," I said. "We do not." This was true. We simply thought of him as part of the military system.

"You don't have to 'sir' me in private," he said, rather curtly. "Anyway, you won't be 'sirring' noncoms when you get out of here. It's just to give you practice."

"I understand that," I said.

"Well," he said, "you fellows *ought* to think I'm a heel. If you don't, something's wrong with me. It's my job to take you knuckleheads and turn you into Marines. In ten weeks. But don't think I enjoy it. I'd dump the whole thing in five minutes if I could get out of here. I came in this outfit to fight."

I expressed sympathy, and Jack went on. He told me a little about himself. He had been red-hot for the Marine Corps after seeing a movie called "Wake Island;" in fact, he had gone straight from the movie to the recruiting office. He had been twenty years old at the time, and I don't suppose there's a better age to be a Marine. Anyway, he was full of the widely advertised *esprit*, and he took the Corps very seriously—so seriously, it turned out, that they wouldn't let him fight. He had been turned into a drill instructor, and his platoons were among the best that came out of Parris Island. But the job had just about broken his heart.

"Here I am," he said, "stuck in this swamp while the rest of you guys go out for the glory." He spoke bitterly. "I could dope off and get transferred—that's the way most of them do it—but that's a hell of a way." And then I found out why he wanted to talk to me.

"You're going to Washington, Headquarters Marine Corps, in a couple of weeks. You know that?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "For indoctrination." I had applied for public-relations duty, and had been told that the application had gone through.

"You got connections?" he demanded, assuming, I think, that I must have, since almost no one went right from boot camp to Washington.

I told him I hadn't—that I was just lucky enough to be getting into the kind of work I'd had experience in.

Jack was disappointed. "I hoped you might of put in a word for me," he said.

"I was beginning to look like a artist."

"Why don't you request a transfer to the line?" I asked. I didn't know then how difficult it was for a really good man to get out of the job of instructor.

"Three times I tried," Jack said. "No go. I got a request in now, but nothin's gonna come of it."

"Well, we could all pray," I said jokingly. "They tell me it helps."

He stared at me. "You mean that?" he said.

"I'm kidding," I said.

"I don't think you are," he said. "Why did you mention it?"

"It was just a joke," I answered.

"It wouldn't hurt to try, would it?"

I wanted to say, "It would only make you look silly," but he was the D.I. and I didn't dare be that blunt. I shrugged, hoping he'd think better of the idea. But I could see, when I went out of his room a few minutes later, that the possibility of prayer, which apparently had not occurred to him before, had taken root.

LIGHTS went out in the barracks every night at nine. That evening, about ten minutes before nine, Jack Beardsley came in and ordered us to assemble at one end. Then he told us that he had put in for a transfer to the line, and that he expected us to pray, right then and there, for its approval. There were thirty-two of us in the platoon, and although we felt like bursting into laughter, we didn't dare; we looked at him soberly. There was no question but that he had given us a command.

I don't think many of the boys were in the habit of praying at bedtime, and it was obvious that Jack himself didn't know just what to do. After a moment, he looked at me. "Private Dempsey," he said, "you take over the prayin', and the rest of you knuckleheads will do as he says."

I certainly didn't want the job, and I didn't have any idea what to say. Some of the men, I noticed, had bowed their heads. What I really wanted was time to think. "We better get down on our knees," I said.

Jack Beardsley, who evidently didn't intend to do any praying himself, remained standing. The rest of us knelt.

I was brought up in a church where it is customary to kneel in prayer, and my family had always done so unequivocally, without prayer cushions and without adopting what our rector used to call the "Episcopal squat"—a half-kneeling position achieved by sliding part way off the pew and hunching the shoulders. I was also used to praying aloud, although not spontaneously, and I did the best I could.

I cannot recall more than a few phrases: "Grant, O Lord, the supplication of Corporal Beardsley in his request to the authorities. . . . We humbly beseech thee to hear us in this plea . . ." They were almost all stereotypes purloined from the Book of Common Prayer. Then I suggested that we all pray a moment in silence, and when this was done, I stood up. Jack Beardsley looked at us a little stupidly. "All right, you bastards," he said. "You can turn out the lights and go to bed."

The platoon prayed for three nights, and on the fourth day Jack Beardsley's application was approved. The reaction of the men was a mixture of disbelief and overwrought joy. Jack made the announcement himself, and told us he was putting everybody up for pfc. We got off a cheer. Then Jack said there would be no more inspection of parcels, and we got off another cheer. Looking back on it, the whole affair seems fantastic, with everybody running around slapping everybody else on the back because we were getting rid of the D.I., and the D.I. himself carrying on like a fool because he'd been assigned to a combat division.

In a couple of days, he was gone. He went off carrying his sea bag and looking as though he'd just been made a general. His successor, an ex-policeman from Miami, Florida, spent an hour cleaning out Jack's desk. The drawers were jammed with cookies and rancid chocolate bars.

I NEVER expected to see Jack Beardsley again, but when I was climbing into the back of a truck after some landing maneuvers in the Hawaiian Islands, I looked up and saw him sitting on one of the benches and leaning on his M-1. It was six months since I had left boot camp; I had been "indoctrinated" and assigned to a division based on the island of Maui. Jack recognized me, I knew, but he didn't say anything right away. I think he was afraid that any boot who had trained under him would be unfriendly. D.I.s were supposed to be chary of such encounters in the field.

When he saw that I held no grudge, he opened up. We rode back to camp together, and he told me that he'd been sent to the division directly from Parris Island. He had been in action twice, and made no bones about the fact that most of the glory had gone out of the war for him, and that, like everybody else, he was looking forward to the time when he could go Stateside. Neither one of us mentioned the praying incident—I guessed that he didn't want to—but when we separated in camp to go to our separate regiments, Jack turned to me and said, "Any packages from home, Dempsey?"

I laughed, and so did he. "Not yet," I said, "but when I get one I'll come around and let you open it."

I wasn't serious, but Jack looked at me intently. "Is that a promise?" he asked, and I had to say "Yes, absolutely. A promise."

"You won't forget?" he said.

So that's why I made a trip to the front to find E Company, 3rd Battalion, 24th Marines just five days after we had landed on Iwo. I was being sentimental, but I'd made a promise. It had been a joke, but it had turned into something extremely important.

THE SNARK WAS A BOOJUM WAS A PRAWN

A giant new prawn has been dredged up near Santiago, Chile . . . it is succulent and mysterious. . . . The new prawn has not been named, a fact that is causing no concern in Chile.—*The Times.*

Could some descending escalator
Deposit me below the equator,
I'd hunt me a quiet Chilean haunt,
Some Santiago restaurant;
The fact I speak no Español
Would handicap me not at all,
Since any language would be aimless
In ordering a tidbit nameless;
I'd simply tie my napkin on
And gesture like a giant prawn,
Then, served the dish for which I yearned,
Proceed to munch it, unconcerned.
Happy crustacean, anonymous prawn,
From distant Latin waters drawn,
Hadst thou in Yankee seas appeared,
Account executives would have cheered,
Vice-presidents in paroxysms
Accorded thee multiple baptisms;
Yea, shouldst thou hit our markets now,
Soon, prawn, wouldst thou be named, and how!
I see the bright ideas drawn:
Prawno, Prawnex, and Vitaprawn,
And, should upper-bracket dreamers wake,
Squab o' Neptune, and Plankton Steak.
Small wonder thou headedst for Santiago,
Where gourmets ignore such frantic farrago;
That's exactly where I myself would have went if I'd
Been mysterious, succulent, unidentified.

—Ogden Nash

• •

I found E Company on rocky ground about five hundred yards back of the line. They had gone into reserve the night before, and had just got their first mail. The fellows were sitting around in shell holes cleaning their gear and reading letters. Things were quiet right then; there were intermittent bursts of gunfire, but most of it seemed to be far to the left, on the flank. I found the company headquarters and asked for the first sergeant. Someone pointed him out, and I went over to him. "I'm looking for Jack Beardsley," I said.

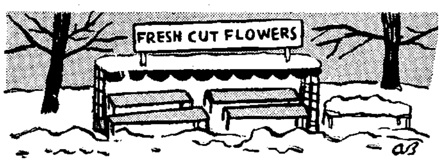
The sergeant squinted. He obviously hadn't shaved since the landing, and his eyes were bloodshot. I was embarrassed, because I suspected he knew I was from Division headquarters.

"What d'you want with him?" he asked.

"I've got a package."

"For him?"

"No, it's mine. I wanted him to open it," I said. I knew it sounded silly, but it was true.



I expected the sergeant to laugh, but he said, simply, "He can't."

He cocked his head in the direction of a mangled tree some twenty-five yards away. On the ground were three figures lying in a row, the way men lie when they have been put there by someone else. They were covered with ponchos. "He was on the line with us yesterday," the sergeant said. "They found him this morning and brought him in. Friend of yours?"

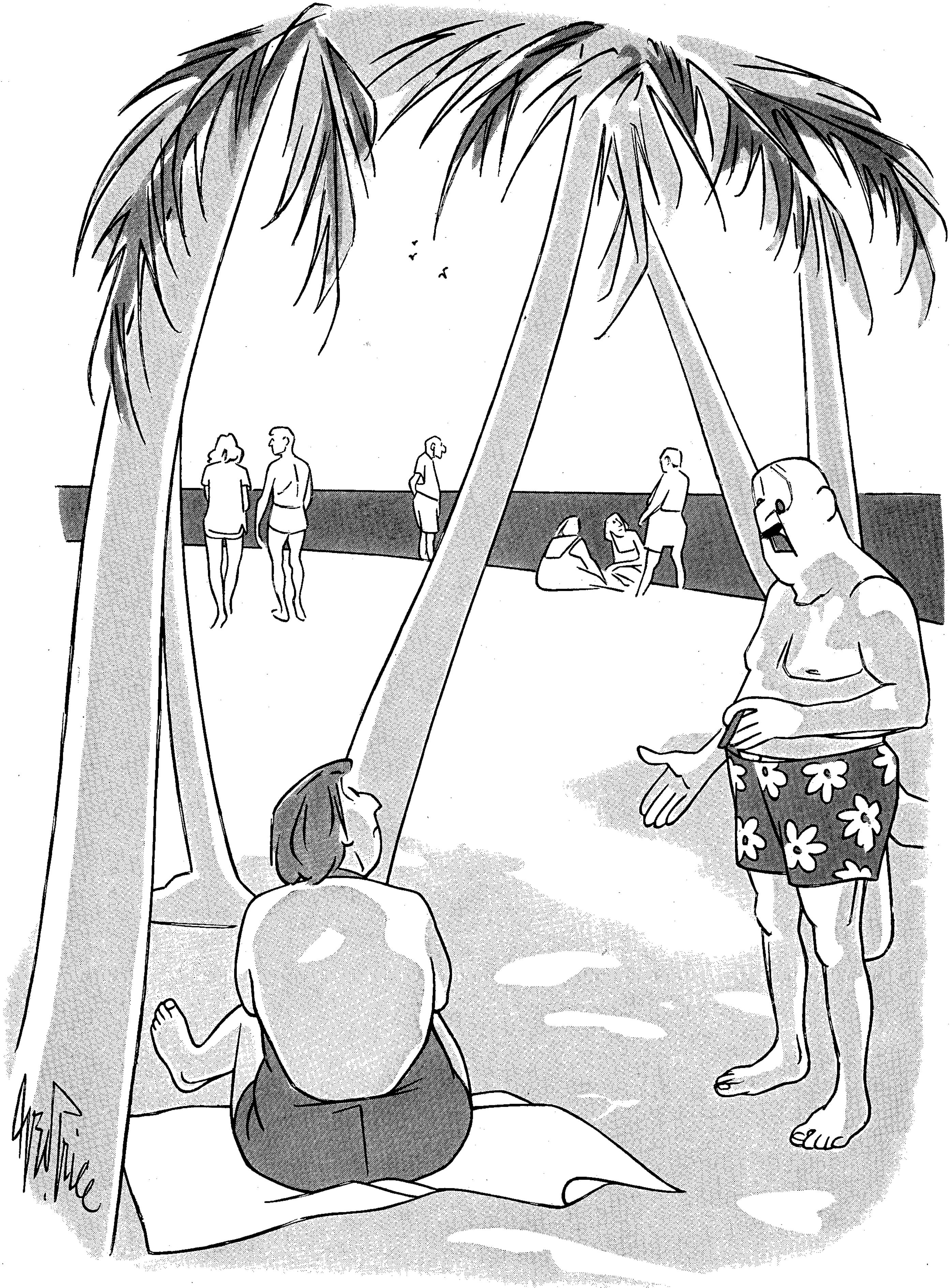
"Yes," I said. "He was."

"Want to look at him?"

I shook my head. "Thanks just the same. I've got to go on back."

I caught a jeep ride back to Division, and when I got there, everyone was excited. I found out that the flag had just gone up on Suribachi. Morale was high, but although I tried to get into the spirit of it, I couldn't. And now whenever I see a picture of that flag-raising, I try to imagine what it would have been like to be on Mt. Suribachi in person, but all I see is myself racing toward the front with that package, and the three men covered with ponchos under the tree. I opened the package, finally. It had macaroons in it, and cookies from the Woman's Exchange. They were rather badly smashed.

—David Dempsey

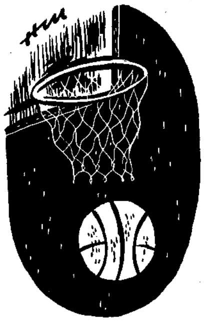


"Sixty bucks a day this sunshine is costing me, and you have to sit in the shade!"

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LAKE OF THE CUI-UI EATERS—III

“THE first outbreak of the American Indian in human literature,” according to Mrs. Horace Mann, widow of the celebrated nineteenth-century educator, was achieved by a woman named Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, who wrote a book called “Life Among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims,” published in 1883. Mrs. Mann's statement appears in an introduction she wrote to the book, and I found it hard to accept, until I tried to think of an earlier Amerindian author. I could recall only John Rollin Ridge, who was a son of a Cherokee chief and became a famous San Francisco journalist in the sixties. But Ridge was a half-breed who lived as a white man and wrote of nothing specifically Indian; his best-remembered book is a blood-and-thunder fictionalized biography of Joaquin Murieta, a Mexican bandit of the gold diggings. Mrs. Hopkins was a Piute, or, to go along with the orthography now approved by the Smithsonian Institution, a Paiute. Unlike the Cherokees and other originally Eastern tribes who had had contact with the whites for centuries before Mrs. Hopkins' time, the Paiutes had barely heard the English language when she broke out in it. Mrs. Mann certified that Mrs. Hopkins had no ghostwriter.



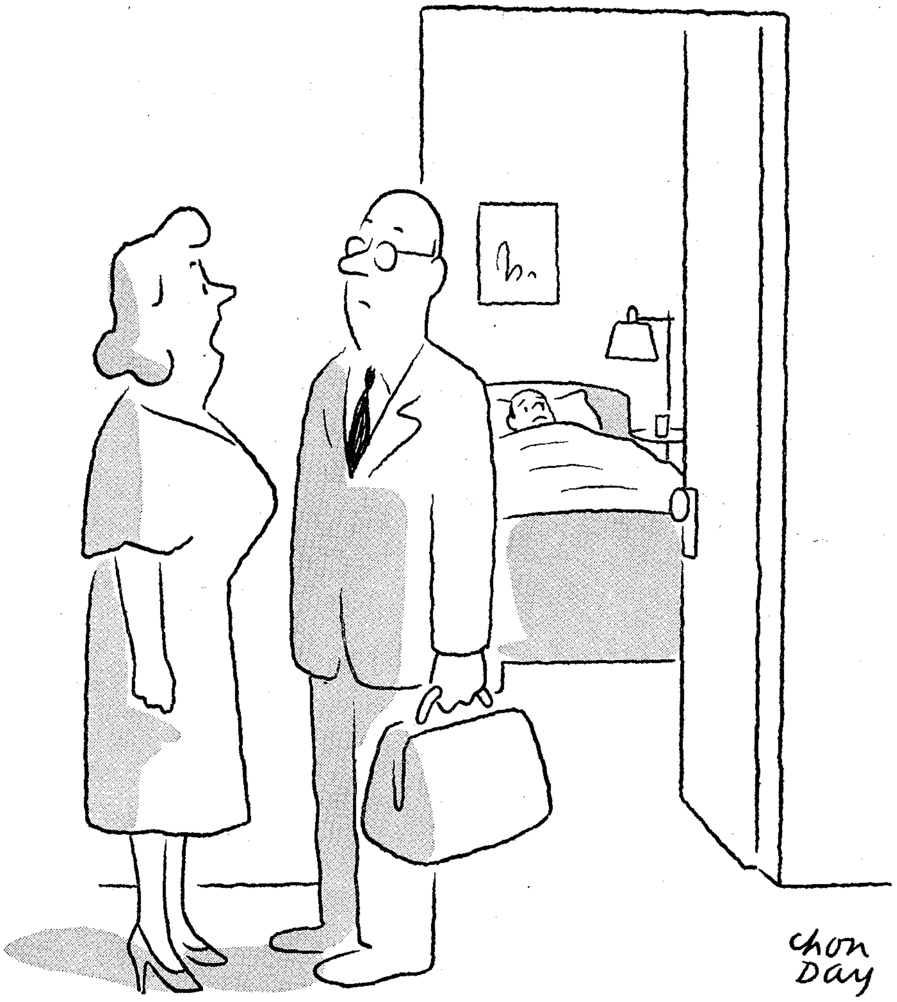
My own life among the Paiutes began in the summer of 1949, which I spent by the shores of Pyramid Lake, Nevada—the Paiute Mediterranean. It is a small Mediterranean, shaped like a pork chop and about thirty-one miles long, and the Paiutes are a small nation. They and their “predecessors in interest,” to use the accepted legal tag, have occupied the littoral for some thirty-five hundred years. They are therefore as indigenous as jack rabbits. They do not, however, bore the stranger with genealogical anecdote. In this, they reminded me of William M. Stewart, the illustrious white Nevadan pioneer, who wrote in his autobiography, circa 1908, “I refrained from taking advantage of opportunities that existed to inform myself in regard to my ancestors, on account of the disgust I felt for persons of no consequence who were constantly boasting of their pedigrees.”

At present, the Paiutes live on the Pyramid Lake Reservation, which surrounds the lake. The reservation has a land area of about three hundred thousand acres, of which only about nine hundred are fit to grow crops on. Lack of water is the problem, as it is in all of Nevada. On acquaintance with the Paiutes, I discovered that they had a cause, as well as an irredenta: some two thousand acres of land, including six hundred acres of good land—irrigated land—that had been misappropriated by white squatters (“pioneers” is the polite Western word) in the eighteen-sixties, and subsequently transferred to white successors in interest, who were still claiming it. A cause presupposes a history, and while retracing this dispute—its course winds like that of the Truckee River, on which the lands are situated—I came upon Sarah Winnemucca in the American-history room of the New York Public Library, whither I had trailed her through the card catalogue in the reference room. This was in 1953, shortly before I decided to revisit the lake.

Sarah was perhaps forty when she wrote her book, and she could remember the first encounter her maternal grandfather's band had had with white men. The meeting occurred at a big bend of the Truckee, near the lands that were to be so long in litigation; it is at this point that the river, which rises in Lake Tahoe and flows first north and then east, finally turns north again, to empty into Pyramid Lake. Sarah says in her book that “truckee” means “all right.” It was her grandfather's name. The whites called him Captain Truckee and named the river after him, and the name stuck. I have read somewhere else that Truckee was not the old boy's Indian name but simply what the whites called him, because he was always saying “truckee.” The whites thought it was a mispronunciation of “talkee.” This is one more instance of the whites' egocentricity, as well as of their chronic underestimation of the Paiutes; the chief was saying “truckee” because he meant “all right,” and he was pronouncing it perfectly.

Sarah remembered that the first whites she saw as a child frightened her; she hid her face in her mother's apron of woven sagebrush fibre and wouldn't look again. They attracted her, too. “They had hair on their faces, and had white eyes, and looked beautiful,” she wrote. The white eyes, of course, were actually gray or blue—pale by contrast with the black eyes of the Paiutes. Later, she overcame her fear. Captain Truckee and her father, Old Winnemucca, sent her to Johntown, an early mining camp, to board with the family of a Major Ormsby, one of the first settlers of Nevada, where she learned cultivated ways. Dan De Quille, the author of “The Big Bonanza,” wrote, in 1876, “The people of Johntown, though not numerous, were jovial. Nearly every Saturday night a ‘grand ball’ was given at ‘Dutch Nick's’ saloon. As there were but three white women in the town, it was necessary, in order to ‘make up the set,’ to take in Miss Sarah Winnemucca, the ‘Piute Princess’ (daughter of Winnemucca, chief of all the Piutes). . . . When a Johntown ‘hoss’ balanced in front of the ‘Princess,’ he made no effort to economize shoe-leather.” On page 12 of “The Big Bonanza,” there is a picture of Sarah, a bosomy girl with hair falling to her shoulders. She is wearing a long-sleeved dress and lace collar. “When in towns and cities, she dresses after the fashion of American ladies,” De Quille wrote, “but when with her people generally dons the Piute dress.” As a young woman, Sarah became a versatile Pocahontas, serving as interpreter and mediator between her people and our frontier soldiers. In the course of one mediation she rode alone two hundred miles through the territory of a hostile neighboring tribe to wheedle the Paiutes back from the warpath. For this service she became for a few weeks a newspaper heroine. She was married fleetingly to a German named Snyder, who died, and an Army lieutenant named Bartlett, whom she left. Later still, according to an obituary notice from an old Reno newspaper, which I found pasted inside the Public Library's copy of her book, “she married a soldier named Hopkins, who accompanied her on a lecturing tour through the East and spent all the money she earned. He was a well-educated, handsome young man, and an inveterate gambler. He died some years ago.” Sarah wrote “Life Among the Piutes” on this Eastern journey. Hodge's “Handbook of American Indians,” an encyclopedia and biographical dictionary issued in 1910, says that Sarah ran an Indian school at Lovelock, Nevada, which she abandoned after Hopkins' death, and died “degenerate” in Monida, Montana, in 1891, by which the biographer meant that she had gone back to living as an Indian.

In her book, Sarah said that Indian



"How much sympathy should I give him?"

• •

wars were usually instigated by settlers who wanted to bring troops into their region so they could sell hay and cattle to the Army at inflated prices. The early Indian agents, she declared, exploited the reservations as their private domains. "Now, Dear Readers, this is the way all the Indian agents get rich," she wrote in one place, going on to cite an agent's misprisions. Another passage reads, "Mr. Mushrush, the farmer, does all his farming in the barroom at Wadsworth." (Wadsworth is a railroad town that grew up in the southern tip of the reservation.) But she did not pick on whites exclusively. Of an Indian named Captain Dave, she wrote, "He has no character whatever and could always be hired to do a wicked thing. He is my own cousin."

The Paiutes, perhaps seven thousand in all, were scattered over a territory twice as large as New York State, and never had a comprehensive tribal organization. Each band ran its own affairs. Sarah, who was both a natural press agent and an ambitious daughter, told our military that Old Winnemucca was chief of all the Paiutes, but he wasn't. He was chief of the Pyramid Lake band, which numbered about six hundred, and he had the prestige of an elder statesman among the other northern bands, but south of the Truckee he had no influence. Nevertheless, he became the most famous Paiute chief in history, and a town and a lake have been named for him. James W. Nye, who was the first governor of the Territory of Nevada, described him in 1861 as "a most intelligent and appreciative man, one who reasons well and talks like a prudent, reflective leader." De Quille stated that the name Winnemucca means "the charitable man." De Quille didn't rate the chief as highly as Nye had, however; he wrote, "He is a good-natured, kind-hearted old man, but not a man remarkable for either wisdom or cunning." A later and more scholarly observer has written that Winnemucca means "the man with a hole in his nose." These fielders' choices are the incessant lot of the amateur recorder of Paiute history.

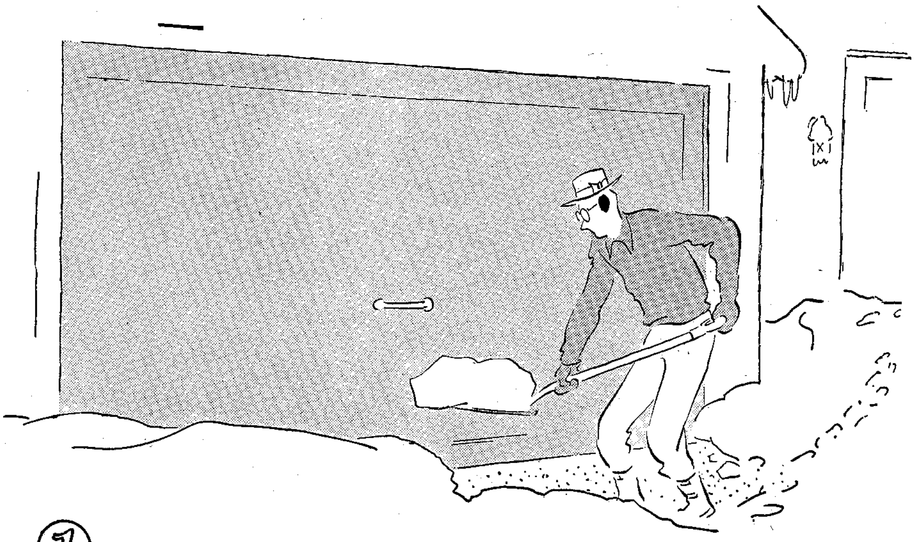
Lake Winnemucca, the Lake of the Charitable Man with the Hole in His Nose, which is a few miles east of Pyramid, has dried up within the last twenty years, and is now what the Arabs would call a *chott*—a shimmering expanse of alkali in the arid plain. In the fat past, it was full of fish and mud hens, the latter so tame a man could go out to them on a reed raft and whack them on the head with a club. They didn't taste like mallard, but the practical Paiutes valued them more highly. "They cost nothing for cartridges," Albert Aleck, a Paiute who drives the school bus for the on-reservation pupils, told me once, during a symposium on the nutritional glories of the past. Winnemucca, a shallow lake, depended for its existence on an underground runoff from its larger neighbor. When the level of water in Pyramid Lake declined, Lake Winnemucca disappeared. So did the giant trout of Pyramid Lake, which constituted the chief gastronomic endowment of Old Winnemucca's people. The trout and a fish called the cui-ui, found nowhere else in the world (although it has relatives in certain lakes of Utah, Oregon, and India), provided a regular supply of protein that made the Pyramid Lake band the strongest, most warlike, and most carefree of all the Paiute bands. "Being thus better fed than the surrounding tribes, they were also much better developed, both physically and mentally," an early observer wrote. To their neighboring tribesmen, the Pyramid Lake Paiutes were known as "the cui-ui eaters." Other Nevada Indians, less fortunately situated, had to rely on pine nuts, berries, grass seeds, sagebrush shoots, lizards, and locusts, with a semi-occasional deer or antelope. De Quille tells of talking to an old brave about sagebrush soup. "Was it good?" De Quille asked. "Yes; good all same hay for cow," the Indian said.

The surface of Pyramid Lake, which attained an altitude of 3,890 feet late in the nineteenth century, dropped progressively during a cycle of dry years, which coincided with the withdrawal of water from the Truckee for irrigation and power. A couple of years ago, the lake surface had dropped to about 3,800 feet, but since then it has gained a few hopeful feet—the result of a couple of good rainy seasons. When the lake had dropped to around 3,840 feet, the trout and cui-ui found it impossible to cross the shallows and whirlpools at the Truckee's mouth to get up the river to spawn. Government engineers installed a fish ladder, but it hasn't worked. When I was there in 1949, the cui-ui had become scarce and the trout were believed to have disappeared. "There used to be those big lake trout, with green backs and silver bellies, all pink meat," Aleck, a lean man, told me as we continued our discussion.

"And those big cutthroat trout, all rosy, with white meat, that you could only catch in the spawning season," said Martin Green, another Paiute, who was an M.P. in the 29th Division.

"And those tommy trout that used to run with the cui-ui, just pan size—you'd cut them into chunks and throw them in the skillet," said Levi Frazier, a Paiute quarter-horse trainer, who a lot of Nevadans think is also the best calf roper in the country. ("That's a little too strong," Levi himself says.)

"It was a sportmen's paradise," Aleck said. "But there were no sportmen to enjoy it. Just hungry Indians."


①

Fishing is favorable to contemplation; the rise among the Paiutes of the first Amerindian literary lady was no accident when viewed in the light of sumptuary determinism. Smohalla, the great prophet of the Columbia River (in the course of my supplementary readings on the Paiutes, I have met some other fascinating Indians), who enunciated the truth that man should not work, made a grudging exception in the case of fishing. "Men who work cannot dream, and wisdom comes to us in dreams," Smohalla said. But of fishing he conceded, "This work lasts only for a few weeks. . . . Besides, it is natural work and does no harm." He therefore qualified his commandment of "Thou shalt not work" with "except for a little fishing."

Every year, when the cui-ui run was over, the Paiutes would radiate from the lake in small family groups, to take advantage of the seasonal cycle of wild crops and small game. After the discovery of precious metals in Nevada, the whites entered the region in great numbers, cutting down the piñon trees for fuel and the seed-bearing grasses for fodder. The Paiutes' seasonal wanderings became potential occasions of conflict, and in order to avert them, Major Frederick Dodge, a special Indian agent, proposed in 1859 that Pyramid Lake and its shores and the delta of the Truckee be set aside as a reservation. This was not altruism, for settlers in the new territory were as vulnerable to attack as new-hatched birds; indeed, the government was extremely eager to have the Paiutes accept this solution. The Indian Commissioner, the Land Office Commissioner, and the Secretary of the Interior hastily endorsed Dodge's proposal, but even so they were not able to forestall a war that, in the estimate of an official of the Indian Bureau, "set the Territory back one year in its development." In the spring of 1860, the Pyramid Lake Indians killed three white men who had abducted and abused two Indian women. A hundred and five whites from the booming silver-rush settlement of Virginia City, fifty miles away, rode up to the lake to chastise the Indians. They were forceful fellows—whiskered vigilantes brave enough to lynch practically anybody they could catch in bed—but they found Indian-fighting a very arduous form of amusement. Winnemucca's people killed seventy-six of them, including, unfortunately, Major Ormsby. The rest arrived back at Virginia City with obsidian arrowheads embedded in their horses' rumps, and emigration began immediately. De Quille wrote,

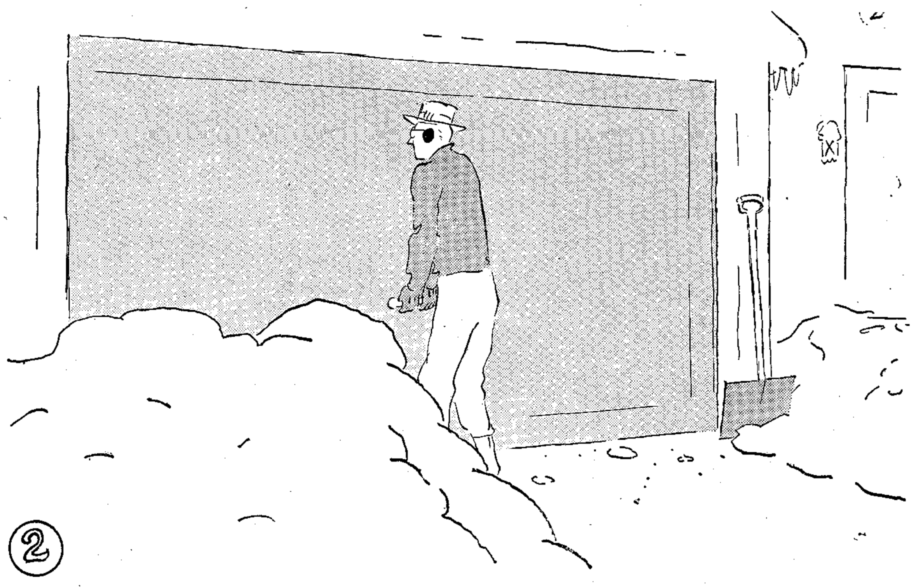
> At Virginia City, when the news of the defeat at Pyramid Lake came, among other business transacted was the unanimous adoption of the following resolution: "Resolved, that during the next sixty days, or until the settlement of the present Indian difficulties, no claim or mining ground within the Territory shall be subject to re-location, or liable to be jumped for non-work." This gave many persons who had urgent business in California an opportunity of going over and attending to it—doubtless many started soon after voting on the resolution.

After the panic subsided, a column of United States Regulars escorted another mob of miners up to the lake, where the soldiers whipped the Indians and the miners took three scalps from corpses. The Paiutes, however, were still formidable, and on July 19, 1861, three months after the Civil War began, Governor Nye wrote to Washington:

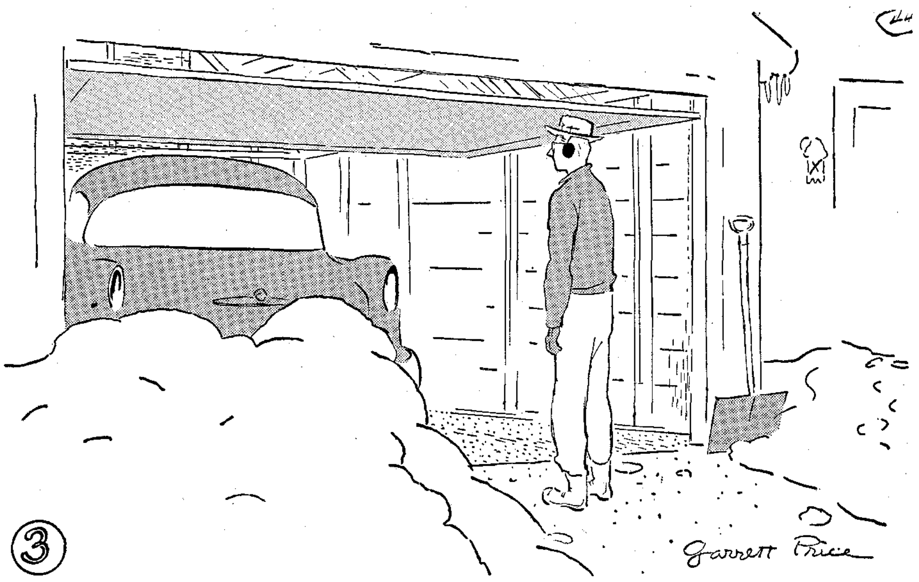
> I deem it of the utmost importance that friendly relations should be maintained with all the tribes along the line of the telegraph, overland mail, and pony express, as they are now the only modes of communication with the States and the home government. I assume that the government so regards it, and shall exert myself to the utmost to secure so desirable and necessary an object. . . . The [Paiutes], as well as the Shoshones, are warlike tribes, and able, from the peculiar section and region they occupy, to make great trouble if once excited to arms. . . . If so, it will require a soldier to every telegraph post, and a company of soldiers at each stage station through the entire Indian country to preserve peace. . . .
>
> In order to secure permanent peace with these several tribes, I am quite satisfied that some definite line of policy must be pursued. Several have been suggested, but the one most advantageous to the government and to the Indians, as it appears to me, is this: They are by nature herdsmen, and well adapted to that pursuit, and learn with great facility to perform all the necessary care to the successful breeding of cattle, which must form the great staple of their living and support. I would recommend that the government furnish for them a quantity of cows, and the agent can instruct them in a short time so as to enable them to raise all the beef they will require. Most of the Pah-Utes are good mowers, and are acquainted with the curing of the wild grass that grows on the reservation, and sufficient grows to keep their cattle through the winter, if properly secured. I would also recommend that the government furnish them with some brood mares, so that they can grow their own horses of a better quality than the miserable ones they now have.

Nye's subordinate, an agent named Wasson, called the Paiutes "of all the Indians I am acquainted with, the most susceptible of acquiring the arts of civilized life."

> It affords me great pleasure [Wasson wrote to Nye in 1861] to inform you that the Pah-Utes, since the unfortunate difficulties with them more than a year ago, have behaved themselves with the utmost propriety till about the middle of April last, submitting to the grossest outrages upon them committed by villainous whites, [and] having their men shot and their



②



③

> horses stolen on several occasions without offering to resent the outrages themselves. About that time, they assembled in council at the reservation of Walker River to the number of about three thousand. A portion of the most warlike from the interior, numbering perhaps two or three hundred, influenced by white enemies to the peace and harmony of the country, were disposed to create disturbances, drove off the interpreter, and otherwise behaved very badly. I succeeded, however, in quieting them, and they are now dispersed over the country, engaged in their usual occupations, hunting and gathering seeds, etc., for winter use. . . .
>
> It is almost absolutely necessary, in order to preserve their good will, that some more presents from the government be issued to them before long, and I would suggest that a few ornaments to please their fancy be selected with other articles of more utility; and the superintendent should be provided with ample means to assist them in case of severe winter, an occurrence by no means unusual here, of which we can have no previous warning. . . . This policy will insure peace at an expense of not more than five dollars per Indian for the first year and three dollars for the subsequent year. There is not a Pah-Ute warrior in the tribe who is not capable of costing the government five thousand dollars a year in the event of war, to say nothing of the consequent loss of life and the retarding of the development of the country, obstructing of the mail and telegraph lines, and the cutting off of emigration entirely.

If we assume that there were three hundred warriors in the Pyramid Lake band in Wasson's time, they could have caused a million and a half dollars' worth of damage annually. And if we assume that it would have taken five thousand soldiers five years to track them down—a modest estimate, considering the ratio of soldiers to Indians employed in the Apache and Bannock wars—we may fix the total expense arbitrarily, but not unreasonably, at twenty-five million dollars, plus interest at five per cent from 1865 to 1955. From all this, we may justly conclude that the establishment of the Pyramid Lake Reservation was one of the greatest bargains in administrative history—especially since the Indians owned the land before we got there.

The *quid-pro-quo* policy succeeded in placating the Indians, but almost immediately white Nevadans began to chisel the *quid*. One wrong that Mrs. Hopkins complained of was the encroachment of white men upon the reservation, which began as soon as the land around the lake had been ordered surveyed for a reservation, in 1859. Nye, visiting Winnemucca in 1861, discovered some squatters already there and wrote to the Secretary of the Interior, in Washington: "On the [southern] end of this reservation I found two ranches and five white settlers. I here instructed the agent to warn them off, which he has done. I understand they have promised to go as soon as they can secure the crops growing on their several ranches." Ninety-four years later, their successors in interest are still there.

An old man named T. G. Herman, one of the earliest settlers on the reservation, told an Indian Service inspector named O'Fallon in 1909 that he himself had been warned off by Wasson in 1861. This, said O'Fallon, "established the vital fact that the original white inhabitants of the disputed land were fully cognizant of the fact that they had taken Indian land." Herman's admittedly illegal claim formed part of the squatter lands until they were repossessed, some eighty years later. Another tract in dispute, known as the Hill Ranch, was the subject of a report by an Army lieutenant named Lee, who served as a special Indian agent in 1869. "The land was settled by an industrious Indian named Truckee John," Lee wrote. "He improved the land by fencing and building a house, raising horses, grass, grain, and some vegetables. His prosperity aroused the jealousy and hatred of a mean, worthless, and villainous white man named Fleming, who brutally murdered the Indian near his ranch on July 4, 1867. Afterwards, Indians were afraid to locate on it lest they meet the same fate, no cognizance having been taken of the dastardly murder by the civil or other authorities."

During my stay at the lake in 1949, I met several Winnemuccas, even though I never happened to hear of the literary Sarah. One of the current crop is Harry, a stocky man who drives the school bus between Nixon, which is the reservation village, and Fernley, which has the nearest junior high school. (The reservation school, which Aleck drives for, goes through only the sixth grade.) Harry is a hard man to figure at the stick game, which is something like our match game and was the Paiutes' favorite form of gambling until some soldier slipped them a pack of playing cards and they invented Paiute poker. De Quille wrote, long ago, "Old Winnemucca was an inveterate gambler. . . . [He was] known to lose all his ponies, all his blankets and arms, and, in fact, everything he possessed, down to a breech-clout, at a single sitting." In the stick game, you try to tell which fists two other fellows are holding four antelope bones in. There are two plain-white bones and two striped ones. Whenever you guess a bone wrong, the holding side scores a point. When you guess right, your team gets possession of the bones and a chance to score. Ten sticks are used as counters, and when one side has them all, it picks up the stakes of silver dollars. To disturb the guesser's concentration, the men holding the bones sing. Harry Winnemucca is the most disturbing singer in the Great Basin. This Winnemucca has a round, jolly face, like a Calabrian extortionist's. A kinsman of his named Avery Winnemucca is a more serious sort, who has inherited with his name a strong awareness of wrongs and claims. Avery, who looks like a straight-featured Japanese, has a white-collar job off the reservation, but he comes home weekends, and he is the most oratorical spokesman for the Pyramid Lake Paiutes, who are now an incorporated tribe.

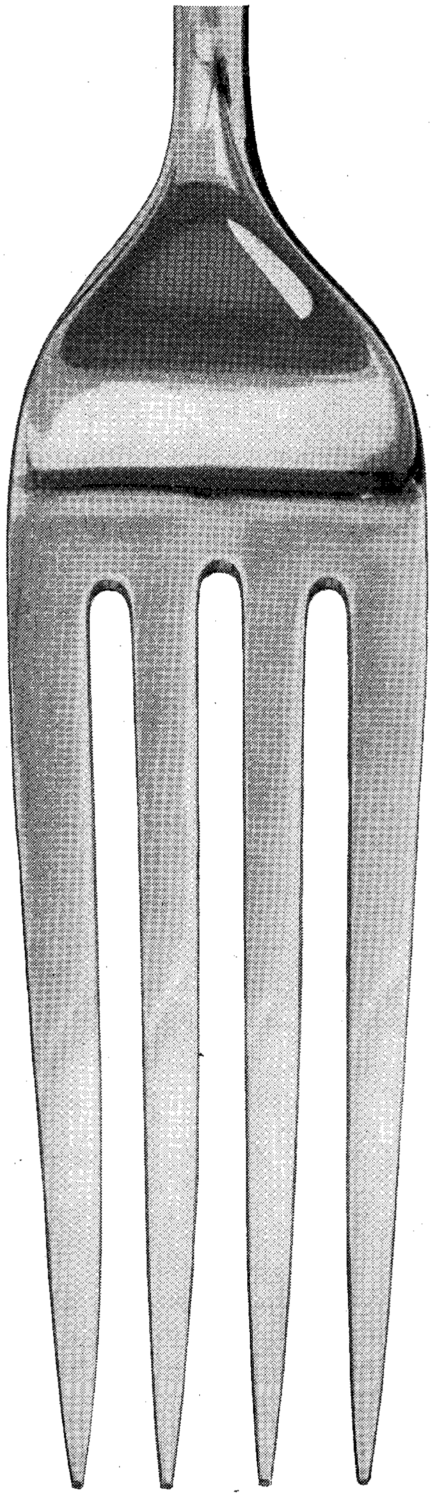
WHEN I first heard talk about the Pyramid Lake dispute, I took it for granted that the demonstrable fact that the Paiutes had been living on the land for more than thirty-five hundred years would have considerable bearing on their right to it. But on reading printed records of hearings that have been held before Congressional committees investigating the matter, I learned that this tenancy gave them no legal claim, since the Spaniards, who were the first white men to declare sovereignty over western North America, had recognized no such rights. Nor had the Mexicans, who succeeded the Spaniards, nor had the government of the United States when it took over from Mexico, in 1848. United States District Court Judge Edward Farrington, ruling on the ownership of this very reservation in 1918, said, "While the Indians have always claimed they were the original owners of the soil, the validity of their claim has never been conceded. In the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, such property rights as they had were recognized and safeguarded, but it does not appear in the pleadings that the Paiutes prior to that treaty or prior to the execution of the executive order establishing the reservation had acquired any title, possession, or right of possession in or to the land in controversy." In my previous legal reading, admittedly skimpy, I had never encountered this theory, the Preëminent Right of the First Trespasser. But it is consistent with much Indian Law, a legal euphemism for the statutes imposed on Indians by whites while the whites were skinning the Indians. Farrington's decision was always cited with approbation by the late United States Senator Patrick A. McCarran, the perennial proponent of the squatters' claims.

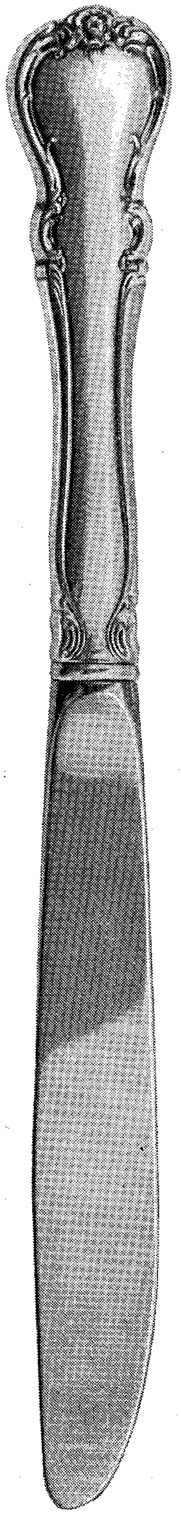
As recently as 1924, there were twelve squatters occupying land on the reservation. In that year, Congress passed a bill permitting them to buy the lands they had long enjoyed without payment. Seven paid up, and five made a first payment and then defaulted. The Indians were not consulted about the sale. By 1936, there had been a considerable change in thinking about Indians. For one thing, they had been voting for a dozen years and had begun to get the hang of it; for another, Franklin D. Roosevelt was in, with Harold L. Ickes as Secretary of the Interior and John Collier, who for years had been executive secretary of the American Indian Defense Association, as Indian Commissioner. Ickes called time on the five recalcitrant squatters, and they almost immediately began to profess their eagerness to pay up, now that it was too late. Land values, of course, were rising. Of the five claimants, three, all named Ceresola, were brothers, and another, a man named De Paoli, was their half brother. The fifth was the Garaventa Land & Livestock Co., owned by several Garaventas incorporated under that name. All the squatters were Ne-

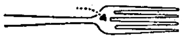
"Are you aware that one can live for next to nothing in Majorca?"

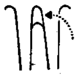
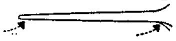
The Tōwle Touch

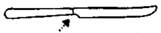
Sterling craftsmanship at its best... painstaking devotion to detail... personal pride in each and every piece.

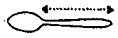


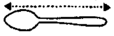


CONSIDER THE FORK: See how Towle achieves added grace and symmetry for this particular pattern by setting back the center tine space—thus 

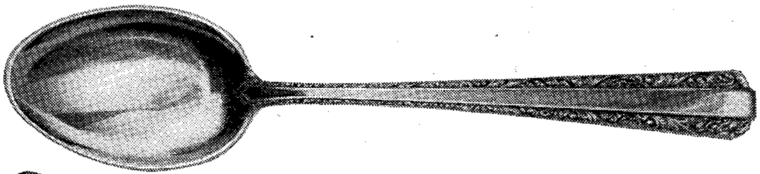
...And a truly practical Towle Touch – a  tiny notch between each tine to make washing easier. For *extra* cleanliness —every tine surface is hand polished to smooth perfection. 

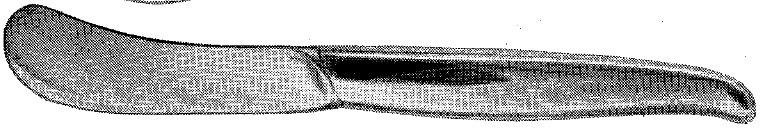
AND NOW THE KNIFE: Towle's *French Provincial* knife, for example, is designed to give superb "feel" and balance in the hand... to lie correctly flat upon the table. The handle is *permanently wedded*  to the blade through *solid metal.* A Towle knife is air-tight, water-tight, sanitary, safe... and will not rattle, loosen or come apart!

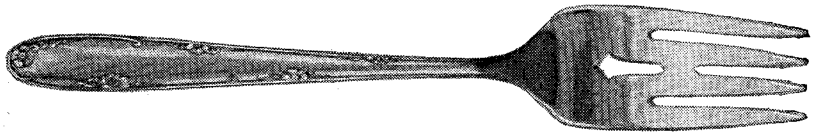
TOWLE DESIGNS "TIP-TO-TOE." Many silversmiths design their patterns only from here to here. 

They use the same bowl and tine designs from pattern to pattern. Towle tines and bowls are *part* of the pattern because Towle designs from tip-to-toe... 

See this distinction of Towle Sterling in the elegantly turned bowl of the *Candlelight* teaspoon... in the unique handling of the *Contour* butter knife and... the graceful tine detail of the *Madeira* salad fork. To bring out the full beauty and detail of Towle patterns, the warmth and richness of precious sterling itself, a last Towle Touch – Towle's prized "deep burnish" hand-finish on every piece!







THE TOWLE TOUCH AND YOU

Owning Towle Sterling will give you particular pleasure, for The Towle Touch is the *sterling touch* ... beauty of form and detail, richness of surface possible in no lesser material... recognizable *always* as the *finest* in sterling.

See the complete array of Towle patterns today at selected stores everywhere... they cost no more than *standard* sterling brands. *Crafted by Towle of Newburyport, Massachusetts.*

Small equals big

Every magazine likes to boast about its big advertisers, those companies that are nationally known. We love them dearly, and couldn't live without them, but we think our many smaller advertisers merit a salute, too. We mean the ones who usually run part of a column—six inches, four, three, even one inch. What greater expression is there of their confidence in their wares, and in the magazine they have selected to take them to market? Quite a few of them even depend on direct orders to keep them in business. With folks like this there's never any doubt where you stand.

The pages of Nation's Business are filled with such fine advertisers. They are promoting just about everything under the businessman's sun — desks, paper towels, pencil sharpeners, cars-for-rent, heaters, addressing machines, calendars, intercom phones, office space, adding machines, coat racks, numbering machines, travel, file folders, envelopes, pipes, moving service, photocopy equipment, steam generators, easels, machine tools, cigarette lighters, publications, motors, plant sites, tape, binding, elevators, insurance, detective service . . .

Put them all together and they add up to a big service for businessmen . . . Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

vada-born and of Genoese origin. Some of the land they were on was indisputably theirs—their predecessors in interest had bought it in fee simple, or outright, from the infant State of Nevada back in the eighteen-sixties. But more of it was reservation land they had more or less casually spread out on over the years. Banks in Reno held mortgages on the squatters' lands, including those rightfully belonging to the Indians. In 1937, the banks, the squatters, and the squatters' relatives all joined in sicking McCarran, then in his first term, on the Indians.

In urging the adoption of his first bill, which provided that the land should be given to the squatters, the Senator pointed out that the mortgage owners "would like fair play in this matter, because they have money involved," and then went on, "But that is really out of the question. This question involves the homes and hearthfires of these five poor, unfortunate families." When that bill failed, he introduced successors, in 1939, 1941, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1951, and 1953. On returning home from Pyramid Lake in 1949, I took to reading printed records of the hearings on McCarran's various bills, much as one reads a serialized story. Not only were they good reading but each succeeding bill on this obscure matter seemed more extraordinary psychologically, for McCarran was gradually being projected by seniority into the Senatorial foreground. There he functioned as a spokesman for Pan American Airways (the chosen-instrument policy), for the distilling industry in wartime (it wanted more alcohol for use in the manufacture of liquor), for General Franco (McCarran eventually got him almost a quarter of a billion dollars), and for the world silver interests. Compared to these combobulations, his small Nevada deal might have been expected to seem to him a waste of time. Nevertheless, he persisted, doubtless in the spirit of Major General George Custer, a forerunner of his in Indian-baiting. As Major General Terry de la Mesa Allen, an old cavalryman, once told me, "Custer got killed. But on account of what happened to him the United States Cavalry got the repeating rifle. With the rifle, they cleaned up the Sioux. And now Custer sits up in Heaven thumbing his nose at those damn Indians." I concluded that the Senator, a holder of the Grand Cross of the Order of Isabella the Catholic (Spain), did not want to go to Heaven with any Paiutes here below thumbing their noses at him. It tickled me that opponents so unpretentious as the Paiutes could hold the old fulminator at bay when he had succeeded in imposing on the whole country his set of entrance requirements for visitors to the United States.

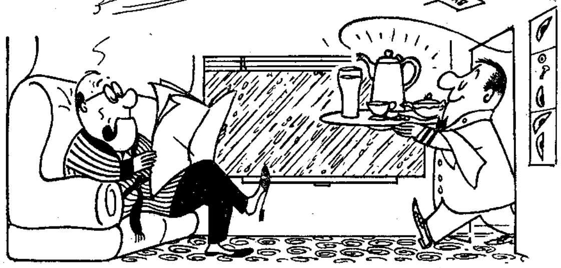
JUST about a year ago, I decided I would go back to the lake to see how the quiet battle was progressing. I was also possessed by a strong desire to see the lake itself again and to renew acquaintance with a fellow out there named Harry Drackert, who has taken to raising race horses. As reading matter for the trip, I took with me a record of the hearings before the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs on S.17, which was the title of McCarran's Pyramid Lake Bill of 1949. The Senator's zeal had outlived both the Senate and the House Committees on Indian Affairs, which had been abolished in 1947 and their function turned over to Interior and Insular. I also noted other important changes in the cast since the 1943 hearings, the last I had been privileged to read about in full. Commissioner Collier, who played Dauntless Durham to McCarran's Desperate Desmond in the earlier productions, had retired in 1945. He had served twelve years as Commissioner of Indian Affairs—the longest tenure on record, but not long enough to discourage McCarran. Nevada's Senator James G. Scrugham, McCarran's junior and his relentless opponent in 1943, had died, and Nevada's Congressman Maurice J. Sullivan, who fought the 1943 bill in the House, was no longer a member of Congress. Mr. Ickes, after a run of thirteen years, had been succeeded as Secretary of the Interior by Julius Krug.

The United States, which had entered the Second World War under the shadow of S.13, the Senator's 1941 bill to take the land from the Indians, had emerged triumphant from that struggle only to find S.22, the Senator's 1945 bill, still pending. In 1944, after the Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that the Indians owned the land, the Supreme Court had refused to hear any more about the matter. McCarran's S.30

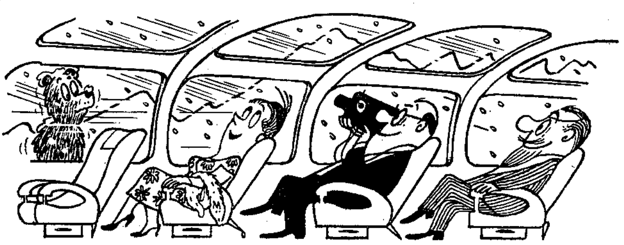
Bon Voyage!

...or how to turn a business trip into a two-day vacation

BYE BYE
HAIL E. FAREWELL
California Zephyr
gerhardt

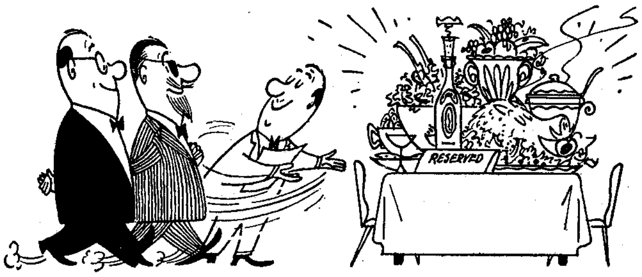


Bedroom-living rooms are last word in luxury. Just as in a fine hotel, the California Zephyr's spacious private rooms are designed to make your stay thoroughly enjoyable . . . room service, individual air conditioning and heating, radio reception, extra-wide, full-length beds, roomy closets, scientific lighting, and so on.



Glass-enclosed penthouses overlook mountains. As you travel through the very heart of the Colorado Rockies, across the High Sierra, and down the entire length of Feather River Canyon into California, you can ride upstairs in one of the streamliner's *five* Vista-Domes. You look up, look down, look all around!

Guests enjoy the genial informality of two lounges. In addition to a mid-train Vista-Dome Buffet Lounge, there is the glamorous, three-level Vista-Dome Observation Lounge Car (the only observation car between San Francisco and Chicago, incidentally), a popular rendezvous for Pullman passengers.



Superb cuisine includes such delicacies as mountain trout for breakfast, a Crab Louie salad for lunch, and a tender, sizzling hot steak for dinner. Another reason there's so much talk about our Dining Car is the unique system of advance dinner reservations that eliminates tiresome waiting in line for a table.

The only train to San Francisco with five Vista-Domes

California Zephyr

Chicago to San Francisco via Denver and Salt Lake City on the Burlington, Rio Grande and Western Pacific.
(Pullmans... Chair Coaches... through Pullman New York-San Francisco... low-cost Family Fares)

CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR

Write for free illustrated folder
Joseph G. Wheeler, Passenger Traffic Manager
Western Pacific Railroad
526 Mission St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________ State________ (NY)

WESTERN PACIFIC

PULITZER PRIZE • CRITICS' CIRCLE • TONY AWARDS

MAURICE EVANS
in association with GEORGE SCHAEFER
presents

DAVID WAYNE • JOHN FORSYTHE
in
the Teahouse of the August Moon

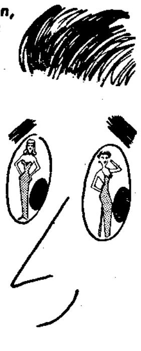
A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
(Adapted from the Novel by Vern Sneider)
with
PAUL FORD • JONATHAN HARRIS • WILLIAM HANSEN
and
MARIKO NIKI
Production Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Settings by PETER LARKIN • Costumes by NOEL TAYLOR
Music Composed by DAI-KEONG LEE
MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and specify alternate dates.
Mon. thru Thurs. Evs. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat. Evgs. Orch. $6.25; Mezz. $5.20; Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Taxes Incl.

NATIONAL COMPANY • ON TOUR
starring
BURGESS MEREDITH • SCOTT McKAY
Now Playing
BILTMORE Theatre, Los Angeles

"A HUMDINGER!"—KERR, H.-TRIB.

JOHN RAITT • JANIS PAIGE
EDDIE FOY JR.
IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
THE PAJAMA GAME
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Eves.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; 1st Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mat. Wed. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05. 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. (Tax Included).
Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest one alternate date.
ST. JAMES THEA., 246 W. 44th St., N. Y.

"GAYER THAN A DAYDREAM."—Walter Winchell
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY."—Atkinson, Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT present
TOM EWELL
GEORGE AXELROD's Comedy
"the seven year itch"
SALLY FORREST
Robert Emhardt • George Keane • Rita Morley
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Fri. Evgs.: $4.60-1.73; Sat. Evg. $5.75-1.73; Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $3.45-1.15 (Tax Incl.)
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
FULTON THEATRE, 210 W. 46th St.



(1947) had perished in the first solidly Republican Congress since Hoover's of 1928; this was evidence of a bipartisan point of view on at least one item of legislation. All these disappointments and mutations, which might have discouraged a man less indefatigably combative than the Senator, had but whetted his appetite for the annihilation of his opponents.

The script of the 1949 revival showed that the Senator had found a helper, in the person of his new junior colleague—United States Senator George (Molly) Malone, a Republican. McCarran, though a Democrat, had never been able to agree with any Democratic colleague. Malone's election had come in the administration ebb year of 1946. It was an election that McCarran did nothing to prevent, and Malone was humbly grateful. The script began with the familiar text of the bill, the gist of which was to allow the Ceresolas, De Paolis, and Garaventas to complete the payments they had defaulted on around 1929—a matter of twenty-two thousand dollars, all told, plus interest—in return for which they would receive patents to the land. In the center of the stage as the curtain rose was Senator Ernest McFarland, of Arizona, presiding in the place of Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, of Wyoming, the chairman, who was absent. Senator McFarland read a long letter from Secretary Krug, reviewing the Congressional and judicial history of the case, right through the Supreme Court's wave of the hand denoting "out." Krug opposed the bill. After the Supreme Court's dismissal of the case, the Paiutes had repossessed the land in controversy, but the settlers, whose legally owned adjoining property gave them control over the irrigation ditches, had shut off the Indians' water supply. It was Krug's idea that Congress ought to acquire the land the settlers still held—at a mutually agreeable price, if possible, and by condemnation, if not—and give it to the Indians, thus ending the dispute over water rights. Next to appear onstage was William Zimmerman, Jr., Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs. While Zimmerman, lacking Collier's prestige and rank, was polite to the McCarran forces, he had to point out that the Interior Department, acting for and with the Indians, had won all along, right from the time the Senator introduced his original bill, S.840, in the early months of Roosevelt's second administration, when James J. Braddock was still heavyweight champion of the world. Zimmerman held the stage alone for but a moment. Then Senator Malone

THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
"Superb Shocker . . . Season's First Dramatic Smash!"—WALTER WINCHELL
NANCY KELLY
in
MAXWELL ANDERSON'S
BAD SEED

Adapted from the WILLIAM MARCH Novel
EVELYN VARDEN, HENRY JONES, EILEEN HECKART, THOMAS CHALMERS, PATTY McCORMACK
Staged by REGINALD DENHAM
46th STREET THEATRE, 226 W. 46. CI 6-4271
Evenings at 8:35. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"Restores our theatre to an art again"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times

JOAN FONTAINE
in ELIA KAZAN's production of
Tea and Sympathy
by ROBERT ANDERSON
with LEIF ERICKSON
ANTHONY PERKINS
(Produced with Mary K. Frank)
BARRYMORE THEATRE, 243 W. 47. CI 6-0390
Evenings at 8:35. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"SHEER DELIGHT!" McClain, Jrl.-Amer.
JOHN C. WILSON & H. M. TENNENT, Ltd., present
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
BRIAN AHERNE • EDNA BEST
QUADRILLE
NOEL COWARD'S Romantic Comedy
PRICES: Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. Divans (First 6 Rows) $5.75; Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat.: Orch. Divans (First 6 Rows) $6.90; Orch. $5.75; Mezz. $4.60; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.: Orch. Divans (First 6 Rows) $4.60; Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. (Taxes Included). Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope with check or money order and suggest alternate dates.
CORONET THEA., 230 W. 49th St., N. Y. 19

"GAUDY, BAWDY, TROPICAL HIT!"
—Hawkins, Wld.-Tel. & Sun
The Musical Mardi Gras

HOUSE OF FLOWERS

Starring
PEARL BAILEY
ALVIN THEATRE, 250 W. 52 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S
Mystery Thriller
WITNESS for the PROSECUTION
Production Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
with FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN • PATRICIA JESSEL
ERNEST CLARK • GENE LYONS
HENRY MILLER'S, W. 43 St. • Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

GINGER ALE
Schweppes
GINGER ALE
3
CLUB SODA
Schweppes
CLUB SODA
2
GIN & TONIC MIXER
Schweppes
QUININE WATER
1

The third Schweppes mixer arrives . . . GINGER ALE!

CONNOISSEURS of Ginger Ale—here is the Real Stuff!

At long last the English House of Schweppes has gotten around to sending their fabulous Ginger Ale essence to be bottled here in America—under the aegis of Commander Whitehead, Schweppesman Extraordinary.

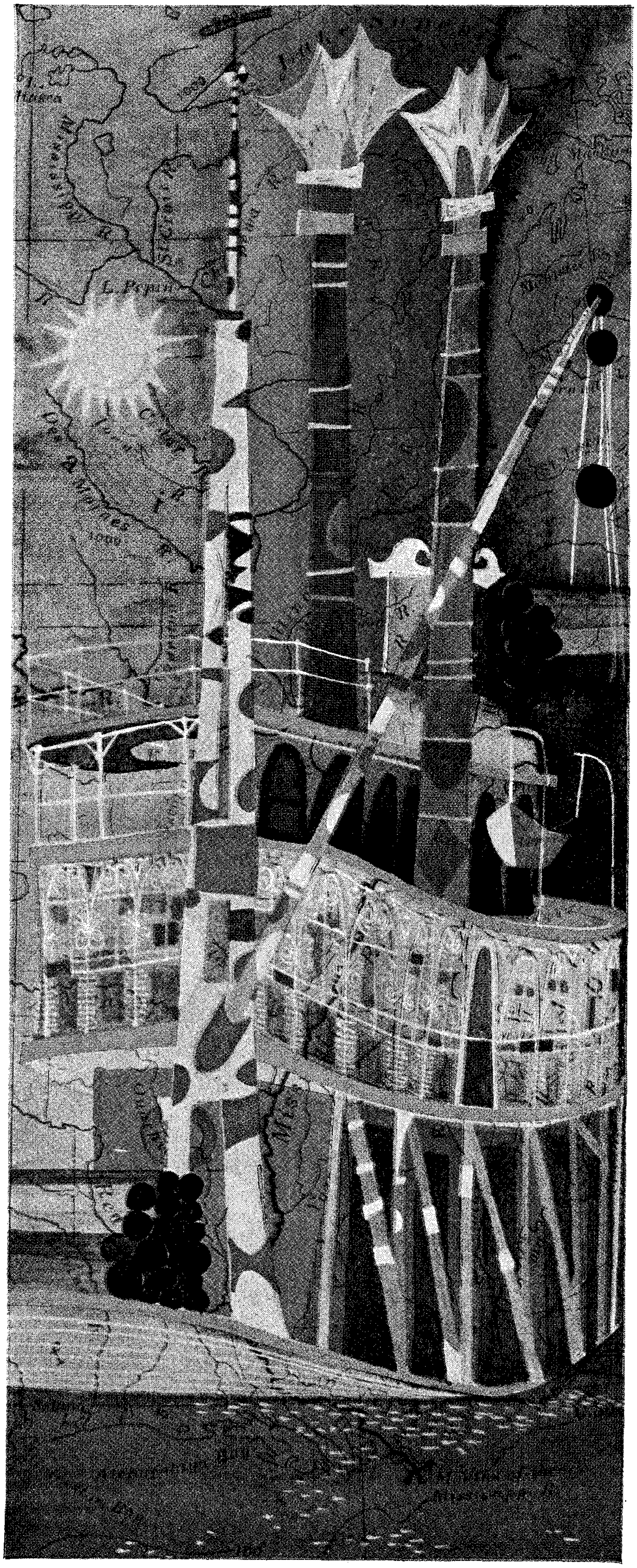
Schweppes Ginger Ale is, of course, the most aristocratic brand you can buy. As a soft drink it is dry, buoyant, piquant — *delicious.* It is also without peer as a mixer. You have never really tasted Rye-and-Ginger Ale until you've tasted it with Schweppes.

Schweppes, you will find, is head and shoulders above ordinary ginger ales. It even *looks* different. It's a pure sunny *amber* that the proud English refuse to hide in plebeian green bottles—Schweppes Ginger Ale is bottled in sparkling *clear glass.*

If you were first in your set to introduce Schweppes Quinine Water for authentic Gin-and-Tonics...then first again with Schweppes noble Club Soda ...here is another chance to earn the gratitude of your friends.

Only *Schweppes* Ginger Ale has Schweppervescence — and it *lasts the whole drink through.*

GOOD NEWS: Schweppes Ginger Ale costs about the same as *ordinary* mixers!



FROM "OF TIME AND THE RIVER" BY THOMAS WOLFE; © 1935, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS; USED BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

"OF TIME AND THE RIVER"

by Thomas Wolfe

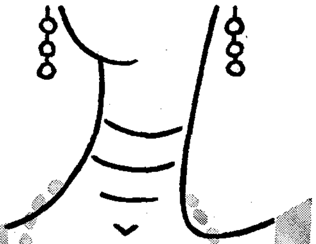
"Where can you match the mighty music
of their names?—The Monongahela,
the Colorado, the Rio Grande,
the Columbia, the Tennessee, the Hudson
(Sweet Thames!); the Kennebec,
the Rappahannock, the Delaware,
the Penobscot, the Wabash,
the Chesapeake, the Swannanoa,
the Indian River, the Niagara (Sweet Afton!);
the Saint Lawrence, the Susquehanna,
the Tombigbee, the Nantahala,
the French Broad, the Chattahoochee,
the Arizona, and the Potomac
(Father Tiber!)—these are a few of their
princely names, these are a few of
their great, proud, glittering names,
fit for the immense and lonely land
that they inhabit.

"Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber! You'd only
be a suckling in that mighty land!
And as for you, sweet Thames, flow gently
till I end my song . . ."

The pages of a Rand McNally atlas are filled with the music of American names. Look for poetry and find it the next time you see a map of America.

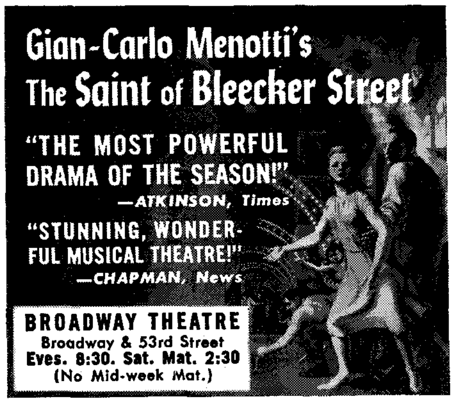
RAND McNALLY

PUBLISHERS • PRINTERS • MAP MAKERS • ESTABLISHED 1856 • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • NASHVILLE • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON

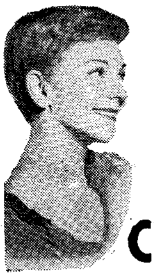


THE BOY FRIEND
SMASH-HIT MUSICAL COMEDY
with JULIE ANDREWS
"A delightful burlesque. It is hard to say which is funnier: the material or the performance." —Atkinson, Times
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Evgs. Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Wednesday Matinee Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Saturday Matinee Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30. (All Taxes Included). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.
ROYALE THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Ci 5-5760

"ROWDY, DYNAMIC SEX FARCE!" —WATTS, N.Y. POST
SIDNEY KINGSLEY'S NEW FARCE
Lunatics and Lovers
Starring
DENNIS KING
SHEILA BOND • VICKI CUMMINGS • MARY ANDERSON
and
BUDDY HACKETT
Directed by MR. KINGSLEY
BROADHURST THEA., W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.



Gian-Carlo Menotti's
The Saint of Bleecker Street
"THE MOST POWERFUL DRAMA OF THE SEASON!" —ATKINSON, Times
"STUNNING, WONDERFUL MUSICAL THEATRE!" —CHAPMAN, News
BROADWAY THEATRE
Broadway & 53rd Street
Eves. 8:30. Sat. Mat. 2:30
(No Mid-week Mat.)



"A RESOUNDING HIT!" —WATTS, POST
MARY MARTIN
as
Peter Pan
(A GAY NEW MUSICAL)
with
CYRIL RITCHARD
Production Directed & Staged by JEROME ROBBINS
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St., CI 5-4878

entered, like a clown walk-around heralding the entrance of a death-defying aerialist. "Mr. Zimmerman, I am sorry I missed the beginning of your testimony," Malone said. "If you have not already done so, I would like you to go far enough back to give the Committee an idea of what this situation is about."

Zimmerman, thinking, no doubt, of the mountains of volumes of research that had been reduced to their essentials in two hundred and fifty closely printed pages of the reports on the 1937 and 1943 hearings, tried desperately to avoid going into all that. Senator McFarland and his fellow committee members, plainly sharing his alarm, assured Malone that it was all in the record. Malone, however, was implacable. McFarland suggested that Malone tell the story and let Zimmerman ask *him* questions. Malone ducked. He said that, being an engineer, he knew the terrain but not "the facts."

Senator Robert Kerr, of Oklahoma, then read a letter from N. B. Johnson, a justice of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma and the president of the National Congress of American Indians. (There is a whale of a big Indian vote in Oklahoma.) Johnson wrote that his organization hoped the bill would be killed in committee. "We believe that all peoples of these United States who have submitted their disputes to the highest court of the land should be secure in the feeling that the rights so determined will be protected," he declared. "The Indians are entitled to the same protection of the Fifth Amendment as non-Indians. The government cannot take private property for private use. There is no equity in the squatters' position. . . . The picture they like to paint of having roots in the land that are deeper than the Indians' is pure window-dressing."

Senator Malone said he wondered if Judge Johnson had ever been to Pyramid Lake. "Harm is done by good people, well-intentioned people, who are thousands of miles away from the place," he added. (On-the-spot research is a Malone forte; he keeps a map of the world on one wall of his office in the Senate Office Building, so he can point out the places he has been. "Do you know the difference between a Moslem and a Mussulman?" he once asked me, pointing to Cairo on the map. I confessed I didn't—they are synonyms, of course—and he said, "A Moslem will eat meat, but a Mussulman won't. That's the kind of thing you wouldn't learn sitting in an office." It happens not to be true, too; the good Senator must have had in the back of

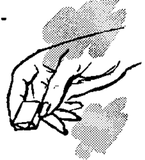
RECIPE . . .
for SUCCESS
To a location removed from the hustle and bustle, preferably with high ceilings to avoid a smoky flavor . . . providing small rooms for intimacy.
Rub well with unusual and attractive decor using a pinch only of chi chi . . . include a bar with the best spirits.
To this include an extremely varied menu to please any taste.
At *all* times, use the French touch!
To that mixture blend a generous portion of courteous service. Use the finest ingredients available, topping with a gourmet's garnish.
Add wine at moderate prices.
Then use the largest helping of integrity well spiced with continuity of management.
Be careful not to overheat or hurry your patron . . . unless requested.
Let simmer for ten years.
Et voilà,
Copain
50th St. N.W. corner 1st Ave.
PL 8-0554
A Restaurant of Distinction
That All Can Afford
Reservations respected
Luncheon 12:30—3 P.M. *Dinner* 5:30—11 P.M.
Established 1945
MEMBER DINERS' CLUB

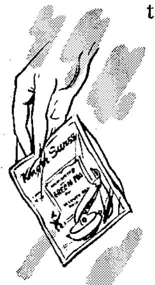
"A Solid Gold Click"—Walter Winchell
". . . a very funny show"—Gibbs, The New Yorker
Max Gordon presents
The SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
by HOWARD TEICHMANN and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
LORING SMITH
staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
SEATS NOW FOR ALL PERFS. THRU FEB. 26
Eves. Mon.-Thur. Orch. $4.60, Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat. Eves. Orch. $5.75, Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Wed. Mat. Orch. 3.45, Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75, 1.15. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.05, Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75, 1.15. All Tax Included
MUSIC BOX, 45th St., West of B'way CI 6-4636
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

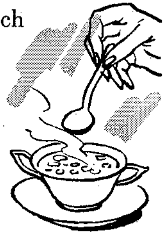
"SUPERB." ATKINSON, TIMES
VIVECA EUGENIE
LINDFORS • LEONTOVICH
IN A NEW PLAY
ANASTASIA
with JOSEPH ANTHONY
AND
HURD HATFIELD
LYCEUM THEA. W. 45th Street
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Peregrinations
OF A
Gourmette★

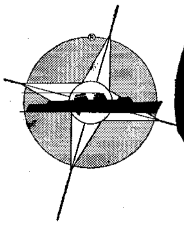
Just a few days ago, I realized again what heavenly time-saving ideas are always popping up for the kitchen. I was watching a friend prepare an utterly fascinating vegetable aspic made with Cresca's imported Knorr-Swiss Chicken Bouillon Cubes. She simply dropped the cube in boiling water... and voilà, a rich clear broth that made such a wonderful stock. I noticed she had on hand Knorr-Swiss Beef Bouillon Cubes, too, which are equally superb. The soup course she did last, since it was so very easy . . . Cresca's Knorr-Swiss Velouté aux Pois Verts . . . a divine green pea soup mix flavored so lightly with ham and beef. It actually comes in a flat foil package and, again, all you do is add boiling water. Of course, putting in a few of Cresca's tiny Dutch Cocktail Frankfurts was a stroke of sheer genius . . . a grand beginning to a delightful dinner, and another Cresca treat.







★ Never heard of a Gourmette? Well, it's our designation for a lady who knows good taste . . . and where to find it . . .



Cresca
OF COURSE!
IMPORTERS • CRESCA • 111 EIGHTH AVE., NEW YORK 11

his noodle something he had once heard about the vegetarianism of Hindus.)

McFarland then read into the record a considerable portion of what McCarran had said about the lands at the 1937 hearings, and Kerr, perhaps thinking of that Indian vote back home, read into the record in rebuttal the 1942 opinion of the Circuit Court of Appeals ruling that the land belonged to the Paiutes.

At that moment, the star entered.

SENATOR KERR [perceiving McCarran]: Come in, Senator, and sit right here.

SENATOR McCARRAN: If I do not make a statement now, I do not know when I am going to be able to do so, and yet I can hardly now because they are calling for me.... I would like to put the map up here.

SENATOR KERR [in a last, futile effort to postpone the inevitable]: May I call your attention to the fact that your statement is there in the record?

SENATOR McCARRAN: I want to go into a little more detail before the Committee. The river meanders and flows in here, and these lands have been occupied by the Indians for a long time. The Paiute tribe, as reported by the Indian Agency, in the early history of the tribe was not an agrarian tribe; it is a fishing and hunting tribe.... The first white settlers to come into this picture at all, gentlemen, were soldiers who had crossed the plains with General Winfield Scott Hancock. [One of those soldiers was the Senator's own father, also named Pat McCarran, who was an immigrant from Ireland.] When those soldiers' enlistments were over, some of them came on to this river and took up pieces of land....

Please understand that in those days there was no Indian reservation. It was not until 1874, by the edict of President Grant, that the Indian reservation was established [This theory had been demolished by the court seven years before.] . . . but where it was established, to this day I am unable to determine.

Here McCarran complained that the original map of the reservation had been lost. He thought there was every likelihood that it bore little resemblance to the map that accompanied President Grant's confirmation of the reservation boundaries. "I am confident that if that [original] survey ever shows up, it will show an entirely different reservation," he said.

Members of the Committee [McCarran continued], the white settlers who are in there now are all Italian farmers.... These people lived, married and gave in marriage, nurtured their first-born and buried their dead. [This echoed portions of his 1937 and 1943 speeches, but I felt I could read it many times more with pleasure, it was so beautiful.] Members of the Committee, no Indian ever set a foot on those lands to take sagebrush off the land or to put a drop of water on them.... These lands were levelled, cleared of sagebrush and put into . . . standing crops of alfalfa and grain. It is now stated that the Indians shall come in here and live

S.F.A's Cardigan Crop—
new heavier orlon, 14.95
The orlon yarn is three-ply—
thickly ribbed at neck, wrists
and waistline. New raglan
sleeves give a smart and natural
shoulder line. Soft and washes
like a dream in white, pink,
blue or navy. Sizes 34 to 40.
14.95. Mail and phone. Sweaters,
Seventh Floor, New York.

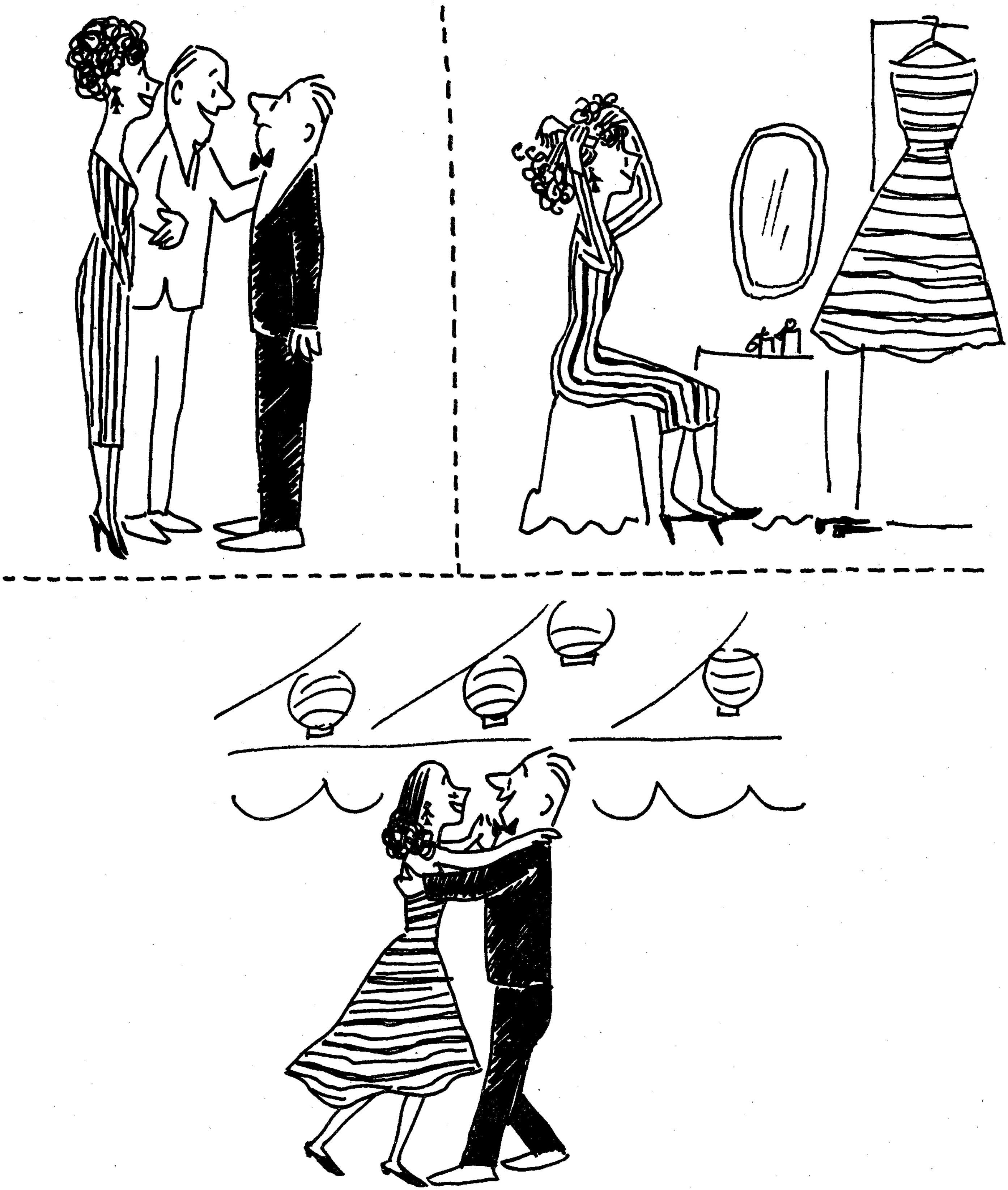
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York, White Plains, Chicago, Detroit, Beverly Hills

designed for gracious living
draper lane
MAIN & CEDAR ST.
DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.
NEW ELEVATOR APTS.
Set on a High Plateau —
Overlooks the Hudson
NOW RENTING—
Immed. Occupancy
3½, 4½, 5½ Rooms
1-1½, 2 Baths
Rentals from $125
All Apartments have Balconies or Terraces
Garages Available on Premises
Close to Shops and Schools
Walking Distance to R.R. Station
Renting Agent on Prem. DO 3-9709
"A Paterno Building"
A. V. AMY & CO., Agents, 2112 B'way, EN 2-3030

Le Cupidon
40 East 58th St.
PL 5-4842-43
Superb French Cuisine
Pre-Theatre Deluxe
Dinner $4.50, no Fed. tax
COCKTAILS
DINNER - SUPPER
Member Diners Club
Continuous Dancing
TWO NAME BANDS
Open Daily 5 PM Closed Sunday

first N. Y. showing of paintings
RALPH
NELSON
Jan. 9-30
RIVERSIDE MUSEUM
103rd St. & Riverside Drive

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



Nor the power of the magazine whose ideas about Fashion, Beauty--and practically everything else--are eagerly sought by the mightiest all-woman market on earth... Ladies' Home JOURNAL

A CURTIS PUBLICATION

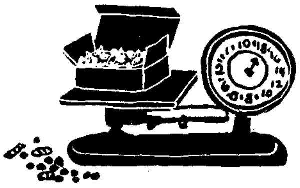
ARPEGE
LANVIN PARFUMS · PARIS
Life begins with......

> alongside of them when, as a matter of fact, it is utterly impossible, because the water that goes on any one of these lands comes through ditches that were constructed and were the private property of these settlers. And the water that will irrigate those lands was water adjudicated to them by the Federal Court of the United States.

At this juncture, Senator Malone, whom I imagined standing by like the stooge who used to hold a cake of ice in his arms for Van Hoven, the Mad Magician, intervened to feed his patron a line:

> SENATOR MALONE: Mr. Chairman, I have a question on that point. Senator McCarran, if these lands were adjudged and found to belong to the Indians, who, under our state law, would own the water and could transfer it? . . .
>
> SENATOR McCARRAN [with the speed of well-trained lightning]: The white settlers to whom the decree allocates the water could dispose of the water that would go on these lands. And to be very frank with you, some of the farmers up the river there have been talking with these white settlers as to whether or not, if they lost on this thing, they will sell their water to them. All they have to do is sell the water to me or John Smith or Bill Jones up the river, and the water master [a federal official who allocates irrigation water] will take it away from these ditches here and divert it upstream.
>
> SENATOR MALONE: Then, Senator McCarran, if that were done, and I agree with you that it could be done under the state law of Nevada, and all other states that have that theory of law, with which I am familiar, what value would attach to those lands without the water?
>
> SENATOR McCARRAN: These lands without the water are utterly useless; they are utterly useless.

McFarland then asked McCarran's opinion of Secretary Krug's alternative proposition—that the government acquire the lands of the settlers by purchase or condemnation. I could have warned him not to do it; McCarran was a highly combustible senator. "Now, my understanding of that condemnation is that it cannot be resorted to under the Constitution of this country for private use," said McCarran. "That is what they want to do, is to condemn those people and throw them out into the cold world, where they and their families have lived and paid taxes for years, and where no Indian ever set foot upon that land, either in private or public ownership; no Indian put a plow in that land, Mr. Chairman. . . ."



"I wanted to say that the Senator served as a Supreme Court justice of our state," Senator Malone eventually interposed, "and he is entirely familiar with the law, and when he makes a statement with respect to the law, it is not to be taken lightly."

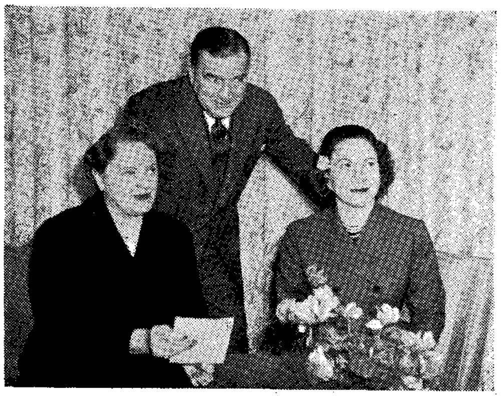
Kerr inquired if there hadn't been a court decision to the effect that the Indians owned the land, and McCarran replied, "I say no."

Kerr then read the Circuit Court decision again, but McCarran brushed it aside.

> I have read that before [he said]. I am familiar with that, but that does not meet the situation at all. . . . I am sawing right through everything and saying that Congress has the perfect right to grant these people the right to pay up on the original contract. . . . Now I am ready to answer any questions that are propounded. I have stated the case, as I see it, as I have seen it all my life, because I was reared within twenty-five miles of this locality here. . . . It seems to me that the situation presents something that the Congress must do; if this were in some other locality, gentlemen, you would have bloodshed over there with respect to this thing, which I never want to see happen. Someday or another, fire is going to blaze and break loose down there. Some hothead is going to lose his head, and then what? Today [the Indians] are fencing Ceresola around, they are fencing out his house, in which his family lives; they are fencing out his stockyards, in which he feeds his cattle.

Reviewing McCarran's performance, I felt that while it had gained in bite, and perhaps in bark, it lacked the ingenuous bonhomie of his 1937 interpretation and the suave majesty of his 1943 reading. As for Malone, while he evinced undeniable comic talent, I thought he and McCarran should decide which of the two was the straight man. I pictured McCarran still rolling up his map and milking the audience for curtain calls when a new member of the cast appeared—James E. Curry, attorney for the Indians of the Pyramid Lake Reservation and for the National Congress of American Indians. He said that the Paiutes had "original title," and, moreover, had been described by an agent in 1859 as undoubtedly the most interesting and docile Indians on the continent. "I say that," Mr. Curry went on, "because I do not wish Mr. Winnemucca to be embarrassed in testifying, or for it to be believed that his people also do not have some equities on their side." With that, he produced as a witness my acquaintance Avery Winnemucca.

Before Avery got under way, however, Senator Malone made a highly magnanimous speech. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "before we proceed with Mr. Winnemucca, I want to say that . . . I have known these Indians, who have

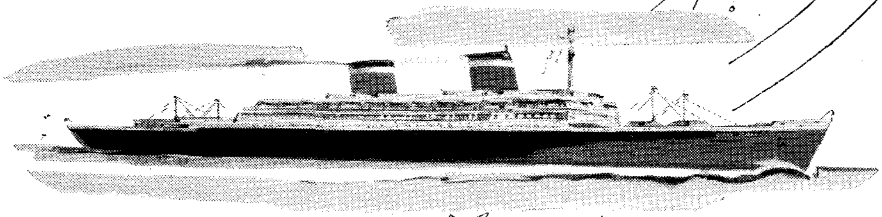


Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Reed and daughter Phyllis, on the s.s. UNITED STATES: "This ship is a real American with her space, speed and gracious service." Mr. Reed is President of the American Express Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Edwards—he's President of the Gruen Watch Company—on the s.s. UNITED STATES: "Our stateroom is huge and couldn't be more comfortable."

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Adams call the UNITED STATES: "A superb ship. Everything is done for one's comfort and pleasure." Mr. Adams is Chairman of Thos. Cook & Son.

Transatlantic Who's Who



EUROPE is only a long, relaxing weekend away on the **S.S. UNITED STATES**

The popular **S.S. AMERICA** offers extra hours of leisure at sea

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Hanes on the s.s. AMERICA. "Such a friendly ship! One of the things we like best—besides the food—is the *space*." Mr. Hanes is Board Chairman of Hanes Hosiery Mills.

s.s. UNITED STATES. World's fastest, most modern liner sails from New York 12 noon, arrives Havre early morning 5th day, Southampton same afternoon: Feb. 1*, Feb. 18*, Mar. 8*, Mar. 24*, Apr. 9* and regularly thereafter. *First Class $350 up; Cabin $220 up; Tourist $165 up.*

*Also arrives Bremerhaven 6th day.

s.s. AMERICA. Sails from New York to Cobh in 5½ days, 6½ to Havre, 7 to Southampton, 8 to Bremerhaven: Jan. 20, Feb. 10, Mar. 3, Mar. 25 and regularly thereafter. *First Class $295 up; Cabin $200 up; Tourist $160 up.*

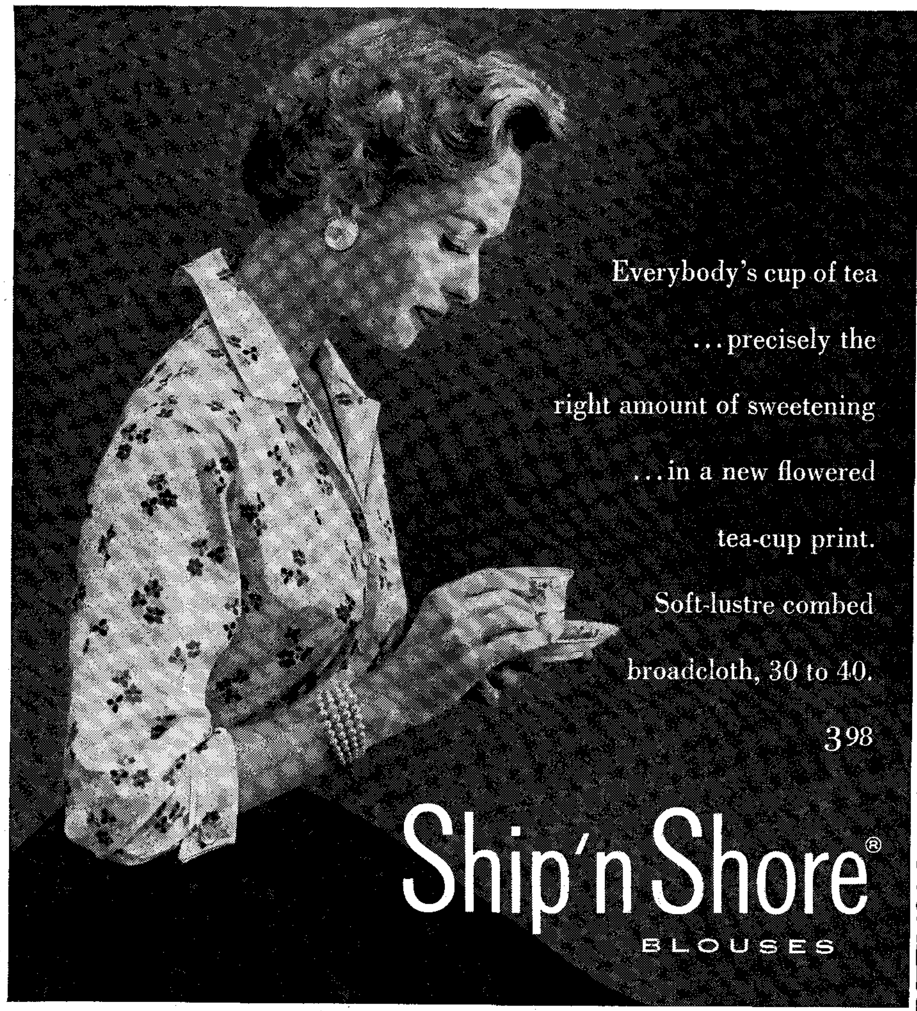
Mr. Clem D. Johnston, President, U. S. Chamber of Commerce, with Mrs. Johnston on the AMERICA: "Everyone has such a good time on board—the gaiety is catching!" *Pre-release movies, 3 Meyer Davis orchestras on each ship.*

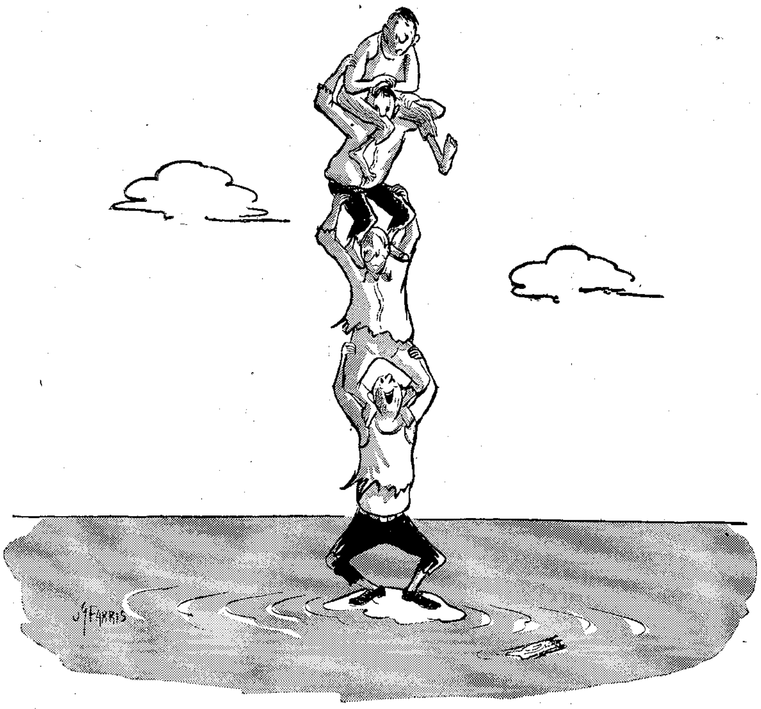
NO FINER FOOD AND SERVICE AFLOAT OR ASHORE!

United States Lines

CONSULT OUR AUTHORIZED TRAVEL AGENTS OR 1 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 4, N. Y. Tel.: Digby 4-5800

Offices in: Baltimore • Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Detroit • Los Angeles • Montreal • Norfolk • Philadelphia • St. Louis • San Francisco • Seattle • Toronto • Vancouver • Washington, D. C.





"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

(*Advertisement*)

come from my own state, for a considerable time, and I want to say further, Mr. Curry, that I myself . . . [intend] to introduce a bill that will make Indians people. . . . As a matter of fact, they are just as intelligent as we are. . . . So when you come here as a character witness for the Indians, it is lost on me."

"Thank you, Senator," said Curry.

Avery took a longer forensic windup than Albert Aleck, his brother-in-law, who played the Indian part in the 1943 production. Avery began by telling the committee about the battle of Pyramid Lake, giving his great-grandfather, Chief Winnemucca, none the worst of the score. Chief Winnemucca, Avery said, had told his tribe that "they cannot fight the white men, and might just as well make some kind of an arrangement to be courteous with them." But messengers reached the chief with reports that relatives of the kidnapped Indian women had killed several whites and burned their station. So the chief said, "Well, then, you have to use your own discretion on this matter, as my talk to you has failed." After that, Avery said, the Indians regretfully annihilated Major Ormsby and the other white men. He added that—"contradicting Senator Pat McCarran"—Indians had at one time definitely farmed along the Truckee River.

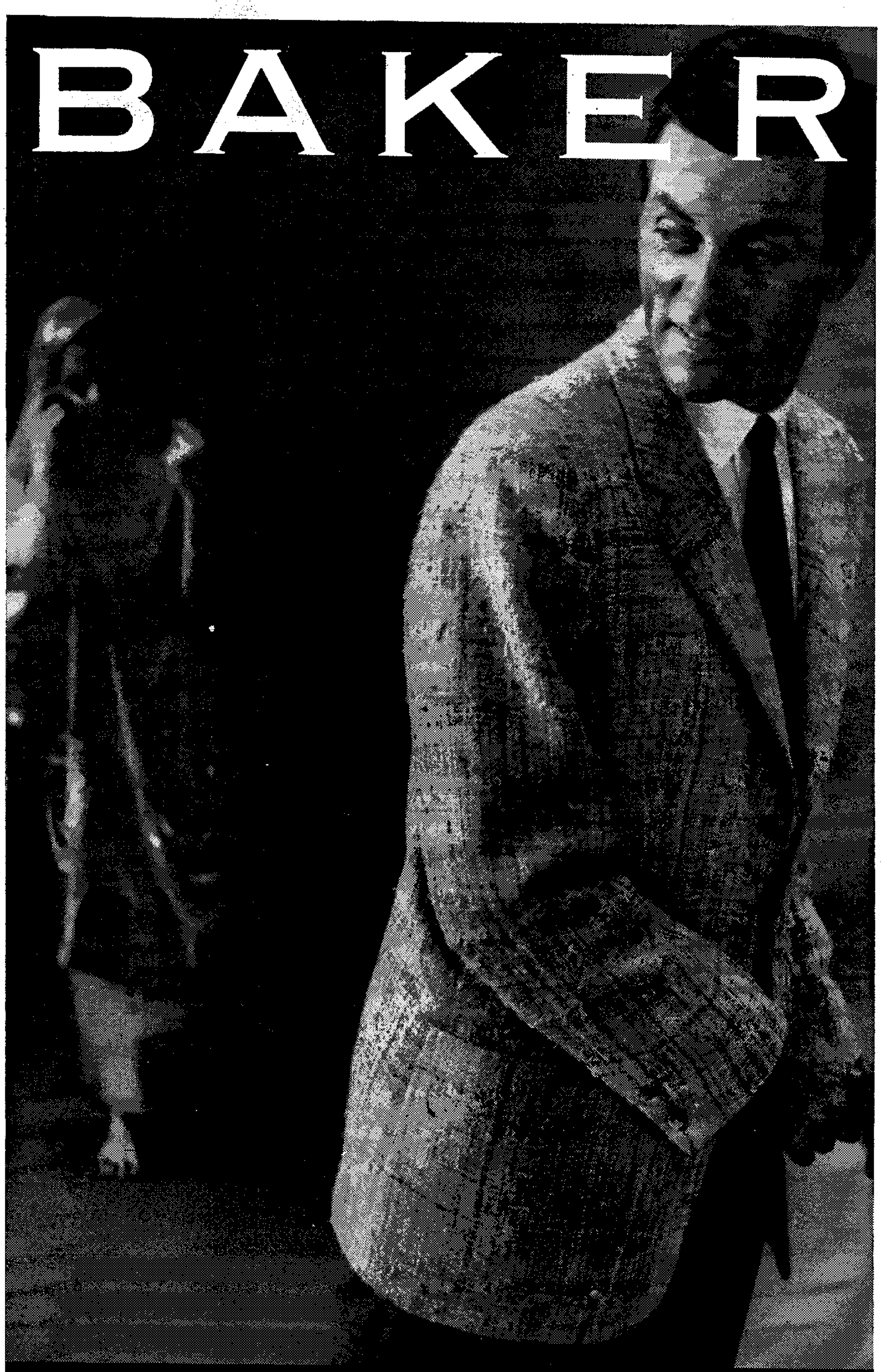
> There at . . . what is known as the Hill Ranch [Avery said], in 1867, July 4—this date stands out vividly among the Indians—an Indian by the name of Truckee John farmed in that section. He actually farmed. Water was conveyed in through ditches, and that is before any white man was there. There was no white man there. The whole town of Wadsworth was a battlefield . . . and on this July 4, some white men who wanted that field, because it was all irrigated, they killed Truckee John, shot him in the back, killed him outright because they wanted his field.
>
> And at that same time we had a beautiful lake which is called Pyramid Lake, widely known all over the world for its wonderful fishing and fish. Pat McCarran has used this, and said that we were fishermen, and we were not agriculturists. . . . His statement is not really strictly in accordance with the facts. As I have said, my ancestors had really farmed in the various sections of this Truckee River. . . . Now that our fishing has been ruined by the agriculturists who have drained our lake for irrigation, we have no more fish. Of course, then, we, too, have turned now to a modern way of living, due to the fact that we could not make a living on fishing, so now we have turned to cattle raising. We have also turned into agriculturists. . . . If the court had told us that these settlers or squatters were rightly on this land, we would have gladly accepted the court's decision, but the court found in this case that the land was ours, and we had the right to that land, and have the

right to use that. But the white man somehow or other, or maybe it is the politicians, they do not seem to have accepted this right of the court's decision. Instead they ask you to deprive us of our rights which the court says was ours. This puts us in a kind of puzzling situation.

Senator McFarland asked Avery if the Paiutes were farming the repossessed land. "The repossessed land, as Senator McCarran has said, we did fence that in, but we coöperated with them," Avery replied. "We did not completely fence them all in. We have left opening gaps such as to his barn. . . . We would not do anything to hurt them."

MY study of Senator McCarran's maneuvers sustained me during most of my train ride across the country. On the morning of my arrival in Reno, I checked in at the Riverside Hotel. From my room, I tried to call the Senator, who used to live at the Riverside when he was home among the grass roots, but I was told that he was away on a shooting trip in Oregon with Senator Cordon, a Republican. So I telephoned Drackert, who runs a guest ranch on Pyramid Lake, and asked him to come in and get me at the Riverside bar. A soft October rain was falling, and Reno, with its nine-thousand-foot mountain towering over it, reminded me of a Swiss valley town; in summer, the sun is so bright that the scene makes me think of the Atlas Mountains. Adjoining the bar is the hotel casino, a more dangerous place to browse in than a bookshop. I ventured a couple of stacks of quarter chips on a wheel and found that nothing had changed; there were still no zeros. I asked the pretty girl dealer if any had showed up since 1949, and hurt tears glistened in her doelike eyes. "I turned it up three times in a row three times yesterday afternoon," she said. "Why did you stay away so long?" ("We teach our girls always to root for the customer," Mort Wertheimer, one of the brothers who run the casino, once told me. "The customers like it, and the situation is unchanged.")

I went back to the bar, and when Harry arrived, I could see he was in fine fettle. He walked in at a lope, with his back straight, as if he were riding his legs. His face had a carefree glow. It was the off season, he reminded me, and there was only one postulant for a divorce out at the ranch. This left him free to concentrate on horses, which interest him more. The women waiting out divorces are his cash crop in summertime, but it is not on record that any woman has ever won even an allowance race at Santa Anita, and they have no form you can depend upon. Harry said that



So new and exciting . . .
"It's bound to be

BAKER"
Tassar Chadar
year's most unusual sportswear!

Baker found it in INDIA . . . a handwoven, handspun and *handsome* silk fabric that's burly in texture and mysteriously weightless. And Baker hand-tailored it into this trim sports jacket. If you enjoy compliments try TASSAR CHADAR!

Also available in walking shorts and topcoats.

Baker Clothes, Inc., 200 Fifth Ave., New York

At these and other exclusive men's apparel shops:

De Pinna, New York City
Jack Lane, Boston, Mass.
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Kilgore & Hurd, Detroit, Mich.
L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Ind.
Julius Lewis, Memphis, Tenn.
Macneil & Moore, Milwaukee, Wis.
Connolly's, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Charles J. Assmann, Omaha, Neb.
Bullocks-Pasadena, Pasadena, Calif.
McDougal & Cassou, Phoenix, Ariz.
Joseph Horne Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sichel's, Portland, Ore.
Hillhouse Ltd., Providence, R. I.
Wilkinson's, St. Louis, Mo.
Littler's, Seattle, Wash.
Street's, Tulsa, Okla.
S. & Q. Clothiers, Wichita Falls, Texas

BEHIND THE IVY LOOK

THE IVY Look now sweeping the country is generally credited with having begun in New Haven at J. PRESS and as having been the J. PRESS look since 1902. We at J. PRESS are justly proud of the great influence exerted by our clothing productions.

Legendary as well is the club-like regard for J. PRESS which we have long enjoyed and while we are more than pleased to know of the special feeling which J. PRESS customers have for their association with us we consider it a delight to welcome to our stores and travel exhibits *all* who find to their liking the J. PRESS look.

TRAVEL EXHIBITS currently scheduled:—

Amherst	Lord Jeffrey Amherst	Jan. 18, Feb. 1 & 15
Atlanta	Dinkler-Plaza Hotel	Feb. 14 & 15
Buffalo	Hotel Statler	Jan. 25 & 26
Charlottesville	Pauls' Below the Steps	Feb. 9, 10 & 11
Chicago	La Salle Hotel	Jan. 17, 18 & 19, Feb. 16, 17 & 18
Cincinnati	Netherland Plaza Hotel	Feb. 9 & 10
Cleveland	Statler Hotel	Feb. 21 & 22
Dallas	Adolphus Hotel	Jan. 27 & 28
Denver	Albany Hotel	Feb. 10 & 11
Detroit	Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel	Feb. 7 & 8
Hanover	J. Press Showroom	Jan. 25, Feb. 8 & 9
Houston	Rice Hotel	Jan. 25 & 26
Los Angeles	Biltmore Hotel	Jan. 31, Feb. 1, 2 & 3
Memphis	Peabody Hotel	Feb. 18 & 19
Minneapolis	Radisson Hotel	Feb. 14 & 15
New Orleans	Roosevelt Hotel	Feb. 16 & 17
Oklahoma City	Biltmore Hotel	Jan. 19 & 20
Philadelphia	Bellevue-Stratford	Feb. 3 & 4
Pittsburgh	Willam Penn Hotel	Jan. 20 & 21, Feb. 23 & 24
Rochester, Minn.	Kahler Hotel	Feb. 16 & 17
Rochester, N. Y.	Hotel Seneca	Jan. 27 & 28
San Francisco	St. Francis Hotel	Feb. 4, 5 & 7
St. Louis	The Chase Hotel	Feb. 11 & 12
Tulsa	Mayo Hotel	Jan. 21 & 22
Washington, D. C.	Hotel Willard	Feb. 7 & 8

NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK
J. PRESS

262 York Street, New Haven
82 Mount Auburn Street, Cambridge
341 Madison Avenue, New York

Lindt
PRALINA
MILITA
IMPORTED SWISS CHOCOLATE
Lindt Taster
ASSORTED CHOCOLATE

THIS . . . FINE GENUINE IMPORTED SWISS CHOCOLATE . . . 15 VARIETIES OF MINIATURE BARS . . . GIFT PACKAGED TO SUIT EVERY TASTE . . . SPECIALLY PRICED TO SUIT ANY PURSE . . . . BUY

IMPORTED Lindt SWISS CHOCOLATE

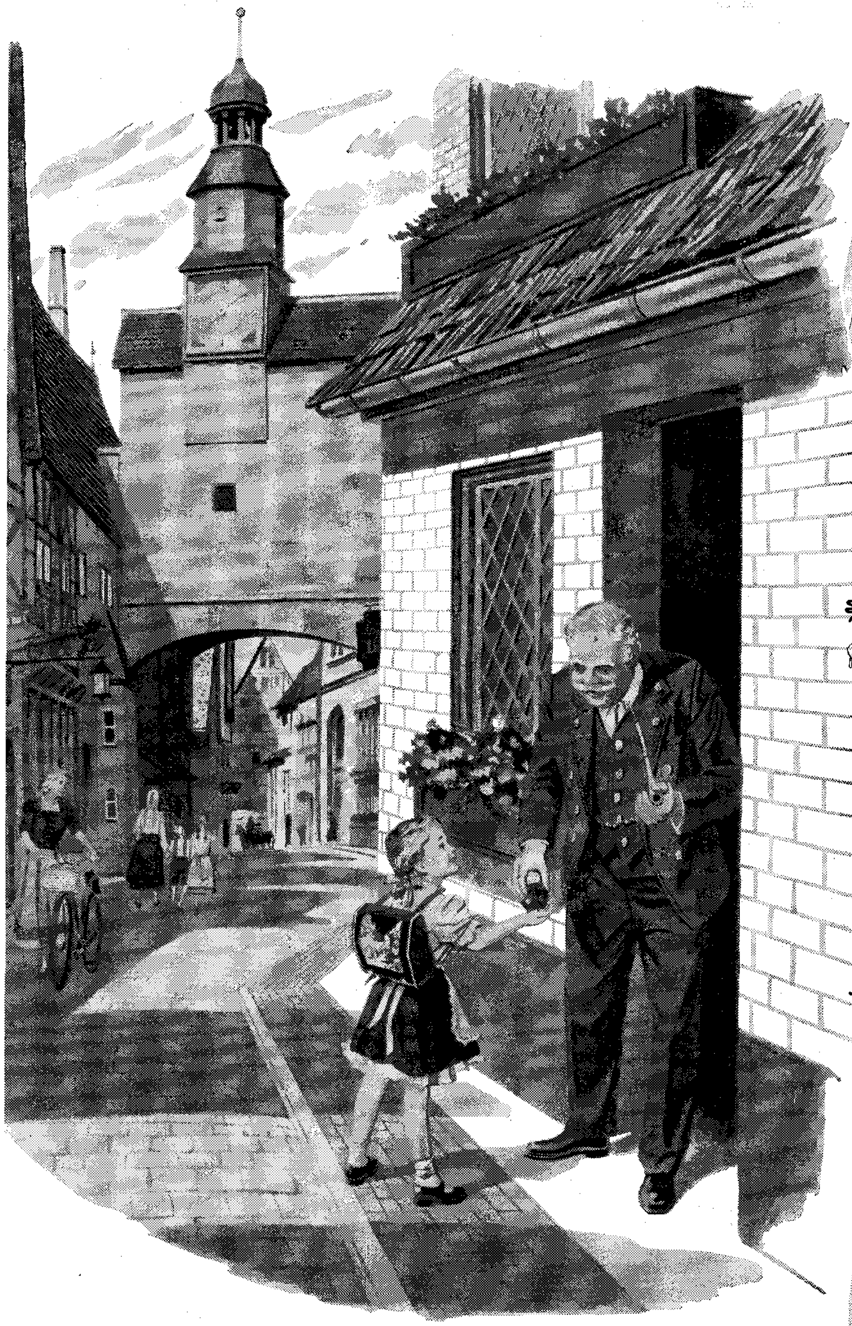
41 OTHER LINDT PACKAGES AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE.

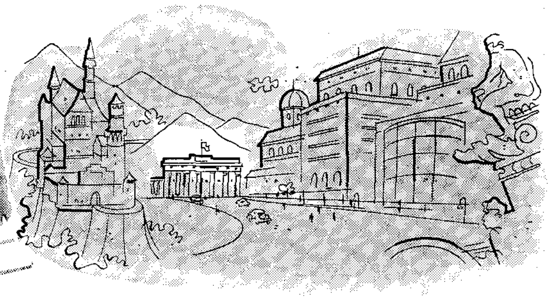
IMPORTERS: CRESCA COMPANY INC., 111 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

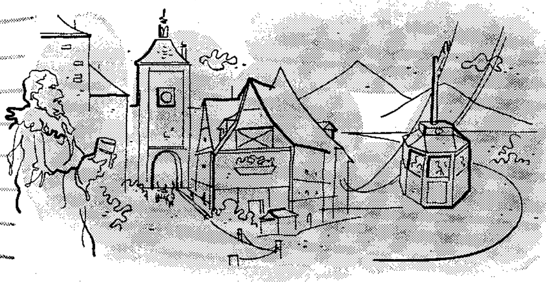
he had six yearlings at the Washoe County Fair Grounds track, which was just outside town on the way to the lake. A fellow named Al Hetrick was legging them up for the late-winter races in California, galloping them easily on the dirt track, which had been torn up by stock-car races and motorcycle daredevils.

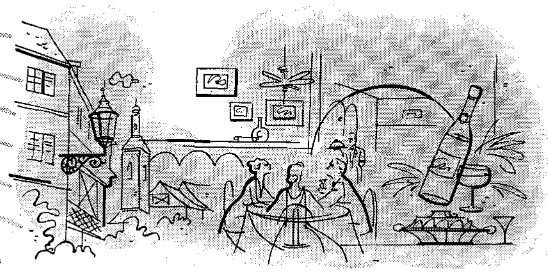
On our way to the ranch, we stopped at the track to pick up a trailer and load it with a yearling that a veterinary had told Harry was too big and sprawly to be worked yet. Harry had me look at every one of his yearlings, all of them by a stallion he had at the ranch named Andy K. They were out of a Kiev mare, a Wise Counselor mare, and some mares I have forgotten. He vaulted onto their bare backs to show me how well he had broken them. The lessons had not included trailer manners, though, and the overgrown yearling—a brown—fought to keep his four feet on the ground. Harry got in first and pulled, while two stable guineas drew a rope across the yearling's hams and imparted a forward motion to him. "Come on, damn you," Harry said. "You got to learn sometime."

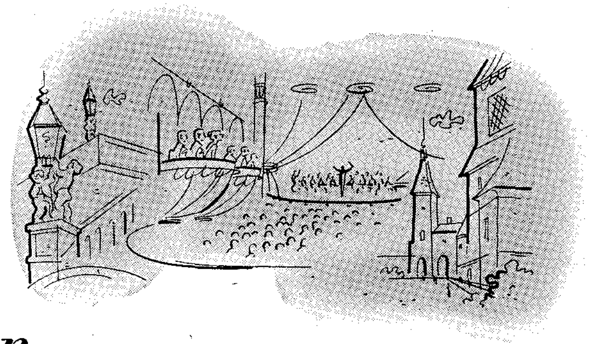
When we had the yearling loaded, we started out across the Nevada hills, which in the early twilight were the color of dark plums. As the car's lights illuminated the surface of the road, with its tessellation of flattened jack rabbits, I asked Harry how the row over the water rights was coming along, and he said that nothing had happened. "The Indians are all busy getting ready for Admission Day down to Carson," he said. "There's supposed to be a big Indian parade the second day of the ceremonies." Admission Day is the anniversary of the day Nevada joined the Union—October 31, 1864. "The Admission Day committee hired a fellow from Hollywood to write a pageant, and there is a Hungarian girl from there come up to teach the Indians dances," Harry went on. "They're holding a rehearsal in the gymnasium over at Nixon tonight. All Indians in the parade in costume will get fifteen dollars, with five dollars extra for a papoose and the same if mounted on a horse. Avery Winnemucca is the assistant director of the pageant, and Martin Green is marshal of the parade." I asked Harry if Martin was still the reservation policeman, as he had been when I was there before. Harry said no, and explained that Martin's experience as an M.P. during the war had kind of disqualified him for home service. Every time a man and his wife started a little family squall, Martin would bounce them both into the brig,











The old and the new will delight you in Germany

Anytime is travel time in Germany

History has left untold famous landmarks in Germany, where reverence for tradition equals the surging spirit of progress.

The patina of age and the vigor of youth blend into a pattern of vivid contrasts: moated castles and air-conditioned hotels . . . cobblestone streets and multi-lane super highways . . . medieval hamlets and streamlined cities.

You'll find the tempo of life most appealing in Germany. You'll enjoy the delicious food prepared by unhurried chefs, the noble wines grown with loving care, the swift, gracious service . . . the everyday contact with friendly people. And you'll like the wonderful bargains—prices are lower than in almost any other place.

Let your travel agent arrange your trip—for information and illustrated booklets apply to Dept. S-1, Box 259, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

GERMAN TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE *New York • Chicago • San Francisco • Montreal*

The one BEST Martini . . . the Booth's "House of Lords Martini"

BY APPOINTMENT GIN DISTILLERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

BOOTH'S "HOUSE of LORDS" The World's Finest DRY GIN

Imported from England

Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

THE ONLY Super Constellation NON-STOP SERVICE to MONTEGO BAY Jamaica KINGSTON

Less than 6 hours from New York . . . excellent food and service on the way! Comfortable Tourist flights, too, via Miami.

AVIANCA COLOMBIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS "Oldest Airline in the Americas"

See Your Travel Agent or PAN AMERICAN Gen'l Agts. 80 E. 42d St., N. Y. C., ST 6-0600

NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • WASHINGTON

as if they were German prisoners. This had detracted from the popularity of all Martin's relatives on the reservation. Also, Martin had taken to reading the regulations, and he would impound the cattle of white ranchers if he found them on the reservation eating Indian grass. Naturally, no justice of the peace would support any such nonsense as that, and so Martin had quit. "He couldn't get back to a civilian point of view," Harry said.

We reached the ranch at the hour of the apéritif. Even though it was the off season, the bar had some trade. Harry's wife, Joan, was behind the counter, wearing a white buckskin rodeo-parade outfit that had been trimmed with light-blue beadwork by Nellie Calico, one of the reservation matriarchs. Peggy Marsh, the barmaid, who had gone out to Nevada in 1929 to write a novel, was sitting at a card table composing a letter to the Jockey Club on Harry's behalf about the lip tattoo on a horse named Piute Chief. (Harry sticks to the De Quille spelling.) Pancho, a sad Mexican section hand who works on the railroad back of the ranch, was in his usual corner, trying to buy everybody beer. Pancho has never learned that the way to keep people drinking with you is to let all hands buy a round; he feels this is incompatible with his grandeur. Now and then, some oaf appears in the bar who is willing to exploit Pancho's suicidal munificence, but Joan and Harry devise some protective dodge, like telling the man they cannot serve him because he is drunk. Jimmy, a temporarily stove-up rodeo bull-rider from Las Cruces, New Mexico, was playing a tune called "Big Mamou" on the juke box. But most of the noise was being contributed by Pedro, the Filipino cook, who was working the dime and nickel slot machines concurrently, one with each hand—stuffing them with coins and then banging the levers down so fast it sounded like an old railroad train lumbering over a rough stretch of track. Pedro is about four feet six, under a white toque a foot and a half high. When he comes down on the levers, he lifts himself off the floor, chattering in Filipino Castilian mixed with a tongue I took to be Tagalog until the first time I talked to him; it turned out to be his personal form of English. Now and then, there was a third noise—five, ten, fourteen, or eighteen coins cascading down into the metal underlip of one of the machines—but this afforded no intermission. Pedro is a jackpot man, and doesn't stop to scoop up his lesser windfalls until he has used up all his original capital. Then he chucks the winnings in. When he is clean, he hops up on the bar rail and takes an advance on his pay. Joan has given up trying to dissuade him from this. If she does try, he accuses the house of wanting to freeze him out just before he hits the pot. He threatens to quit. This poses a tough problem, because, on the one hand, Pedro is the best cook Joan has ever had, and, on the other, Joan figures that if he keeps on losing, he may kill himself. She is mighty happy when she hears a jackpot drop; usually it is the nickel machine—seven-fifty. Pedro is all smiles then, even though it has cost him twenty. He offers to buy drinks for the house. After that, his frenzy appeased, he goes off to the kitchen to rescue the victuals from Viola, the maid. On this particular night, the jackpot fell while I was still on my second Scotch, and Joan's facial muscles relaxed. "Now I know we'll get something to eat," she said.

"Easy when you know how, don't it?" Pedro asked, coming up to the bar with his apron full of nickels.

"I'll take that seven-fifty off your tab," Joan said. He went away happy.

The noise hadn't affected the other people in the bar, most of whom were Indians I remembered from 1949. They were drinking what they pleased, and this was a change for the better. Congress at its most recent session had passed a law that freed Indians from the ghastly discrimination of being denied alcohol. The Indians at the bar were Albert Aleck, Warren Tobey, Martin Green, and Avery Winnemucca, all members of the Pyramid Lake Tribal Council, and with them was the lady dance instructor from Hollywood, who had an Italian-boy haircut and powerful calves. Aleck has a thin, ascetic face and wears glasses. Tobey is a slender, graceful man with heavy-lidded eyes. Green is wide-shouldered and powerful, with the face of a good-natured Aztec idol. Avery Winnemucca, as I have said, looks a trifle Japanese. All the faces were different, but they also possessed a common difference from other faces—and that includes other kinds of Indians' faces.

I shook hands all around. The Indians introduced me to the lady from Hollywood (who whispered ecstatically, "They are such preemie-teeves! Real peasants!") and to the sole *pensionnaire*, who was there for the usual Reno reasons. She was a blonde named Anna Lou. She smiled and said, "*Ahm* not at oal intellectual," after which she turned from me to drench the choreographer in a gaze as sweet and cold as an ice-cream soda with two dabs of whipped

Mrs. Donald Cummings, Jr., and her young son Donald

"I WASN'T ALONE ANY MORE"

Most of us know what it is like to have a telephone. But have you ever thought what it would be like if it wasn't there?

Here are some good words along that line from Mrs. Donald Cummings, Jr.

"When we moved into our new house," she told us a few weeks ago, "I felt a little strange—with a young baby and all—and I couldn't seem to get a feeling of being settled and at home.

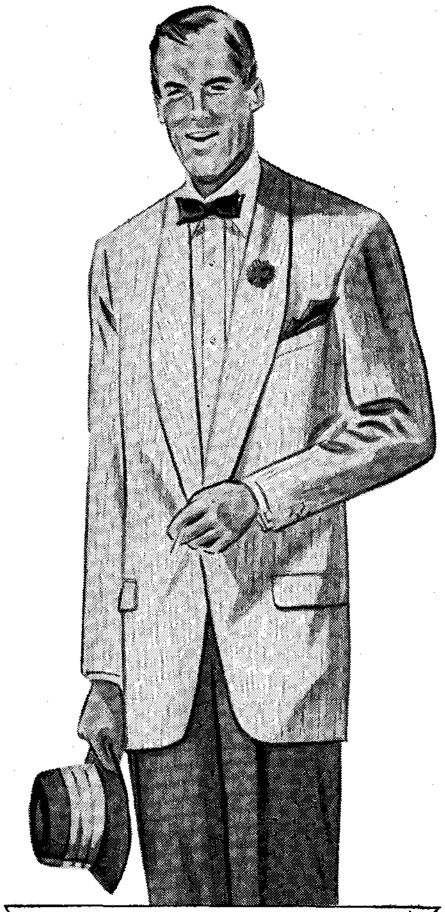
"Then the telephone was put in. And suddenly everything seemed different. I could call people! I felt better about being by myself in the house with the baby. I felt better about my mother who had been ill in Boston. And about my husband in uniform far away.

"And then I realized that it wasn't just the telephone calls I could make—it was that people could call me if necessary. I wasn't alone any more."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Reminding you that someone, somewhere, would like to hear your voice today.

The Most Luxurious of
WHITE DINNER JACKETS
— *and the most practical!*



WAYLITE®
Pure Silk Jacket
FABRIC AND LINING BY SKINNER

WAYLITE is the first cream-toned dinner jacket that combines complete luxury and comfort with a thoroughly practical nature! It is *pure silk* — the world's most luxurious fibre. It is light in weight and cool, yet strong and spot resistant. And most amazing, the jacket will retain its elegance through countless proper dry cleanings! In the natural shoulder, shawl collar, center vent model.

about **$65**
dress trouser in ebony silk $35.
cummerbund & tie in ebony $15.

at fine stores, including
VAN BOVEN INC. — ***Detroit, Ann Arbor***
LARRIMORS — ***Pittsburgh***
NICOLAS — ***Minneapolis***
GENTREE, INC. — ***New York***
names of other stores upon request

TAILORED *by* H. FREEMAN & SON PHILADELPHIA
33rd and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

cream. "Ah don't see how you'll be able to *stand* little ole me!"

A shadow crossed the Hollywood woman's face, and she hitched up her pants, which, with a man's sweater and ballet slippers, composed her *costume de soirée.* "I am sure you are *vairy* intelligent when you weesh to be," she told Anna Lou.

The Paiutes gazed with neutral interest, as if watching a fight between a magpie and a bull snake.

Anna Lou said sweetly, "Tha only talent Ah hayv is just fo being takun cayuh of." She snuggled a lavender fur cape about her bare shoulders and shook her head in gentle self-deprecation, which imparted a wistful swing to her long earrings.

Sticking to the theme of my journey, I asked Avery Winnemucca how the dispute over the water rights was coming along. "I guess we're stuck until old Pat conks out," he answered.

"Old people used to talk about those lands when I was a boy," Aleck said. He is a serious, New Englandish kind of Indian—a local-history buff. "Used to talk about what we'd do with them when we got them. Those people all in happy hunting grounds." He grinned. Paiutes consider such literary Indianisms corny, and use them only for laughs. "When we go to Washington, we see plenty of buck. Buck they pass. But back when my father had a little farm down by Wadsworth and a white man wanted it, they got him off fast enough. The agent came down to the house one night and said, 'Here's twenty dollars. Get out.' My old man got out."

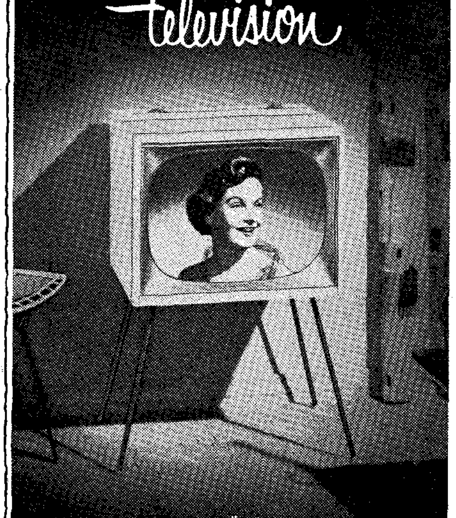
"Didn't he put up any argument?" I asked.

"No," Aleck said. "Those old Indians didn't know any better."

The immediate business in hand, however, was the production of the pageant, which had been written by an Englishman from Hollywood and was strictly noncontroversial. The activities in the gymnasium at Nixon that evening, the Hollywood girl told me, would be a combination of tryout and rehearsal.

The Paiutes, as I knew from my researches in the Library, have never been spectacular dancers; their standard tribal dance was a counterclockwise walk in a circle, men and women alternated and holding hands. During the Ghost Dance religious excitement of 1890, they sometimes kept this up for five days and nights, singing a lyric that went, as I recall from my reading, "The snow lies there; the Milky Way lies there." The Ghost Dance religion began among the Paiutes. Its prophet, Wovoka, was one

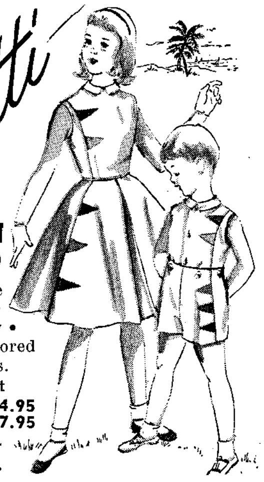
Newest top-tuning
television



MAGNAVISION 21". New beauty and convenience — top-tuning, Chromatone Optical Filter, Omni-directional sound with top-mounted speaker. With wrought-iron legs, model MV121LC (VHF) $185.

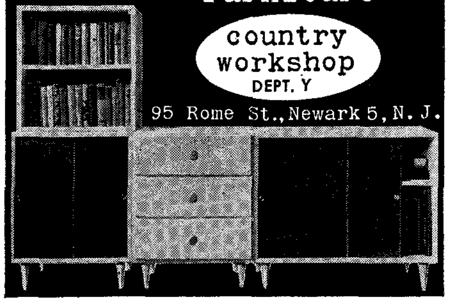
the magnificent
Magnavox
television

BETTER SIGHT . . . BETTER SOUND . . . BETTER BUY
PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE



Cerutti
SOUTH BOUND
Imported Birdseye Pique white • blue • navy • pink • yellow • with brightly colored contrasting pennants.
Sundress 3-6x $14.95 7-12 $17.95
Sunsuit 1-4 $14.95 5-6 $17.95
.40 postage; no C.O.D.
807 Madison Ave., N. Y.
68 Street—RE 7-7540

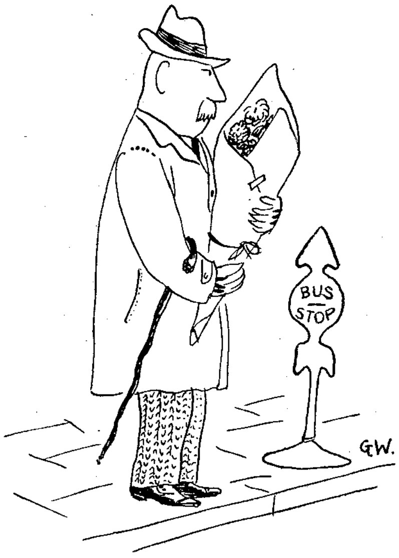
free catalog
modern ready-to-paint furniture
country workshop
DEPT. Y
95 Rome St., Newark 5, N. J.



of them—from the Walker River Reservation, near Carson City. The Ghost Dance he enjoined on his disciples was just this old Paiute form of ring-around-a-rosy—a walkaround that, however rich in spiritual values, was no Agnes de Mille number. I anticipated that the choreographer would have trouble pepping it up.

When I arrived at the Nixon gymnasium, the dance director was coping with this difficulty. "One, two, *sree*, four; one, two, *sree*, four!" she shouted as she stamped about the basketball floor, leading a line of giggling younger Paiute matrons in beautifully tailored and quite unhistoric buckskin costumes. The matrons wore on their backs conical baskets full of berries or piñon nuts, and I supposed that this was some sort of traditional Mary Wigman harvest dance. The gymnasium, a vast cheesebox of a building, was unheated, because the Indian Service had removed the furnace and installed it in a building on another reservation, fifty miles away. Only the stamping choreographer seemed to be warm. The high-school set, in windbreakers and jeans, sat around the edges of the hall, whistling at the dancers. Nothing amuses a Paiute more than the sight of another Paiute dressed as an Indian.

When the choreographer had finished with the women, whom she left prostrated with laughter, she summoned the men for the war dance. The war dancers, most of whom were slightly purple by this time, sprang into action with what seemed to me satisfactory dynamism; they were crazy to get warm. They hollered and shuffled, yelled like the wild Indians they had seen in the movies, shadowboxed, and did calisthenics, but the Hollywood girl was not satisfied. The only one who pleased her was a fellow who had been in the Seabees in the South Pacific,



You'll look your loveliest in a Portrait by Bachrach

Natural colour photography, too.

Bachrach

BRADFORD BACHRACH
PHOTOGRAPHER OF WOMEN

54 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK · PLAZA 5-6233

647 BOYLSTON STREET
BOSTON

1611 WALNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA

The Third Generation of a Famous Family of Portrait Photographers

Dry Delicious Distinctive

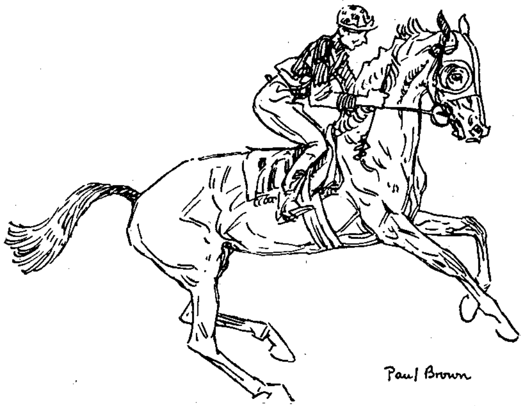
From Denmark . . . serve it straight and icy cold right out of the refrigerator—with smorgasbord, buffet supper or canapes. And as a cocktail, it is delightful, too.

For zest, serve ice-chilled

AALBORG AKVAVIT

BRIONES & CO., NEW YORK 4, N. Y. 90 Proof—100% Potato Neutral Spirits

WHEN YOU COME WEST, YOUNG MAN



. . . spend a racy day of escape where blue skies, a friendly sun and dashing thoroughbred meet every Sunday at this famous playground of the nations, just 10 minutes South of California in Old Mexico.

LISTEN, CAN'T YOU HEAR THE BUGLE CALLING YOU TO BEAUTIFUL

CALIENTE!

TIJUANA, OLD MEXICO

HOME OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS CALIENTE FUTURE BOOK

For free subscription to Santa Anita Handicap edition of the Caliente Future Book giving you latest information on thoroughbreds entered in the 1955 Santa Anita Handicap and passes to Caliente, *please write:*

CALIENTE RACE COURSE, BOX 208N, TIJUANA, BAJA CALIFORNIA, MEXICO

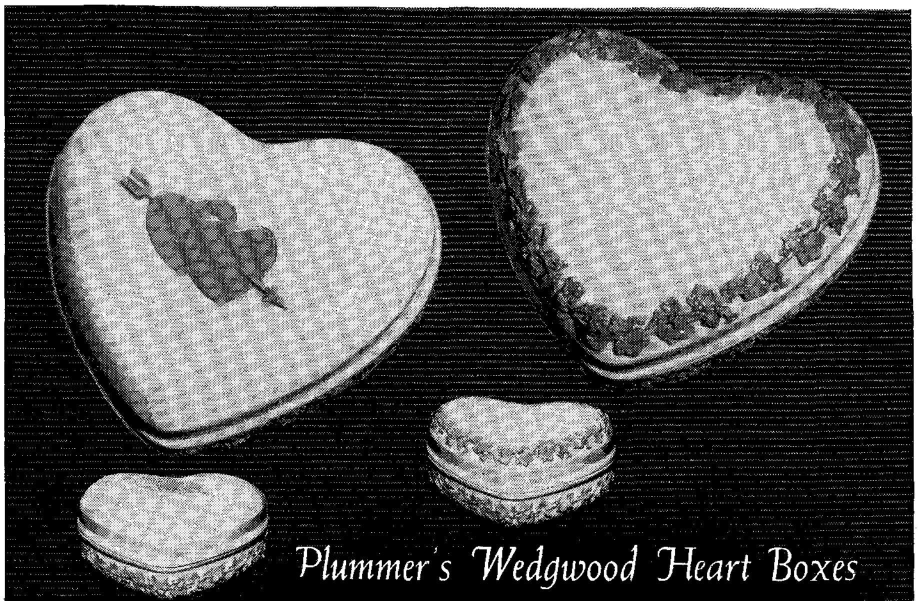
where he had picked up a couple of Papuan steps. As for the rest, she cried, there was no *pattern* in their dance, and she called for silence. Then, holding her septum between thumb and forefinger, she bent her head in meditation. The pattern came to her. As it shaped up, it was a kind of jumping square dance. "They haven't *had* a war dance since 1860," I said to her, in palliation of the Paiutes' deficiency. "Ah," she said. "Zat explains it. Zay have forgotten."

THE next morning, Martin Green called for me in his station wagon and drove me over to the disputed lands. Leaving Harry's place, we skirted the western shore of the lake on the way to Nixon. The road was familiar to me by daylight. It plays an involved tag with a branch line of the Southern Pacific, which continues south toward Wadsworth, while the road goes east into the Indian town at the foot of the lake. There was to be a cattle auction at Nixon that day; the corrals were full of Indian Herefords, and the lunch counter in Abe & Sue's store, where we stopped for a cup of coffee, already had a non-Indian clientele of stockmen and dealers. Abe, who is the most businesslike Paiute on the reservation, looked happy. When his customers sell their cattle, they pay at least a chunk on their tabs. Prices were at their lowest in many years. "Ten-cent beef" was the grim forecast. (Actually, steers went at thirteen cents; only old cows went at under a dime. As the auctioneer says, it's everybody's guess and everybody's gamble.)

After we had finished our coffee, Martin and I got back in the station wagon and headed for Wadsworth, about fifteen miles to the south. The reservation is shaped like an elongated frying pan, and Wadsworth is in the tip of the handle. Two miles below Nixon, the road rejoined the railroad, and then the two more or less paralleled each other. To the east, the land rose abruptly from the Truckee, forming what Westerners call a bench. We were in the frying-pan handle now, where the reservation is only four miles across. "That's the land McCarran is always claiming we could irrigate, and let the settlers keep our good land," Martin said. "He tells us we have a water right for all these acres. But in the summer there isn't enough water in the river for the ditches we have working now. And here there are no ditches." The benchland was dotted with Indian cattle and horses; the cattle were fair Herefords, the horses a coarse lot—not much better than the "miserable ones" of Governor Nye's time. There are wild horses on the reservation, too, and they sometimes join the so-called gentle horses, with subversive or amorous intentions. But none of these mustangs were in sight, Martin said; he explained that you can tell them because they are undersized and carry their heads and tails high. We drove into the town of Wadsworth, which is down to three saloons and a general store, and bought some beer. Wadsworth was a humming railroad town until 1905, when the Southern Pacific moved its shops to Sparks, twenty miles nearer Reno. The railroad took its buildings with it on flatcars.

In Wadsworth, we turned left and crossed the Truckee, not more than a hundred feet wide between its ranks of cottonwoods, and struck off onto an old dirt track that ran northward along its east bank. The repossessed lands were on our left, between the road and the river; the first dry irrigation ditch crossed the road not far from the town. We stopped there and looked at the wide fields that had been what McCarran called "little green gems" before the squatters lost them and cut off the water. They were a sedgy prairie, mere rough pasture now. Crested quail ran along the road, and a great blue water snake slid into the ooze that rain had left in the bed of the ditch. It was late October, but winter is always tardy around the lake.

We went on again, losing the river from sight behind its cottonwoods. This is soft, almost wooded country and has little in common either with the bench east of the river between Nixon and Wadsworth or with the desert north of the lake. "We need a storm to drive in the ducks," Martin said. "When they get good flying weather, they don't have to break their flight here." There are no game laws on the reservation. Sometimes the lake can attract a lot of food. To our left were lands repossessed from the Ceresolas, and then lands repossessed from the De Paolis, and then the neat home ranch of Mrs. De Paoli, on a quarter-section that had been duly patented in the sixties and so was hers beyond legal dispute. She is a widow; her husband was old Bill Ceresola's half brother. The De Paolis and the Ceresolas by now were the only two squatter families involved in the wrangle; the Garaventa claim had been ceded to Mrs. De Paoli. Beyond her place, the going got progressively more difficult. We hit a dusty hill the station wagon couldn't climb at first try; we made it two-thirds of the way up, slid halfway back, and charged again. I got out and put sagebrush under the rear wheels; it did little



Plummer's Wedgwood Heart Boxes

Inspired by Plummer . . . executed by Wedgwood in traditional blue on white Queensware. Elegant and unique in design and so useful too for bon bons or trinkets. A memorable gift for Valentine, Wedding, Anniversary, etc. 2⅞ x 6 x 5½ ins. Left $9.00. Right $10.00.

Postage 75¢ East of Mississippi; $1.00 West.

Plummer LTD

734 Fifth Avenue at 57th St., N.Y. 19, N.Y.

SEE BRITAIN FIRST —BY RAIL!

Depend on British Railways for delightful travel through Britain—the Lake District or the colourful West Country—and for your onward journey to Ireland and the Continent.

SAVE with Thrift Tour Tickets!

1,000 miles of "Go-as-you-please" rail travel in Britain.

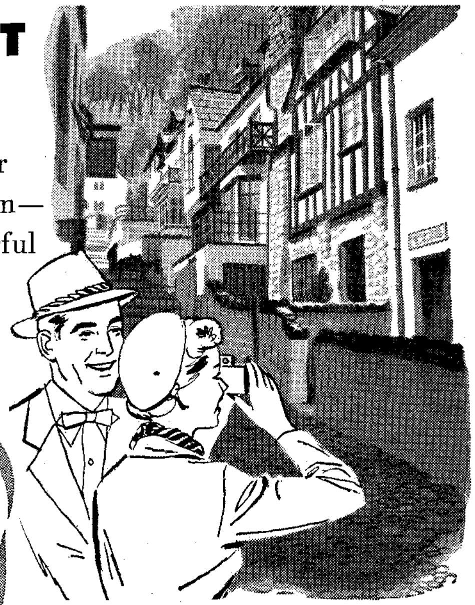
$18 3rd CLASS ONLY $27 1st CLASS

Also good for reservations, all Irish cross-channel services, including berths, and rail travel in Northern Ireland and points between Dublin and Belfast. Valid for six months. Not on sale overseas.

Secure these, too, before you leave

Train and cross-channel ship reservations; attractive tours by rail/motor coach/ship.

"GUEST TICKET"—unlimited rail travel—for 9 consecutive days—as low as $24. Not obtainable in Britain.



SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

or British Railways Offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Toronto.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

For literature, please write Dept. 29
BRITISH RAILWAYS, 9 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N. Y.

MINIMUM WEIGHT · MAXIMUM COMFORT

why travelin?

Because, while it resembles pure linen it travels neatly, making it perhaps the ultimate in fashionable on-the-go comfort.

The TRAVELIN's tailoring details are distinctive: plain-front trousers with back strap, lapped seams, hook center vent, and it is *unlined*, as a cool suit should be. This is our Club model, 3 button, with unpadded shoulders, high-gorge lapels, and a very easy air.

We use a new Travis fabric in the TRAVELIN—65% Dacron and 35% imported flax—with the distinctive appearance of linen plus the crease resistance and long life of Dacron.

On board above is a TRAVELIN in Nassau Natural. It is also available in Wimbledon White, and will soon be shown in three deep tones: Charcoal Grey, Charcoal Brown, and Navy. Suit about $52.50; Coat $35.00; Trousers $17.50; and Walk Shorts $14.50.

GORDON
OF PHILADELPHIA

IN NEW YORK ...... *ABERCROMBIE & FITCH*
IN CHICAGO .... VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE

Atlanta .... Parks-Chambers
Buffalo .... The Squire Shop
Charlotte .... Jack Wood Ltd.
Harrisburg ..... Ratcliff & Swartz
Miami Beach ..... Whitehouse & Hardy
Madison, Wisc. ..... MacNeil & Moore
Palm Beach .... Stinchfield
San Francisco .... Robert Kirk Ltd.

For other stores write: Gordon-Ford Sales Co., Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N. Y.

Direct to You from France!
HENNESSY
COGNAC

Handy for Brandy!

4 Crystal Brandy Snifters to Serve Your Hennessy Cognac

Through special arrangements by the makers of famous *** Hennessy Cognac Brandy, you can now obtain these crystal, crest-engraved brandy snifters direct from France. Tap the rim with your fingernail and the clear ring reveals the exquisite perfection of this crystal glassware. A set of 4 glasses, shipped direct from Cognac, France, is yours for only $1. The coupon below is for your convenience.

★ ★ ★
HENNESSY
THE WORLD'S PREFERRED
COGNAC BRANDY
84 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., New York

HENNESSY, Dept. 3A, P. O. Box 580, New York 46, N.Y.
Here is my dollar for 4 Hennessy Brandy Snifters described in this offer. I will pay 15¢ U. S. Customs handling charge when my glasses arrive.

Name__________

Address__________

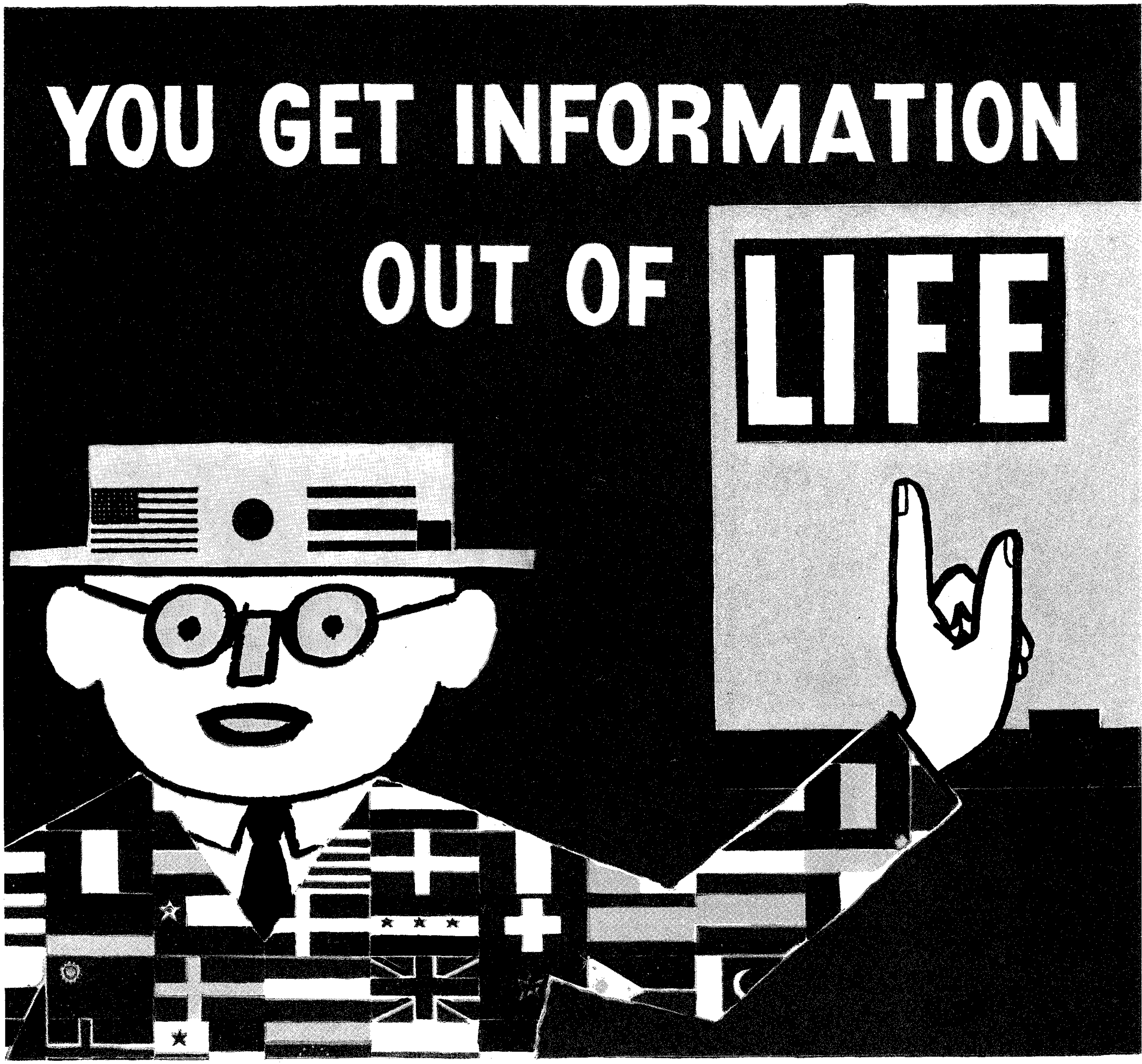
City________Zone______State______

NOTE: *Sorry, this offer is limited to one set per person.* Offer good in U. S. A. and possessions.

good. But on the tenth or twelfth charge we made the hump.

"This is the Hill Ranch," Martin said. "An Indian is farming it. The river runs through one corner, and the irrigation man from Stewart has rigged a pump to get water on some of the rest." We drove through fields to a square shack with an unroofed porch. From there, we could look down to the river. It was the ranch where the "mean, worthless, and villainous Fleming" had killed Truckee John. A weathered woman in a loose dress was sitting on the porch, peeling potatoes into a bucket; she said her husband was working down by the river. In the summer, he had their two sons, ten and fourteen, to help him, she said, but now they were in school and he had to do the work alone. This family's name was O'Neill. The Paiutes, from the time of the first white settlement in Nevada, took jobs on ranches, and most of them adopted the surnames of the cattle outfits they worked for. There are two or three patronymics of Indian origin on the reservation—Winnemucca and Mauwee, for example—but there are many more names like Dunn, Frazier, and Overton. Nevertheless, nearly all the Indians are full-bloods. Mrs. O'Neill said they were making out pretty well, raising both food crops and hay. The spring floods had washed out their road, but her husband and the boys and her blind brother had restored it, working in water to their waists.

We took leave of Mrs. O'Neill and went back down the road. The Hill Ranch is the most northerly of the repossessed farms. At the southwestern corner of the lands lies the Hoover Ranch, nestling within a curve of the river, and here, too, the Bureau irrigation man had been able to bring water in by pumping. On the way down there, we passed a considerable number of cattle—Bill Ceresola's and the Paiutes', grazing peacefully together. Ceresola's were distinguishable by a long, pendulous strip of skin at the base of the throat—a knife-made dewlap. An Indian named Teddy James, colloquially known as Teddy Jim, was farming the Hoover Ranch, and his home place was more pretentious than the O'Neills'; he had barns and a silo as well as a house. Teddy Jim is a small man who looks like an Eskimo in cowboy boots. His son, a freshman in the agricultural school of the state university, is tall and good-looking. Teddy Jim said he had only thirty-four acres under cultivation, out of a couple of hundred. He raised about fourteen hundred dollars' worth of produce every year, he said, including


YOU GET INFORMATION
OUT OF
LIFE

Young, brilliant Melanie Kahane—famous, individual interior designer and color stylist with a flair for creating trends in decorating and interior design.

"Thank Goodness," says Melanie Kahane, "Now you can get made-to-order hair color!"

"I can't tell you how strongly I believe in the individual . . . the made-to-order. I've based my career on it!

"And, if *anything* should be made to order, it's hair coloring! But until practically yesterday you couldn't *get* anything but set, standard colors.

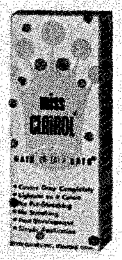
"Then, enter new Miss Clairol Hair Color Bath. The marvelous made-to-order hair coloring that can give you the one-and-only shade magically becoming to *you,* (and not to somebody *else*). This Miss Clairol is so marvelously *blendable.* Its twelve beautiful colors can multiply into more than ten thousand shades and nuances! This is why you're assured of a truly *natural*-looking shade.

"The Hair Color Bath acts as a hair conditioner, as well. Whatever your color, your hair has the luster and condition of a child's. (My hair? Certainly I use Miss Clairol!)

"Miss Clairol is first in the hearts of beauty shops all across the United States—and that I find convincing, too! Convince yourself. Ask *your* beautician about Miss Clairol Hair Color Bath now."

For more information, write to Dept. C2, Clairol, Inc., Stamford, Conn., for the *free* booklet "The Truth About Hair Coloring."

BEFORE AND AFTER . . . made-to-order hair color in thirty minutes!



miss
CLAIROL
HAIR
COLOR
BATH

© 1955 Clairol, Inc., Stamford, Conn.

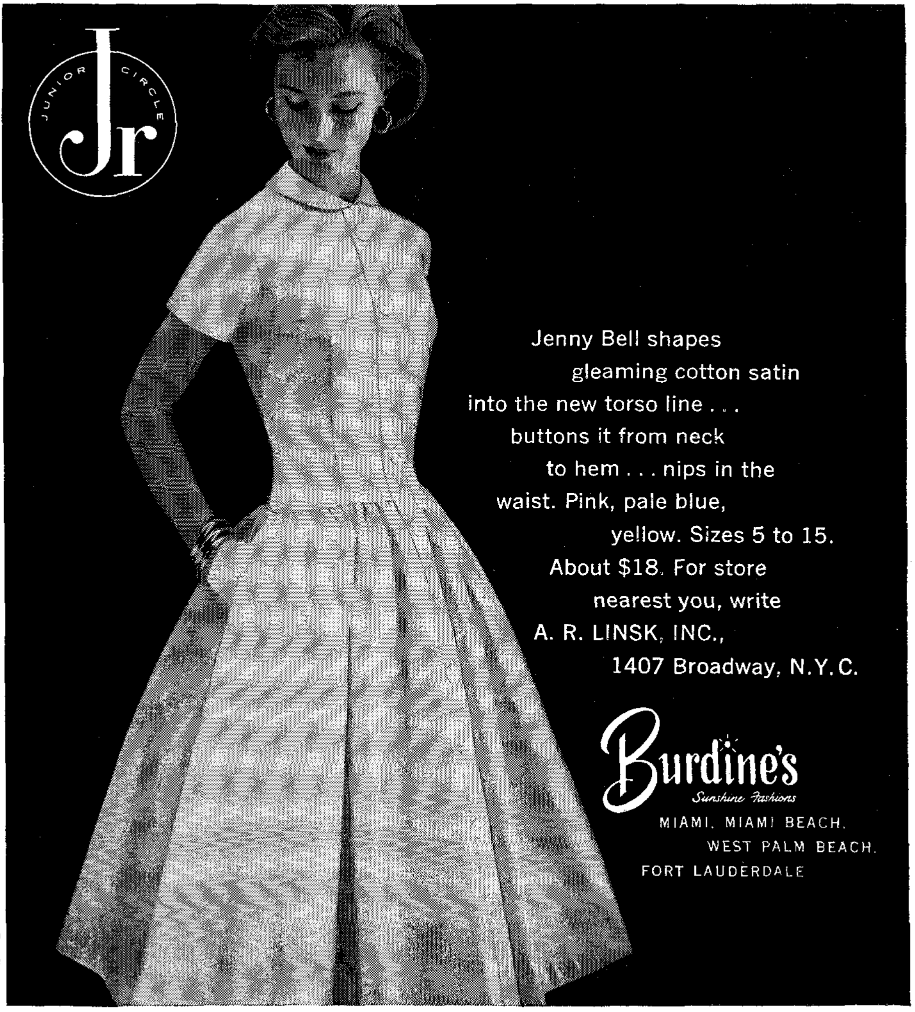
Only Miss Clairol® Hair Color Bath® gives you made-to-order hair color

the hay he fed to his own cattle, and he reckoned it cost the government seven hundred dollars a year to pump water to him. If the Indians got the use of the ditches, he said, the pumping would be unnecessary. Having a common property line with the Ceresolas' home place, he was on a frontier, but he reported that it was a peaceful one. Before the Indians had repossessed the disputed lands, the Ceresolas had been accustomed to gather their cattle along the Truckee for the winter, Teddy Jim said. They had used a hundred acres or so of their own land and fifteen hundred acres of Indian land. Now that the fifteen hundred acres had been repossessed, old Bill Ceresola was concentrating all his cattle—a thousand or fifteen hundred head—on the home ranch, which totalled a hundred and twenty acres. They strayed consistently onto the repossessed lands, through many breaks in the fences; the cottonwood fence posts, installed in 1948, were already rotten. The Tribal Council had not appropriated money to repair the fences, and there was little likelihood that it would. There were no hard words, Teddy Jim told us, although there might be hard feelings. "Old Bill rides down here every couple of days to cuss out the government," he said. "He says he isn't mad at the Paiutes; it's all the government's fault. But he hasn't been down for a week now, because a horse kicked him and broke his leg."

Martin and I drove back to the irrigated delta lands near Nixon, where we sat for a moment looking across the river to the lake. "They say the trout are gone," Martin said, "but I've seen big ones jumping in the evening. They don't run any more, but they're still there." Both river and lake were full of coarse fish, he said, but the Indians had no boats or seines, and no appetite for carp. Afterward, I had tea in Nixon with Brother David, the Episcopalian missionary on the reservation, who in the world of the flesh used to be Gareth Hughes, a silent-movie idol. He has renounced the world but kept his scrapbooks, and it pleased me to know a man who had held in his arms the pulsating forms of the most beautiful women in the world's history, seen by me on the screen of the darkened Nugget Theatre, in Hanover, New Hampshire, between 1920 and 1923. There have been no such women since, but I couldn't bring myself to ask Brother David about them; the cassock intimidated me. Anyway, he showed me their pictures. He spouted Shakespeare, in a musical Welsh voice, and warned me of the machinations of

JUNIOR CIRCLE
Jr
Jenny Bell designs this sleek tebilized linen sheath to wear in and out of town . . . details it with hand-made button holes. Charcoal, navy, black. Sizes 7 to 15. About $20. For store nearest you, write
A. R. LINSK, INC.,
1407 Broadway, N.Y.C.

B. ALTMAN & CO.
NEW YORK CITY
AND SUBURBAN STORES



Jenny Bell shapes gleaming cotton satin into the new torso line . . . buttons it from neck to hem . . . nips in the waist. Pink, pale blue, yellow. Sizes 5 to 15. About $18. For store nearest you, write
A. R. LINSK, INC.,
1407 Broadway, N.Y.C.

Burdine's
Sunshine Fashions
MIAMI, MIAMI BEACH,
WEST PALM BEACH,
FORT LAUDERDALE

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22. N. Y.

Tootal Linen Ensemble

David Crystal dresses you for the sun in this fine linen, famous for its beauty, Tebilized® for crease-resistance. The simple sheath is sleeveless, trimmed at the scooped neck with twin tabs. Bolero has short sleeves, a young round collar. Peaked contour belt.
Blue, pink, yellow, cocoa.
10 to 18. **39.95**

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
Order by Style Number N-3
Please include postage beyond our motor delivery areas.

AND 16 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

the Mormon Church, which, he said, was laboring to convert the Indians and exploit the untapped mineral resources of all the reservations. He said Abe and Sue, the storekeepers, were Mormon emissaries, and he was so mad at them he wouldn't call at the store for his mail, but had it addressed to Fernley, nineteen miles away. The tea was Lapsang, and he said that later he was going to dine off a buttered parsnip. He invited me to stay, but I pleaded a previous engagement.

Back at the ranch, Harry Drackert told me that he thought I ought to talk to Bill Ceresola and get his side of the question. Harry is friendly with the Indians, but he is friendly with the Ceresolas, too. He is originally out of Pony, Montana, which he ran away from as a youth to follow the rodeo circuit. It is his contention that equities are seldom unmixed, and to illustrate his point he recalled an episode that occurred in a New York speakeasy while he was champion bronc rider of the world. One of his fellow rodeo contenders at Madison Square Garden hit the bartender with a bottle—which he shouldn't have done, Harry freely admits—but then a cop came in and shot the wrong cowboy. "Right is hardly ever all on one side," Harry said, "and as I once heard an old woman say up in the mountains, 'Two heads is better than one, even if one of 'em is a sheepherder.' "

ON the following Sunday, Harry and I took the road to Wadsworth, to call on old Bill. The ranch house, a biggish white frame building, as solid and long as a schooner, lay surrounded by tall cottonwood trees and corrals; the place had an air of long-established prosperity. It was evident that lives had gone into making it; it was neither the shiny place of a rich man nor a temporary shelter put up by a homesteader who hopes to develop and sell and get out. We went in through a closed-in porch littered with empty wine gallons and children's playthings (evidence that the Ceresolas had abandoned neither of their ancestral pleasures), and a strapping woman—a daughter or daughter-in-law, I supposed—said she would tell Mr. Ceresola of our arrival. The old man came to meet us, hopping briskly on a crutch, his left leg in a plaster cast, his left arm in a sling. Steel-rimmed spectacles perched on the end of his long Ligurian nose, and he had a fine big sounding box of a chest and big shoulders, which the crutch accentuated as he poled himself along, head down. In the long, wide central room of the ranch house stood a table set for the evening

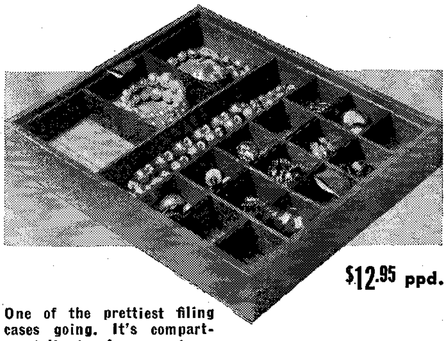
The signature of **JACKMAN** Sportclothes is the relaxed look of handsome simplicity. Paradoxically, this casual ease is the result of exacting hand tailoring by Jackman's expert staff. At America's leading stores.

CUSTOM ORIGINALS *by* Jackman
1825 So. Hill, Los Angeles, California

Cuba's most luxurious resort
Only 5½ hours by air from New York, or by ferry from Key West. . . . Each room with private balcony, tiled bath. Superb hotel restaurant and room service. Theatrical stars . . . gaming Casino orchestras, pools, cabañas and *miles* of white sand, blue sea.

VARADERO Internacional
Color Booklets from Travel Agents or
HOTEL VARADERO INTERNACIONAL
270 Park Ave., New York 17
EL 5-3325

JEWELRY ORGANIZER



$12.95 ppd.

One of the prettiest filing cases going. It's compartmentalized for earrings, necklaces, cuff-links, bracelets. Of blue, white, pink, or gooseberry-green leather with a grey moire lining. It's 9½" x 11¾" x 1½". Perfect for bureau drawers.

HERE'S HOW
Dept. Y-1
27 East 22nd St.
New York 10

meal of a platoon. Ceresola hopped swiftly in front of us until he got to an easy chair and lowered himself into it, bidding us to take chairs around him. He put the broken leg on a cane chair straight in front of him. Harry began the conversation by asking what had happened to him. We knew he had been kicked by a horse, but the details of such events are of great interest to Harry. Ceresola said he had been riding up a draw behind two mares, in the mountains north of the lake, and was turning his horse to ride around them when one came back and kicked at his horse, or possibly at him, he didn't know which. The kick broke his left leg. The force of the blow made him kick his horse, which jumped, and, what with the pain and all, he slipped to the ground on the left side of the saddle, which left him at the mare's feet. She kicked at him as he was trying to rise—he may have frightened her—and this time she broke his left arm and kicked him above the left kidney, but luckily didn't hit it, he said, for that would have been serious. They had had to haul him off the field in a wagon hitched to a tractor, because the pickup truck couldn't get in across the slews—the marshy spots deep in water.

"How long ago did this happen?" I asked, and he replied, "Nearly two weeks, but I don't feel a hundred per cent yet." He was seventy years old. The bones were mending fine.

After that, we got to talking cattle prices, which were the lowest in the memory of young men, but Ceresola said that in the late winter of 1920-21, when Harding was President, they were even lower. "That winter we sold top February 1st steers for five cents," he said. "And Christmas beef for four and a half, and heifers for four, and when they wanted to buy my old cows for two and a half, I just kicked the animals back on the range. People now don't know what hard times is," he went on, with a grisly satisfaction. When a man won't even agree with you that times are bad, you know he is of an independent and contradictious nature.

After these protocolary preliminaries, I got down to the main purpose of my visit. I asked him how "the case" was going, and he said, "Why, it is the unjustest thing I ever heard of." He went on to assure me that he didn't blame the Indians. "I'm not fighting the Indians," he said. "The Indians don't own the land. The guvmint owns the land. And I can't fight the guvmint. The Indians naturally want everything they can git for nothing. You can't blame them. And they got an atmosphere that they

"Careful, Don't Waste a Drop"

By Jack Ferguson

A friend of mine claims he has a racing "system" but all I know about it is that he never plays anything but the long shots. One day, just before the start of the fifth race, he confided to me he had put his money on a bay filly paying 50 to 1. Well, I don't believe in Santa Claus—at least not to that extent—so I ordered an Old Smuggler and soda for him to soften what looked like a certain blow. Know what? That filly took the lead at the quarter pole and won going away. 50 to 1. I had good reason to pound him on the back. Know what that lucky character, calm as could be, said? "Careful, Jack, don't waste a drop—this is Old Smuggler."

Careful, don't waste a drop...

that's Old Smuggler

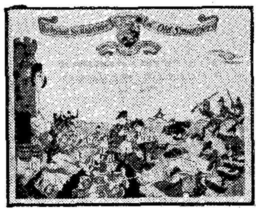
SCOTCH

with a HISTORY

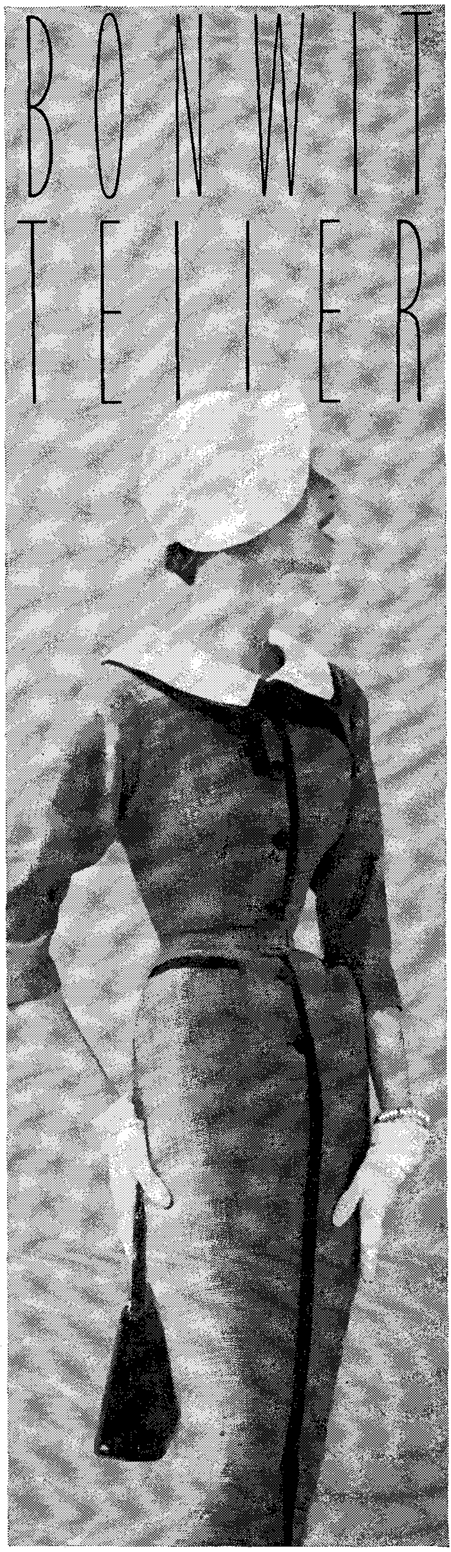
IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

BLENDED
SCOTCH
WHISKY
86
PROOF

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM SCOTLAND
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
Old Smuggler
1835
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES 86° PROOF 4/5 QUART
W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY NEW YORK N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.



Friends of Old Smuggler are cordially invited to send us interesting stories about Old Smuggler or tell how they discovered it. Your letter will entitle you to a handsome membership certificate in THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH ORDER OF OLD SMUGGLERS, illustrated in full color by Abner Dean and inscribed with your name. Size, 14 x 17 inches. Send your letter to W. A. Taylor & Company, 2 West 46th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Dept. Y-6.



CURRENT CHECK, 35.00

Bonwit's little checks add up to big fashion now through Spring. Here, freshly minted, our lightweight wool button-front dress, trimmed with grosgrain, self collar crisply overcollared with imported white linen. Black and white, or navy and white. Krush-Proof interfacing. 10 to 18. Misses' Dresses. Mail and phone orders. New York Boston White Plains Chicago Cleveland

owned this country and that they can live without working. The older Indians was far better than what they got now, but they ain't the only ones that was. The whites has gone down further. When we came here, we cleared the land with teams. We'd start out with a team in the morning, and at noon we'd put in a fresh team, but *we* was always the same ones. When it was roundup, we'd go out on the range with a pack horse and a bed tarp, but now they want a *cabin* here and a *cabin* there, so they don't have to sleep in th' open. Th' Indians was better then than what the whites is now."

The old man stopped, overcome by emotion, and I took advantage of the pause to ask him when the Ceresolas had come to the place. He said it was in 1900. He himself had been born in Nevada, he told me. His father had been brought to Nevada as a little boy by his grandfather; his great-grandfather had led the family's migration. The family had settled in the Carson River Valley. Then, in 1900, Ceresola *père*, with four Nevada-born sons, including Bill, had moved onto the reservation, buying their land from a man named Ed Short. (Short, I knew, was not one of the original settlers.) "We worked like hell, clearing the land with teams, and now it has gone back to what it was before we showed up here," Ceresola said. "Why, that very land th' Indians has now, the Wingfield bank in Reno give us a mortgage on it, and the Bank of America holds the mortgage now, and I pay interest on it." He got out a blue-bound copy of the Federal Court order that McCarran had referred to—an order known as the Orr Ditch Company Decree, issued in 1926 and allotting water rights along the Truckee. In it the court had allotted water to him and to the De Paolis for land that the government had now returned to the Indians. "We're spoiling them," Ceresola said. "We got them up to creampuffs and ice cream, and now this is what we get. But it ain't the Indians' fault. They take it a damn sight better than if there was a bunch of white people under the same supervision."

WHEN Harry and I got back to his ranch, we found the bar in a bit of a turmoil. It was filled with Indians in their Sunday clothes, carrying feathered headdresses, fringed buckskin suits, and stone-headed war clubs, which they were offering to Joan at sacrifice prices, or even on consignment for sale in her Indian-goods store. The most indignant man there was Martin, but everybody else was pretty mad, too. The Gov-

handsome and basic . . .
two all-season classics

Sizes 14-17
Sleeve lengths
32-36

UNLINED BUTTON-DOWN, Box Pleat Back, Barrel Cuffs. Oxford solids in blue, pink, grey, beige, ivory, chrome yellow, green, or white. And new lightweight batiste oxford in white or blue.............. $5.95

Same style in grey ground madras; and lightweight Egyptian madras candy stripes, spaced ⅛"—white ground with blue, grey, tan, red/black, grey/blue, tan/gold.............. $6.50

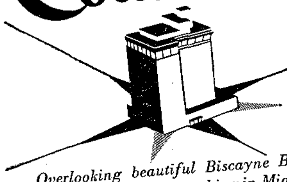
HATHAWAY TAB, BARREL CUFFS.
Meadowbrook oxford in white, blue, pink, or grey; new oxford herringbone in blue, ivory, or grey; lightweight batiste oxford candy stripes, spaced ⅛"—white ground with blue, grey, or brown. Oxford candy stripes, spaced ¼"—white ground with blue, grey, or red; tan ground madras with brown/red, brown/green, or brown/blue; grey ground madras with blue, gold, or brown. Also white broadcloth with french cuffs. $6.50

Swatches on request . . . send for new fashion booklet, free. Please add 40¢ on shirt orders to cover postage.

Milton's
Clothing Cupboard
CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

When you visit Miami, stay at Miami's finest hotel...

THE Columbus



Overlooking beautiful Biscayne Bay ... Convenient to everything in Miami

- 100% air conditioned
- Ticket offices for the airlines serving Miami are located in or near the Columbus

Visit World-Famous
TOP O' THE COLUMBUS
17 floors in the sky...fine cocktails and dinners...enjoy Miami's most spectacular view of Biscayne Bay through walls of glass.

The COLUMBUS Hotel
Biscayne Boulevard at First St.
Miami, Florida

C-24

HENRY AUSTIN CLARK, Jr.
presents
Carnival of Cars
air-conditioned
'SHOW-PALACE'
ASTOR THEATRE BLDG.
BROADWAY & 45th STREET
ANTIQUE auto spectacle!

ernor's Admission Day committee, Martin explained, had just cut the Indian-parade rates to five dollars a head, for either sex, with no bonuses for horses or papooses. "It makes a fool of me," he said. "I've been going all around the state recruiting, and now it's all off. We've all spent a lot of money on our costumes, and even the fifteen or twenty dollars wouldn't have paid for them. But a fin!"

Levi Frazier's wife, Grace, who is very pretty, said, "Everything turns out this way."

Martin said, "We strike!"

Everybody began to laugh, and Martin's wife, Rosie, who is big and plump, organized a game of Paiute poker.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the third of a series of articles on the late Senator McCarran and the Paiute Indians of Pyramid Lake.*)

•

Since I first interviewed the Duke of Windsor for my high school paper . . . I'd estimate that I've indulged in verbal intercourse with more than 10,000 persons, some face-to-face, others through correspondence, cable or telegraph and thousands more by telephone.

I've come to the conclusion that most persons wear the mantle of success well. Occasionally the hood becomes a little too snug for a celebrity's second head and forms a halo. In these rare instances the idol usually topples from his pedestal and spends the rest of his career trying to glue the pieces back into place. . . .

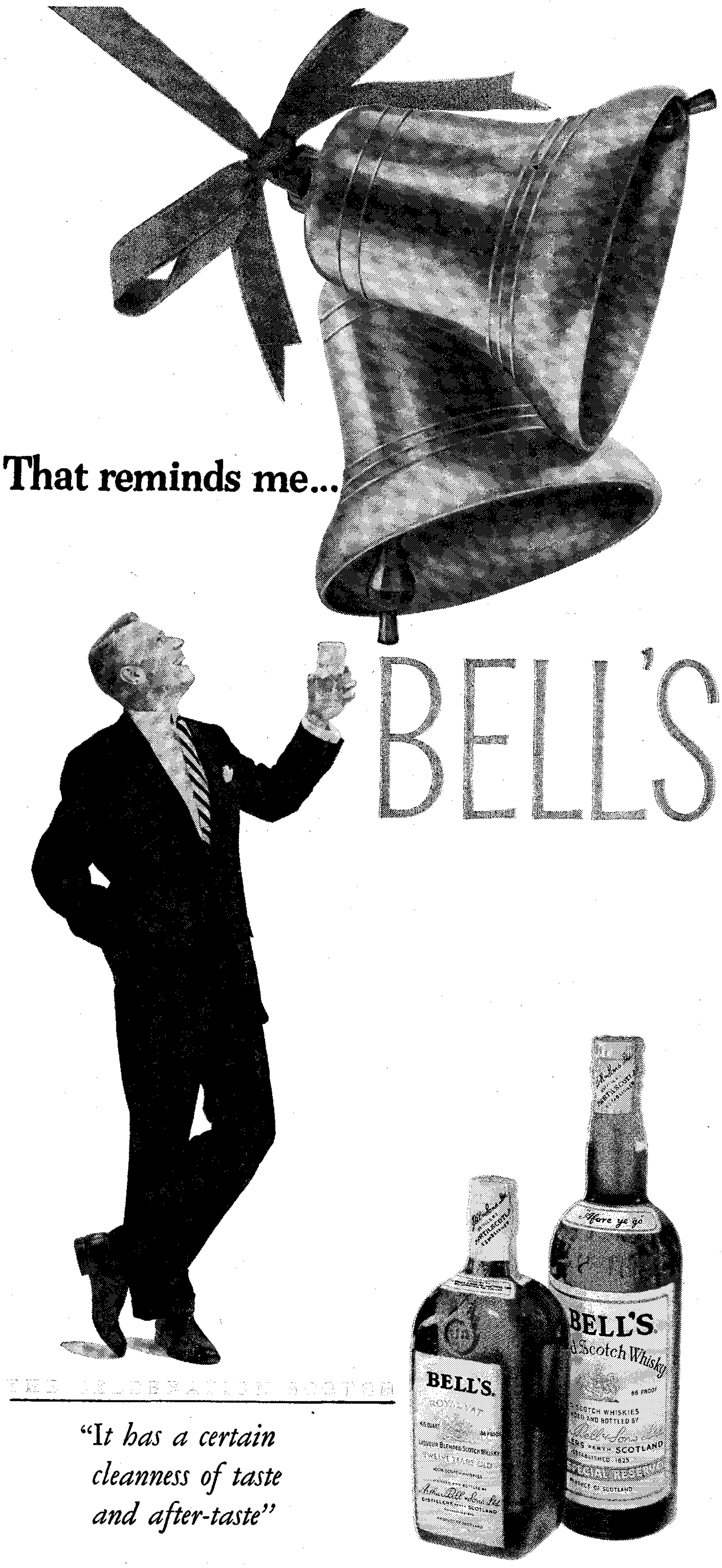
I talked with Prince Aly Khan in Paris during his estrangement from Rita Hayworth and learned that he was planning to visit the States for another attempt at a reconciliation.

A few moments later I caught Miss Hayworth on the Columbia lot where she was shooting "Salome." The star was very friendly till she realized she was talking to a reporter. She quickly put her secretary on to say that "Miss Hayworth wasn't available." I told the secretary at that time that if it wasn't Rita I had just talked with, then the secretary was a more skilled ventriloquist than Edgar Bergen.

Months later I ran into Miss Hayworth having a rendezvous at Danny's Hideaway with the then still-married Dick Haymes. She smilingly admitted that she'd played possum with me the night in question. Incidentally, knowing that Dick was in the midst of a marital tangle, I made no mention in my next column of his date with the one-time Princess. So what happened? Nothing except that every other columnist in town printed the midnitem two days later.

I had Argentine dictator Juan Peron's Minister of the Interior on the phone when Evita was dying, but "mechanical trouble" developed as soon as I identified myself as an NBC commentator. You couldn't exactly refer to this phone adventure as bending the Iron Curtain, but it certainly made a dent in it.—*Hy Gardner in the Herald Tribune.*

Watch that mantle, Gardner!



"It has a certain cleanness of taste and after-taste"

86 PROOF. Blended Scotch Whisky. Arthur Bell & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Perth, Scotland. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

Ardena Invisible Veil

Elizabeth Arden creates
a superlative new Face Powder
. . . none finer in the world!

Ardena
Invisible Veil
Face Powder

created in France by a secret process. An invisible perfumed veil of powder, it is unbelievably fine and goes on so softly—without flying or misting—to cover every shadow and pore. At the same time, Invisible Veil imparts a clear luminous look of indefinable charm to every skin.

In an exquisitely flowered three-dimensional box, Ardena Invisible Veil Face Powder gives every skin a clear fresh beauty. In 10 perfectly graduated shades. 5.00 the box plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

THE CURRENT CINEMA

In Old Jerusalem

THE HEAV
WITH TY

NOW that the days of merriment and good cheer have passed, I am prepared to tell you something about a couple of movies that I thought it untactful to mention while the holiday spirit was upon us. The first is called "The Silver Chalice" and has to do with the pursuit of the Grail by the most dismal assortment of characters I've encountered in a decade. Adapted by Lesser Samuels from one of the works of Thomas B. Costain, who likes to improve upon Biblical simplicity, "The Silver Chalice" introduces us to a mad magician, named Simon, who is bent upon becoming a Messiah. In order to convince the populace of Jerusalem that he has supernatural powers, Simon pulls off a bit of legerdemain that would hardly warrant a five-minute spot on television, and then proceeds to drive himself out of his mind trying to lay hands on both the Cup of the Lord and the chalice that a young Greek named Basil—a sort of latter-day Praxiteles—is devising as a container for the sacred vessel. As it happens, Basil has quite a crush on Mrs. Simon, a lady with eyebrows more nearly vertical than horizontal, and this makes life hard for a sweet little Christian called Deborra, who loves Basil.

While most of the action centers around this quartet, there is no neglect of the DeMille-like sets that customarily go with this sort of story, and everybody from Nero to the Apostle Peter turns up in the course of events. For some reason not quite clear to me, the gentleman responsible for the settings has made Jerusalem look like a cross between an igloo community and one of Frank Lloyd Wright's more advanced designs. This is confusing. So, for that matter, is the acting style employed throughout. As the lunatic magician, Jack Palance behaves as if he were trying to portray Fu Manchu; as the Greek sculptor, Paul Newman, a lad who resembles Marlon Brando, delivers his lines with the emotional fervor of a Putnam Division conductor announcing local stops; as Mrs. Simon, Virginia Mayo squirms around as if Old Jerusalem were Roseland; and as the girl in love with the sculptor, Pier Angeli cheeps away so childishly that it's hard to figure out whether she wants a wedding ring or a teething ring. Also on hand is Walter Hampden, playing Joseph of Arimathea in hanks of whiskers. I guess he ought to receive credit of some sort for being able to articulate through them.

THE other dandy on my list is "Vera Cruz," which presents Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster, both at their manliest. They play a couple of American rogues who, in the aftermath of the Civil War, sign up to escort a carriage from Mexico City to Vera Cruz. The carriage is occupied by a luscious Frenchwoman (Denise Darcel) and a good deal of gold. Horses, knives, guns, and so on figure prominently in the proceedings, but the business is too silly even for the entertainment of the very young.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*Folder picked up in a shop on Dawson Street, Dublin*]

"TRIO"

1. EGG SNOW-, CREAM- and MAIONAISE-Whipper
2. GARNISH-receptacle of enormous filling volumen
3. VESSEL of STANDARD CAPACITY, in full exchange for household balance.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE!

Please take out piston (B) with cover (D) of cylinder. Screw-cap closed.—

Now, one put the yolk-catcher into opening of cylinder, breaking egg and tipping them into cylinder. The white of egg will run entirely into cylinder. Take off the yolkcatcher with yolk and bring piston into cylinder without garnish cap.

Whip the paste in a quite uniform manner anyone minutes. The last whip shall be to below.—Then take away screw-cap (E) and now you are able to take out the paste of the cylinder by means the piston without a rest.—

For GARNISH one take egg-snow or cream into cylinder, then coat garnish-cap over piston and screw a garnish-bush (G) on bottom of cylinder pressing the paste through the bush by means of piston.

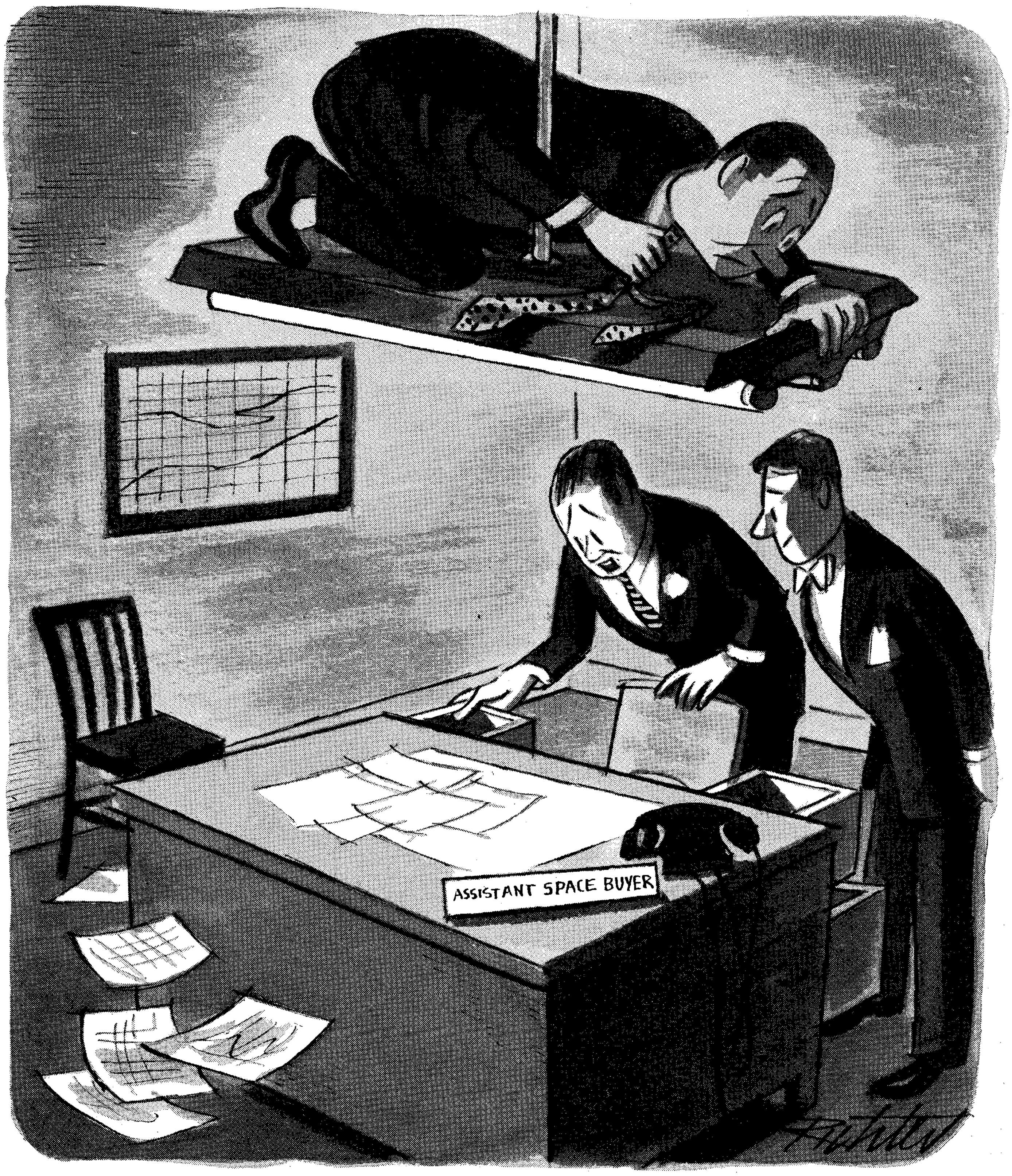
TRIO be made of diaphanous and unobjectionable material with regard to hygienic conditions!

BUMANN & Co.
(23) BRAMSCHE/GERMANY
BEZ. OSNABRÜCK
BRIT. ZONE

•

"The Perfectionist," a first novel by Lane Kauffmann, will be issued by Lippincott on Jan. 12. The story deals with a man who misses perfection only because somebody knows he murdered his wife.—*The Times.*

That's a close one.



"Seen Jones, anywhere? The boss just discovered he forgot things have changed in Cincinnati."

BETTER NOT TRUST your memory too far as to which daily newspaper in Cincinnati has the biggest city zone circulation . . . the most women readers . . . and the most advertising linage. Check it. Things have changed. That newspaper is now the CINCINNATI ENQUIRER. Smart space buyers now are talking about quantity as well as quality when they say, *"Solid Cincinnati reads the Cincinnati Enquirer."*

SOLID CINCINNATI
READS THE
CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

Represented by Moloney, Regan and Schmitt.

(*Advertisement*)

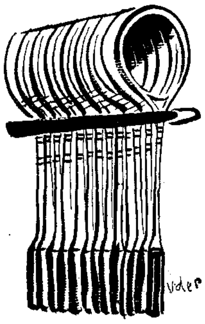
the Tropics
begin at the
Cotton Shop

Stripes mark the way
for the woman who'll spend her winter south. Satin striped cotton dress by Kenneth Tischler, stripes chevroned and louvre-tucked at the neck and twice on the skirt. Yellow, pink or blue on white. Sizes 10 to 18, **24.95**

ZACHARY BOGERT
the Cotton Shop inc.
711 Fifth Avenue at 56th
Washington, D. C. Wilmington, Del.
Palm Beach Miami Beach
Ft. Lauderdale Delray Beach

ON THE COURTS

Big Diehl



THE second annual United States Open Squash Racquets Singles Championship, played off over the New Year's week-end at the University Club, was even more exciting and better organized than last year's première. The field, which was arbitrarily limited to sixteen players, was surprisingly international, including representatives from Argentina, Canada, Egypt, Scotland, Pakistan, and England, as well as the United States, and the play was of the highest quality anyone could ask for. It seems to me that squash-racquets enthusiasts owe quite a debt to Edwin H. Bigelow, the chairman of the Tournament Committee, who first dreamed up the event, and to the committee's indefatigable members. Among them, they put on a smoothly run and expertly officiated show—an example of tournament management that a good many lawn-tennis tournament committees would do well to study.

The championship, as everyone must know by now, was won by Diehl Mateer, Jr., the husky young Philadelphia mechanical engineer who also holds the national amateur title. Mateer never came close to losing so much as a game. His drop shots, his passing shots, his frustrating lob services, and, above all, his shrewd court coverage very quickly took the heart out of his opponents. John Warzycki, the United States professional champion and a top player in any league, was his first-round victim, and the only one to carry him to a deuce game; their score was 17–15, 15–13, 15–7. Then Mateer routed Derek Bocquet, a native of England and a finalist in the Canadian professional championship in 1953, by the awesome score of 15–5, 15–6, 15–3. Unhappily, Mateer won his semifinal, which might easily have been the match of the tournament, by default. His opponent was to have been Hashim Khan, the forty-year-old Pakistani marvel who had never lost a tournament until Henri Salaun, of Boston, beat him in the hair-raising final of last year's Open, but Khan hurt his right leg badly in a practice game with Mahmoud Abd El-Kerim, the Egyptian champion, and the doctors forbade him to play. In the final, Mateer trounced Hashim's brother Azam Khan, who had put Salaun out in the quarter-finals and was regarded by a lot of the more knowledgeable spectators as a most promising dark horse, perhaps simply because he had never been seen here before. Mateer eliminated him in just thirty-eight minutes, and by the more-than-convincing score of 15–9, 15–5, 15–10.

THE Khans, all in all, are a pretty phenomenal squash-playing family. Besides Hashim and Azam, their cousin Roshan, who is twenty-six and the youngest of the three, also reached the semifinals, where he was defeated by none other than Cousin Azam, in four close, hard-fought games—probably the best all-round exhibition of the week. Hashim, who is the professional at the Pakistan Air Force College, in Risalpur, holds practically all the important squash titles he is eligible for in Europe and India. He goes to bed every night at eight-thirty, which, for a man of forty, is pretty phenomenal in itself, and doesn't wake up until six-thirty. Azam, who is twenty-eight, is tennis and squash coach of the Royal Pakistan Air Force, in Peshawar. He had never played tournament squash until 1953, yet for the past two years he has been runner-up in the British Professional Championship and the Scottish Open Championship, and last year he was beaten only in the final of the British Open, by Brother Hashim. Roshan, who, like Azam, is paying his first visit to this country, is a junior instructor in tennis and squash for the Royal Pakistan Navy. He won the British Dunlop Professional Championship last February, and a month later lost to Cousin Azam in the British Open. If all three Khans return here next year for the third United States Open, I think the cup may be in for a lot of travel.

—P. W. W., JR.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Press release from Farrar, Straus & Young*]

Mr. Wohlforth is a member of the American Statistical Association.... He was educated at Princeton and is a graduate of West Point.

•

Rosemary Clooney, song star, wife of Jose Ferrer, actor-producer, is expecting to become a mother for the first time in six weeks, Hollywood friends have revealed.—*Boston Record.*

Dragging her feet, isn't she?

HIGH-FIDELITY MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS

TO HELP YOU UNDERSTAND MUSIC BETTER AND ENJOY IT MORE

MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD
PERFORMANCE

ON ONE SIDE there is a full performance of a great musical work, featuring orchestras and soloists of recognized distinction in this country and abroad. You listen to this performance first, or afterward, as you desire, and then . . .

MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD
ANALYSIS

ON THE OTHER SIDE is an illuminating analysis of the music, with the themes and other main features of the work played separately with running explanatory comment, so that you can learn *what to listen for.*

A NEW IDEA OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

ALL TOO FREQUENTLY, most of us are aware, we do not listen to good music with due understanding and appreciation. There is no doubt about the reason: we are not properly primed about *what to listen for.* MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS meet this need—for a fuller understanding of music—better than any means ever devised. After hearing several of these records, all the music you listen to is transformed, because you learn in general what to listen for. This highly enjoyable form of self-education can be as thorough as the Music-Appreciation courses given in many universities.

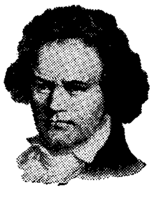
YOU SUBSCRIBE BUT TAKE ONLY THE RECORDS YOU WANT . . . A new MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD will be issued—for subscribers only—every month. Ultimately all the great masterpieces of music will be included. The announcement about each forthcoming record will be written by Deems Taylor. After reading this descriptive essay (presented in a form that can be kept for long use) you may take the record or not, as you decide at the time. *You are not obligated as a subscriber to take any specified number of records.* And, of course, you may stop the subscription at your pleasure—at any time!

TWO TYPES OF RECORDS AT A RELATIVELY LOW COST . . . All MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS will be high-fidelity, long-playing records of the highest quality—33⅓ R.P.M. on Vinylite. They will be of two kinds: first, a so-called Standard Record—a *twelve-inch* disc—which will present the performance on one side, the analysis on the other. This will be sold at $3.60, to subscribers only. The other will be an Analysis-Only Record — a *ten-inch* disc—priced at $2.40. The latter will be made available each month for any subscriber who may already have a satisfactory long-playing record of the work being presented. (A small charge will be added to the prices above to cover postage and handling.)

TRY A ONE-MONTH SUBSCRIPTION — NO OBLIGATION TO CONTINUE . . . Why not make a simple trial, to see if these records are as pleasurable and as enlightening as you may anticipate? The first record, BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY, will be sent to you at once—*at no charge.* You may end the subscription immediately after hearing this record, or you may cancel any time thereafter.

As a demonstration

WILL YOU ACCEPT WITHOUT CHARGE



Beethoven's Fifth Symphony

A NEW HIGH-FIDELITY RECORDING BY THE **LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

Norman Del Mar, *Conductor*

Analysis by Thomas Scherman

YOU HAVE HEARD this great work countless times—what have you heard *in* it? And what may you have failed to hear? This demonstration will show you what you may have been missing in listening to great music.

PLEASE RETURN ONLY IF YOU HAVE A RECORD PLAYER WHICH CAN PLAY 33⅓ R.P.M. LONG-PLAYING RECORDS

MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS **R61-1**
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please send me at once the first MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD, *Beethoven's Fifth Symphony*, without charge, and enter my name in a Trial Subscription to MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS, under the conditions stated above. It is understood that, as a subscriber, I am not obligated to buy any specified number of records, but may take only those I want. Also, I may cancel this subscription after hearing the first record, or any time thereafter at my pleasure, but the introductory record is free in any case.

Mr.
Mrs. } ....
Miss (Please Print)
Address ....
City.............................. Zone...... State..........

MAR 1

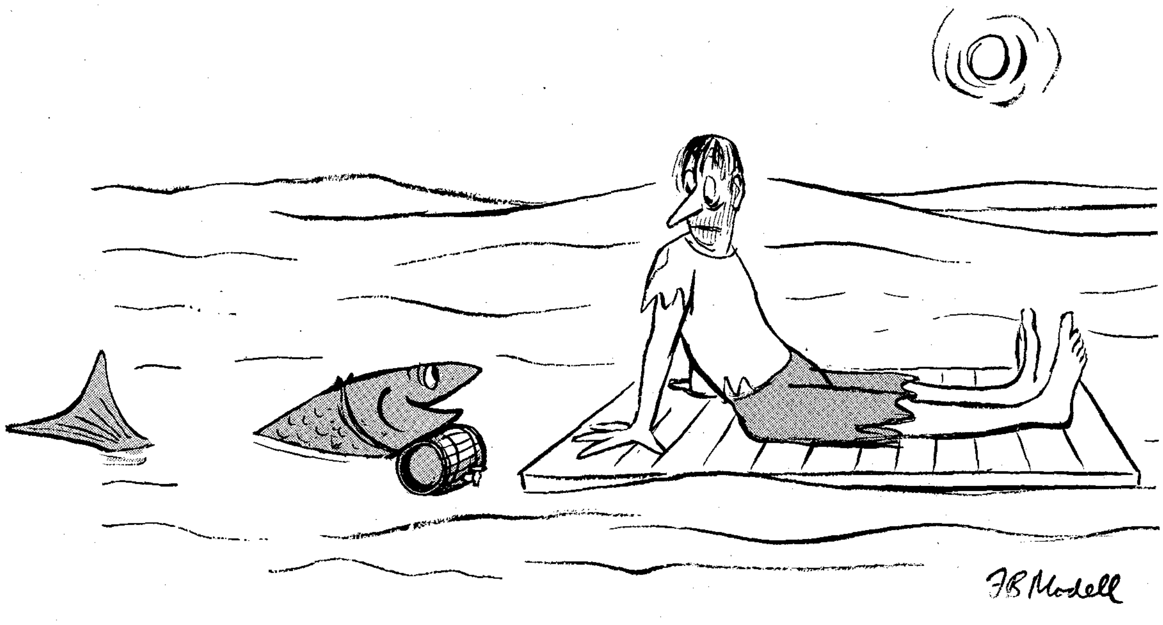
LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 5

TWICE in four months the French Parliament rejected the idea of West German rearmament—once at the end of August, when it voted down the European Defense Community, and once at dawn of the day before Christmas. And then (one can hardly say suddenly after four years of shilly-shally), two days before New Year's, Parliament voted for it and for a Bonn army of half a million men. The changing vote did not reflect any change of mind. Because of history and memory, almost to a man the people of France, like their deputies, have been—and still are—opposed to giving any German any kind of gun. Premier Mendès-France was indeed accurate when, in the course of persuading Parliament to ballot his way, he said that it was "despite the repugnance of the French people" that French participation in West German rearmament had to be ratified, "as the sole means of preserving the Western alliance." He also told Parliament that Washington had come "within a millimetre" of organizing this rearmament of Germany on its own while the deputies were still needlessly arguing—many of them with intelligence and French logic—as if they could prevent it.

When Assembly President André Le Troquer, in the evening clothes that are his garb of office day and night, read the figures of the final vote—two hundred and eighty-seven for German rearmament, and two hundred and sixty against—there was a long moment of expressionless silence. Nobody applauded, nobody moved, no deputies inclined their heads together for a quick private comment; there was not the sound of a whisper. There was nothing but silence, maintained for a suspended instant in the presence of a vital act of history. Then Le Troquer quietly added that the session was closed, and the Communists, on their left benches, safely raised their first protesting shouts. Excessively disorderly acts or comments while Parliament is still officially sitting can result in the offending deputies' being fined as much as a day's pay, but now the Communists could vent their fury freely. They jumped to their feet as a group, the male deputies shouting and the female deputies screaming in a jumbled clamor, from which at first only single words came clear—"Assassins," "Traitors," "Shame." Then one woman shrilled a whole audible phrase—"Ten years ago, French women were being tortured to death at Ravensbrück!"—and a man behind her bellowed, "Mendès, you'll have a chance now to know what German crematories are like!" The Premier's pale, calm Jewish face did not alter; it remained masked, attentive, motionless. The uniformed ushers now rushed into the public galleries, calling loudly, "*Evacuez la salle! Sortez d'ici!*," and even pulled some startled visitors from their seats, so that they might not witness any further disorders. When news of the ratification spread to the Quai d'Orsay sidewalk, in the early-evening darkness, the policed and barricaded lines of Communist delegations and sympathizers began singing "La Marseillaise," as if a Russian had written it. As they had done during the preceding ten days of debate, many men and women in the propaganda line held up banners inscribed with slogans like "The French Resistance Veterans Say No to German Rearmament" and "Don't Forget Auschwitz." Some displayed enlarged photographs of piled-up bodies at Buchenwald, of dead French faces bloodied by Gestapo tortures during the Occupation, or of emaciated, shaven-headed concentration-camp survivors, variously identified by those holding the photos as "My brother," "Papa," and, occasionally, "Me." For once, Communist propaganda merely coincided with French public opinion; its slogans and pictures only revived French memories of what the Nazi Germans had done, and solidified the angry fear of the French that such a race would do the same thing again if it were given guns.

On the other hand, what the Russian Communists have done habitually to the map of the world in their postwar program of occupations was, strangely, little mentioned in the ten days of debate, even by the five hundred or more anti-Communist deputies—an odd omission, considering the increasing Vietminh encroachment right now on the so-called democratic Vietnamese, whom France fought for in Indo-China for seven years. There was one exception—the militant speech by Socialist Deputy Guy Mollet, almost the only deputy who truly favored German arms. "We have to have them," he declared loudly, "because since the war Russia has kept millions of men under arms, because in the last ten years Russia has destroyed the liberties of so many people, and because all the troubles today come from Russian expansionism." (For this attack, the Communists denounced him as "a dog of a Socialist" during their post-ballot uproar.) In the minds of many American observers here, Washington officials typically gabbled out of turn once more when, in the midst of Mendès-France's desperate efforts to persuade the deputies to accept the American view of the urgent necessity for bringing in Germans, and thus swelling the ranks of the soldiery defending Western Europe, Washington suddenly made the bland announcement that the United States was reducing its own army, since the use of atomic weapons could substitute



To get one—wear one!
THAT PROLONGED LOOK

Because you're so deliberately enticing in Warner's enchanting new *long-lined* Merry Widow.* All to gracefully lengthen your silhouette for the long look you'll be wanting, come Spring.

It's a lady-like look that *suggests* rather than stresses. Lifting you gently for a higher, far subtler curve. Then, moving graciously to ease in the waist, mold merely inches from the hipline.

How does it feel? When *didn't* a long look make you feel lovelier? Because it's the most natural way in the world to flatter you. Luxuriously fitting comfort beneath all your new long-torso clothes.

So sheerly pretty (with its nylon elastique, tracings of lace) you just must see it. And you will—at the nicest stores.

WARNER'S*
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Merry Widow

*#1316—Nylon lace and elastic. White or black. $16.50

Alphonse Daudet

Surely the good M. Alphonse Daudet was not thinking of transportation when he wrote that "music is another planet." Yet the implication of transport is strong, and joyful transport at that. Perhaps this is what binds the New Haven Railroad so strongly to WQXR. The New Haven sells transport on rails. WQXR sells transport on notes of melody. These notes bind 600,000 families in ties of strong devotion to WQXR. They make America's Number One Good Music Station an inviting medium for selling one of New York's most inviting markets. Ask to see the score.

WQXR

The radio station of The New York Times
Times Square, New York 36, LA 4-1100

in a defensive action for great numbers of men.

Much of the confusion and some of the frequent crises attendant on the various votes and the final ballot came from the unexpected parcelling of the Paris treaty into four bits: (1) and (2) the protocols admitting West Germany to NATO and to the new Western European Union, which the product of the original Paris treaty is now called; (3) the granting of sovereignty to West Germany; and (4) the establishment of a semi-international status for the Saar—bits that were voted on piecemeal, this way and that way, with German rearmament voted on twice (the majority first against it, then for it), with some issues doubling as votes of confidence for Mendès-France, and sometimes with and sometimes without deputies' pro or anti amendments tacked onto them, until not only did the public, listening in the galleries, become completely addled but the deputies became mixed up, too, repeatedly tying themselves into knots of complex procedure, which occasionally became Gordian and unconstitutional. Even Assembly President Le Troquer, poised on his tribune like a seated encyclopedia of parliamentary procedure, made at least one error of interpretive judgment, which took a whole evening to unravel. Mendès-France, considered an expert on parliamentary practice, erred, just before the final vote on rearmament, in supposing that deputies could have one more say about what they thought. "I have compunctions against preventing anyone at all from expressing his opinions," he said, with unusual gentleness toward his enemies. He was apparently remembering the awkward bitter protest of the adherents of E.D.C. that just before it fell they were maneuvered out of their right to talk for it. "It is not you who may prevent anyone from speaking now. It is the rules that prevent it," Le Troquer told Mendès-France, and ordered the little melon-sized green urns circulated to receive the final vote.

It is a matter of history that the rearmament of West Germany—it was to have been accomplished with ten divisions of Germans—was first proposed, in 1950, by Secretary of State Dean Acheson, alarmed by North Korean aggression. The French countered with what became known as E.D.C., a European army that would have had some Germans in it, and even with vague supra-national notions of forming a United States of Europe. However, although the French had created E.D.C., they were still alarmed at the thought

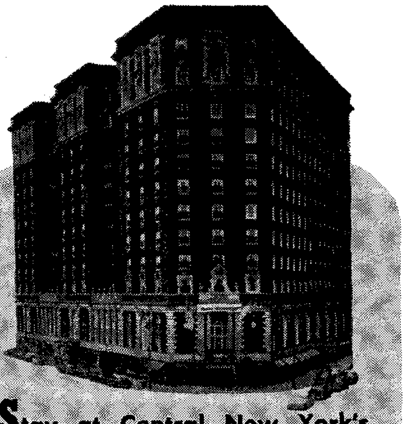
MORE
AND
MORE
PEOPLE ARE
CHECKING INTO

"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"
(IT'S FABULOUS)

Every room at least 14' by 22' with **large screen television, air-conditioning, bathroom extension phone,** butler's pantry, refrigerator and every luxury service. Just around the corner from Grand Central, Airline Terminal, most shops and theatres.

THE Tuscany

Bertram Weal, General Manager
39th Street, just East of Park Ave., New York 16
MUrray Hill 6-1600, Teletype NY 1-392
P. S.—May we send you a brochure?



Stay at Central New York's finest hotel when you travel upstate for business or pleasure. Located mid-town and mid-state, only minutes from the Thruway. 600 modern rooms, 4 fine restaurants.

HOTEL SYRACUSE
JAMES F. GILDAY, EXEC. VICE PRES.
SYRACUSE, N. Y. Teletype SS300

ADVERTISING MEN belong to the Health Roof Club for many reasons. It's an antidote for tension. Helps you look well, feel well. Has everything: gym, game courts, steam and hot rooms, massage, sun lamps, snack bar. Be our guest for a trial visit. Entrance 247 Park Ave. or 480 Lexington.

of giving any arms to any Germans under any circumstances, and eventually voted against it last summer. Now, for the new year of 1955, they have resignedly ratified just about what Acheson outlined in the first place, except that the new agreement gives the Germans twelve divisions and provides sovereignty for Bonn. Thus the French lost what might have been their chance to form the mold for modern European history, and, moreover, were forced to take on the familiar old setup that they had most feared from the start. On December 31st, several Paris newspapers ran immediately beneath their final report on the Assembly's ratification the news that sixteen big German firms of the Ruhr, where the German armament crowd has always had its headquarters, are ready to start West Germany's first atomic pile, at Düsseldorf, just as soon as the Paris treaty starts functioning.

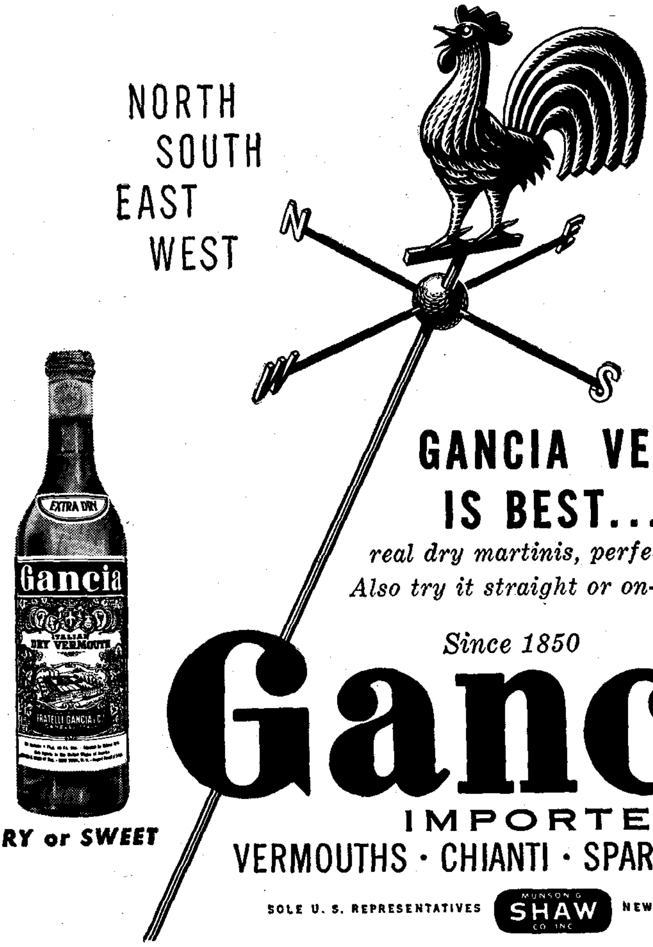
IT is good news in the frivolity section of French life that the new Casino de Paris spectacle is called "Sensations de Paris," for it is that, and more. This is the decentest, gayest, handsomest dressed and undressed revue seen here in years. It opens with a hunting scene animated by a soprano disguised as Lady Chatterley; then that literary touch is dropped and this excellent show gets down to show business. Even the nudes are stage-managed gracefully and humanly, instead of being festooned on Versailles chandeliers, as they were in one memorable prewar production. The costumes are sumptuous, colorful, and international, with a South American accent predominating—probably because of the featuring of the admirable Alfredo Alaria's Argentine ballet troupe, of six impressive males and four beautiful females, who all dance with the precision of whiplashes, in a repertory that starts them off as Gauchos, goes into Ravel's "Bolero," an interpretation of a García Lorca poem, Charlestons, and Harlem items, and ends in a frenzied "Mambo y Santo." This exciting troupe is used throughout the spectacle like the ballets in New York musicals, thus sparing the French chorus ladies the effort of having to dance much, if at all—an appreciated omission. The tall, thin singing star called Lynda Gloria, hitherto unheard of, has emerged from obscurity with the ability to sing high, clear, on pitch, and inexhaustibly in three languages. Other features are a Toulouse-Lautrec cancan, some Minsky blackouts, and a young, essentially un-British girl billed

with exclusive PANORAMIC VISION...

"there is nothing finer than a STROMBERG-CARLSON®"

THE BROADVIEW II—21-inch Panoramic Vision picture for true room-wide viewing. Concert type speaker for full rich tone. Contemporary cabinet, with decorative recessed speaker grill, in hand-rubbed mahogany or bleached mahogany veneers.

Television models from $199.95 including excise tax and warranty. (Slightly higher in South and West) • STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER 3, N. Y.



NORTH
SOUTH
EAST
WEST

GANCIA VERMOUTH IS BEST... *for star-bright real dry martinis, perfect manhattans. Also try it straight or on-the-rocks.*

DRY or SWEET

Since 1850

Gancia

IMPORTED
VERMOUTHS · CHIANTI · SPARKLING WINES

SOLE U. S. REPRESENTATIVES MUNSON G. SHAW CO. INC. NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

(*Advertisement*)

Y. A. N.

—or, yachts are nice, but not essential to the enjoyment of Chivas Regal

We met a friend recently, and he told us about the pleasant summer he had spent down on the Maine coast. He did a lot of fishing in the waters around Penobscot Bay, where pleasure craft are rather numerous in summer. And he developed a new hobby, to pass the time when the fish were indifferent to his lines.

He kept a sharp eye out for empty liquor bottles bobbing on the waves, and tried to note the brands. It was an exercise in discernment. When the labels were washed off, he had to guess the brands as well as he could from the shapes of the bottles.

In this rather difficult survey of ocean-going whisky preferences, our friend found an occasional Chivas Regal bottle easy to identify, because of its distinctive shape. And he added, "When I saw one, I knew that a sizeable yacht had passed up the coast, on its way to Bar Harbor."

That association of Chivas Regal with luxury was natural, but we should not want the implication carried too far. The 12 year old treasure known as "Scotland's Prince of Whiskies," is enjoyed by a great many people who own no yachts of any size.

In fact — to our great regret — the number of those who want to buy Chivas Regal is greater than the number of available bottles. The supply of this noble whisky is still affected by the cessation of distilling in Scotland during the war, and there is no way of hurrying 12 years of aging.

If your dealer or barman is temporarily out of Chivas Regal when you call for it, please bear with him — and with us — and give him another call on another day. The supply is being distributed with scrupulous fairness, to yacht owners and non-owners alike. We are grateful for your forbearance, and the fact that it is your good taste that has made Chivas Regal the most wanted premium Scotch in America.

•

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF
CHIVAS BROTHERS IMPORT CORP.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

as Miss Pamela, who is attired only in tassels and an incredible Oriental surface play of muscles. There is one scenic plunge into history, called "Dives of Byzantium," which ends up amid the mosaics of the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia, in Ravenna, equipped, for Casino purposes, with mosaic swinging doors, like a fancy corner saloon. There is no doubt about it, "Sensations de Paris" is an absolutely tiptop international revue.

Arthur Miller's intrinsically American play "The Crucible" has become something of a French sensation as "Les Sorcières de Salem," at the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt. It was adapted by the noted playwright Marcel Aymé—with considerable difficulty, he has said, because the French do not read the Bible, and because, furthermore, he was forced to blacken the character of the seductive and seduced servant maid to prevent Parisians' instinctively preferring her to the hero, the repentant, sin-conscious seducer. The theatre critic of *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, who liked the play so much he says he is going to see it again, described it to his readers by saying it was on the order of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "La Lettre Ecarlate." "One can *understand nothing*," he italicized helpfully, "unless one puts oneself into the rigorous Puritan perspective that condemns, with horror, fornication in all forms." Having been told, as all the press was, that Miller wrote the piece as a historical example of the sort of hysterical intolerance that many American liberals now associate with Senator McCarthy's activities, he added, as a French liberal, "I need not point out how up-to-date it all is, though it makes one think at least as much of the Moscow trials as it does of *mccarthysme*." Robert Kemp, *Le Monde's* theatre critic, and the most influential, intransigent, and feared of all in Paris, liked the play less, but he said people ought to go see it, and thought its judicial aspects vaguely recalled the Dreyfus case. "We feel ourselves," he wrote, "in the midst of the inhuman, gratuitous, and arbitrary."

Yves Montand—France's Perry Como until he played in the film "Le Salaire de la Peur"—now has his first serious stage role, as the leading Salem male, and is fairly good as a débutant Puritan.

With the new year, the prolonged mild, unnatural French autumn abruptly ended and winter began, with snow. The popularity of skiing among upper-bracket young people

History comes to life in

Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

You'll find a visit to the craft shops of restored Williamsburg an exciting adventure. See skilled artisans practicing their crafts in the 18th century manner. Fine lodgings and good eating in modern hotels, guest houses and taverns.

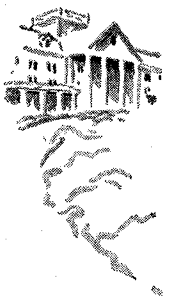
Williamsburg Lodge & Taverns
Double from $6.00

Williamsburg Inn & Cottages
Double from $10.00

Write direct or contact Reservation Offices—New York: 630 Fifth Ave., Tel. CIrcle 6-6800, *Washington: 910 17th St., NW, Tel.* REpublic 7-8114.

1699 *VIRGINIA'S COLONIAL CAPITAL* 1780

WORLD FAMED
Hotel DEL PRADO
Mexico City

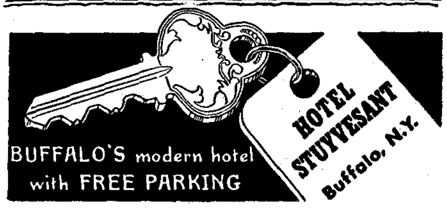


Gracious Enjoyment at the Eastern Slope Inn

Joyful Skiing with Hannes Schneider

World's only Skimobile at Cranmore Mountain

NORTH CONWAY
NEW HAMPSHIRE



has led to their taking what used to be their annual summer holidays in winter. On the Place de la Concorde, at dusk, there have lately been groups of young French in ski clothes, waiting for their hired autobuses to transport them overnight to their destination—one of the surest methods of locomotion. It is regrettable to have to report that the state railroads refuse to put on extra sports trains, for fear they might not be filled; the result is that the regular trains are jammed and only a black-market tip can reserve so much as a *couchette*, which, in case you have never used one, is a bunk without bedding. Equally regrettable are the *coup-de-bambou* prices (this is an old phrase meaning that no one will pay the exorbitant sum demanded unless he is beaten with a bamboo rod) in very ordinary hotels at resorts like Mégève, the first popular French ski center, and Val-d'Isère. Newly popular—and thus more reasonable—places are Cluses, Les Houches, and Vars, the last in the Hautes-Alpes and reported by recent skiers to be both snowy and enchanting. Even prices at Italian ski resorts have gone up some. However, in the Cortina region there is an excellent new modest-priced system of chalet accommodations, similar to the so-called *campings* of summertime, for young people who are not rich. Swiss ski resorts have the most reasonable prices of all, and, of course, the dullest food. One American travel agency in Paris has been booking ten-day tours to first-class ski centers like Gstaad and Château-d'Oex—everything paid for except the drinks—for seventy-seven and a half dollars per person for a party of four, and seventy dollars each if the party includes ten or more. It is no news that the French have refused to come down in their prices to meet international competition for winter, as well as summer, *tourisme*. Nor is it news that, as usual, the French steamers are already well booked with American tourists, headed once more for the unchangeable pleasures of Paris, and their unfailing complaints about its high prices.

—GENÊT

•

> Dr. Otto Erhardt, 200-pound stage director of the New York City Opera Company, probably made the noisest fall of the year. He tumbled into a kettle drum during dress rehearsal frenzy. over the Schuylkill River, turned a somersault and landed wheels down on a railroad siding 60 feet below.—*Huntington (W.Va.) Herald-Dispatch.*

Noisiest, and most brilliant, too.

BERMUDA'S Only OCEANSIDE HOTEL

It's the festive season at Elbow Beach and nowhere will you find so many activities right "on the spot." Swimming from our coral tinted beach directly in front of the hotel, tennis, badminton, cycling, dancing and entertainment. Golf at nearby courses. All rooms with bath. Excellent food. London Orchestra and native calypso band.

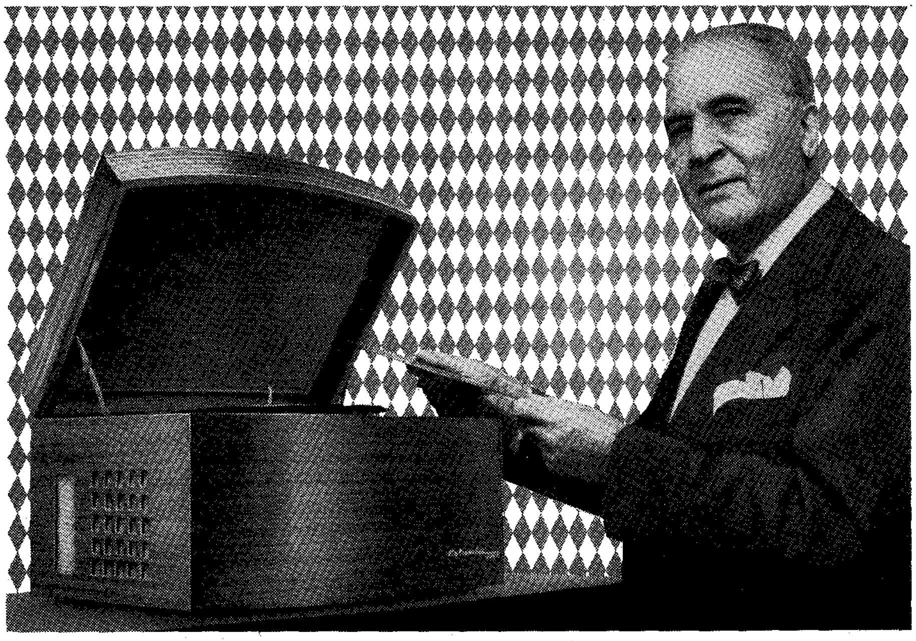
E. R. Helland,
V. P. & Gen. Mgr.

Elbow Beach Surf Club

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or our U. S. Representatives
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
588 5th Ave., New York 36, N. Y. • JUdson 6-5500
Also Chicago • Boston • Washington, D. C.

"IT SATISFIES EAR AND SOUL"

SAYS DR. BRUNO WALTER World Famous Conductor



THE CHOICE OF ARTISTS, CRITICS AND MUSIC LOVERS EVERYWHERE: THE LIVING, BREATHING 2000-SPEAKER COLUMBIA "360K" PHONOGRAPH.

SPECIAL OFFER! FOR A LIMITED TIME YOUR PURCHASE OF A TABLE MODEL OR PORTABLE "360K" WILL INCLUDE A $31 DIAMOND NEEDLE AT NO EXTRA COST!

DESIGNED AND BUILT BY COLUMBIA RECORDS

"Columbia," "360" Trade-marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas.

10 Reasons Why YOU
should discover the
Dominican Republic

1 **America STARTED here!** This is "the land that Christopher Columbus loved." Here you'll get a sense of history—of America!—no other country can give you!

2 **It's the Land of "FIRSTS"!** See the New World's first cathedral—first university—first hospital—other "firsts" dating back to 1493!

3 **It's the Land of DISCOVERY!** If you've "been everywhere," you'll find a delightful tonic for your jaded travel appetite in this land between Cuba and Puerto Rico!

4 **It's the Land of CONTRAST!** This is where an unspoiled tropic wonderland exists alongside modern 20th-century civilization . . . where sky-high mountains and sun-drenched beaches are only a few miles apart!

5 **It's the FRIENDLY Land!** It's a self-supporting, debt-free country, where you're welcomed as a friend and neighbor.

6 **It's so CLEAN!** Streets are spotless—and wherever you go, you can drink the water with perfect peace of mind!

7 **It's COLORFUL!** Bring your camera—to fortify golden memories with snapshots of rare orchids and flowers, gleaming beaches, gay fiestas and the new friends you're sure to make.

8 **It's so NEAR!** Just 4 hours by luxury airliner from Miami—or sail from Miami on the S.S. *Evangeline.*

9 **It's INEXPENSIVE!** Even at such famous luxury hotels as the Jaragua, Hamaca, and Montaña, rates are surprisingly reasonable! (And there's no "exchange problem"—U. S. and Dominican money is alike, in appearance and value!)

10 **It's FUN!** You'll have the travel-time of your life in the Dominican Republic! See your Travel Agent, and get full information—or write to: **Dept. M**

Dominican Republic Tourist Office
P. O. Box 1393, Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

***COMING!* 1955 International Trade Fair at Ciudad Trujillo!**

THE ART GALLERIES

Three Painters, Three Moods

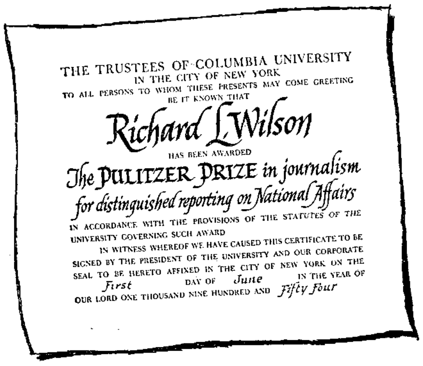
THE only link I can find between the shows under discussion this week is a certain feeling for fantasy. Even that bond is tenuous, for in other respects the works are as different as can be, ranging from the highly specialized symbolic abstractions of Matta, at the Janis Gallery, through the dream-castle stylizations of Bernard Perlin, at the Viviano, to the tight little sermons in Surrealism by Jules Kirschenbaum, at the Salpeter. Of the three, Matta's fantasy is the most ebullient, as his philosophy is the most fully developed. To be sure, it's an extraordinarily pessimistic point of view he offers us, and the playfulness with which he surrounds it—the punning titles, the wryly humorous passages in the pictures, and so on—cannot disguise (in fact, they accentuate) its essential melancholy. Yet he has made a complete world for himself, and though one may recognize some of the influences that have gone into its creation—traces of Picasso, for one, and of Matisse, together with a much larger and more obvious indebtedness to Oceanian tribal art—there's no questioning its consistency and coherence.

Matta, too, is one of the few painters I know of who can use perspective to defeat its usual end (that is, to define a more or less closed, three-dimensional scene) and instead create the feeling of a floating, illimitable scene. He does this, as far as I can make out, by a variation of the so-called "universal" perspective, constructing the picture not from one fixed viewing point but from a number of shifting ones, and what ensues is a wild phantasmagoria, in which the eye is constantly being led toward and then away from actually conflicting vanishing points; there is no set horizon, and the figures and objects, thin as scarecrows, distorted to emphasize their symbolism, and no more than vaguely related spatially, seem to float in an atmosphere that is truly dimensionless and limitless. It's a difficult trick to pull off, and when it fails—as it does in "The Bud Sucker" (with its diffuse design), the cloudy "The Tender Loin," and the awkwardly patterned "Secret Heat," all of them in the current show—the results can be spectacularly confusing. When it works, as it does more often than not, the very vagueness of the spatial relationships and the darting complexities of the perspective give the paintings an air of held-in, trembling-on-the-verge-of-explosion activity that is extremely effective. In a way, it's as if the forms making up the design had been whirled together by chance, and one expects, even as one looks, to see them fly apart.

"The Thanks Giver," with its wormlike supplicants crouching before a totemic idol or priest and flanked by rows of dark, half-defined savage watchers, is, I'd say, the most ambitious painting in the exhibit, and in point of view of pure design it is probably the most successful. But in this, as in some of the others—"The Dawn Donor," for instance—that pessimistic streak of Matta's leads him on to accent the grotesqueries of his figures too strongly, and the effect is marred in consequence. I felt better about "New Dew," darker, denser in pattern, and shot through here and there with little areas of glowing color that recall the paintings of his "jewelled" period of the thirties and that also suggest the misty brilliance of the early-morning scene that is the painting's subject. I'd cite, too, the smaller "Morning Beckon"—on the same theme—as well as "The Kissproof World," which portrays a mad, outer-space laboratory, and the gray, diagonally patterned, and dryly ironic "The Propheteer." It's a distinguished show indeed.

BERNARD PERLIN's fantasy is as lacy and delicate as Matta's is savage and penetrating, and if its expression is conventional at times, it is supported by a technical address that is amazing. His exhibition (his first in over five years) is devoted largely to Italian landscapes, mainly with buildings, and the skill and finesse with which he presents them—still managing, too, to combine complete fidelity with a soap-bubble airiness of form—are among the chief charms of the collection. I liked especially "Spanish Stairs," a study of the famous ones in Rome, done with a suggestion of sgraffito lightness against a reddish background, and with just enough distortion of perspective upward to enhance the feeling of monumentality. "Colosseum," the arena seen dark against a sunset sky, is handsome, too, and so is "Piazza Navona," with its Romanesque church façade in the background. Perlin, though, seems to be a man who needs a problem to excite him, and when he

What makes a newspaper great?



THE TRUSTEES OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK
TO ALL PERSONS TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME GREETING
BE IT KNOWN THAT
Richard L. Wilson
HAS BEEN AWARDED
The PULITZER PRIZE in journalism
for distinguished reporting on National Affairs
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE PROVISIONS OF THE STATUTES OF THE
UNIVERSITY GOVERNING SUCH AWARD
IN WITNESS WHEREOF WE HAVE CAUSED THIS CERTIFICATE TO BE
SIGNED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY AND OUR CORPORATE
SEAL TO BE HERETO AFFIXED IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK ON THE
First DAY OF June IN THE YEAR OF
OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND Fifty Four

Scoops don't come easy for a newspaperman. Hollywood legend notwithstanding, reporters rarely find sensational disclosures dumped in their laps.

More often it's plain, hard work that produces truly important stories such as Richard L. Wilson's front-pagers on what the FBI reported to the White House in 1945 on Harry Dexter White and numerous others accused of Communist affiliation. These stories in the Minneapolis Tribune last year revealed that, long before any of the subsequent congressional investigations, the FBI alerted the White House on alleged widespread Soviet espionage in the federal government.

Washington was jolted. High-ranking figures perspired profusely, hurled charges and refutations, while Wilson's story was hailed as a "journalistic performance in the highest interests of American democracy." First official kudos for the tall, talented chief of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune's and the Des Moines Register and Tribune's Washington Bureau was a Sigma Delta Chi award for distinguished service in the field of Washington correspondence—then, the Pulitzer Prize.

Praise for many a memorable news beat and excellent reporting job comes regularly to the Minneapolis Star and Tribune's Washington Bureau. Dick Wilson's Pulitzer Prize has been enshrined in an already bulging trophy case of awards, medals and prizes accumulated by the Bureau's staff.

Wilson, who started his Washington job 22 years ago, first earned capital press corps recognition as an agricultural expert for his succinct reports on New Deal developments in the federal farm program. Over the years he has acquired the presidency of the National Press Club, an array of first-name acquaintances among the leading figures of our time and the responsibility for heading the five-man news-gathering team whose knowing coverage of the Washington scene keeps Upper Midwest readers among the nation's best informed on national and international affairs.

Dick Wilson's prize-winning reporting, a daily feature in the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, is a shining example of the high standards of thorough, accurate news coverage which have won for these newspapers the respect, admiration and loyalty of the largest audience of readers in the Upper Midwest.

Minneapolis
Star *and* Tribune
EVENING MORNING & SUNDAY

620,000 SUNDAY • 485,000 DAILY

JOHN COWLES, *President*

US POSTAGE
YOUR CITY
DATE
STATE
03

What the **best** dressed letters wear...and why!

Today's important business and financial mail is metered mail, *stamped and sealed by the postage meter in the mailer's own office. Smarter looking than mail bearing ordinary adhesive stamps, it makes people notice!*

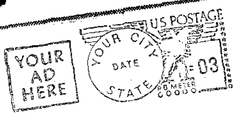
Now, even the smallest office can enjoy the prestige of metered mail...and do away forever with lick-and-stick mailing. How? With the DM, the little desk model postage meter.

It *prints* postage, any amount for any kind of mail, right on the envelope—with your own small ad, if you like...and a dated postmark that makes less work for the postoffice and helps your mail get away faster. Has a moistener for sealing envelopes. Even handles parcel post. Anybody can easily use it...a big time saver.

Other models, hand and electric, for larger firms. Ask the nearest PB office for a demonstration. Or send the coupon for free illustrated booklet.

FREE: *Handy chart of Postal Rates with parcel post map and zone finder*

PITNEY-BOWES
Postage Meter
Offices in 94 cities in U.S. and Canada



Pitney-Bowes, Inc.
1681 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn.
Please send free ☐ *DM booklet,* ☐ *chart to:*
Name ____________
Address ____________

attacks a stereotyped theme, as in "Hill Town" and the harborside pile-up of skyscrapers called "New York," he appears to lose interest, and the work has none of the sparkle and inventiveness that characterize the other pieces. "The Farewell," his almost miniaturistically painted study of a group of people parting in a wood, though it introduces a certain Surrealist moodiness as well as a faint trace of Tchelitchew, is excellent, as is his equally exact and yet curiously ingratiating rendition of the seaward side of a headland, half lost in blue mist, called "Capri." And though in "The Shore" one can hardly see the beach for the myriads of pebbles, each carefully, separately painted, that strew it, I could not help approving the skill and the painstakingness that went into its painting.

Jules Kirschenbaum's technique is likewise fairly formidable, but, perhaps because he is the youngest of the three men under discussion—this is, in fact, his first one-man showing—he still uses it a little uncertainly. For the same reason, his influences are more obvious; although his work is in the Surrealist manner, one sees touches of both the Flemish and the Florentines in it, while as for the moderns, he seems to have been chiefly affected by Albright, particularly in the doggedly determined observation of aged and decaying flesh. There are moments, too, when his commentary, as melancholy as Matta's if a good deal less systematized, leans, from his very earnestness, toward the heavy-handed. But earnestness is a virtue, and it is this quality, together with his honesty of observation and his evident sympathy and understanding, that illuminates and gives value to Kirschenbaum's work. I admired most of all his "Dark in the Forest" (of a woman alone in a dingy tenement room), the rooftop scene called "Lost Among Bright Stars," and the tenderly handled "Portrait of my Father." —Robert M. Coates

•

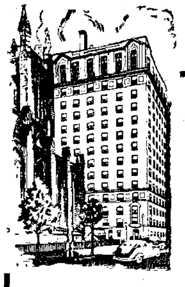
A WINTER SONG

Rest in the gift of snow;
The gift of green is over.
Bridal, on twisted bough,
The drift-white blossoms hover.
Before you go
Under the bough to winter,
Lift up the veils of green
Curtaining hair and shoulder,
And shake snow-shrouding down.
The gift of green is over.

—Joan LaBombard

What other place more stimulating to appetite and wit?...what better place to dine heartily and converse with congenial friends?

Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 West 36th Street



The Grosvenor
An Hotel . . .
of Quiet Distinction

Completely modern yet redolent of the gracious charm of "Little Old New York".

Singles $7 to $9
Doubles $10 to $12
Brochure on Request

E. D. Fowler, Mgr.
Transients Invited

35 Fifth Avenue
10th Street

New York 3, N. Y.
GRamercy 3-6000

SAUCE SORCERY

For flavor superb, season to taste your favorite white sauce or gravy with Angostura the famous cocktail ingredient.

ANGOSTURA®
AROMATIC BITTERS
Works Wonders with Foods

NICK AND ARNOLD PRESENT "BON VOYAGE" S.S. VERSAILLES

AN EXCITING MUSICAL JOURNEY BY
HOWARD DIETZ & ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
CONCEIVED AND STAGED BY
MERVYN NELSON
TWO SHOWS NIGHTLY AT DINNER AND SUPPER

151 E. 50TH *Versailles* PL 8-0310

THE RACE TRACK

Weights and Measures

ALTHOUGH Nashua was voted the best two-year-old of 1954 in all those end-of-the-season polls, a number of people think that Summer Tan, who was his closest rival, is going to be the better three-year-old. In fact, ever since Summer Tan won the Garden State Stakes in such fine style last autumn there have been rumblings to that effect. Weeks ago, Marshall Cassidy, steward at the New York tracks, and Charles McLennan, who plans the races at Laurel and Hialeah, tapped Summer Tan as the colt most likely to succeed in 1955. Now Jimmy Kilroe, official handicapper to the Jockey Club, has put him at the top of the Experimental Free Handicap, under a hundred and twenty-eight pounds—one pound more than he assigned to Nashua. Not everyone is going to agree with this rating, for Nashua beat Summer Tan in the Juvenile Stakes, the Hopeful, and the Futurity (but never by as much as a length, I might point out), while Summer Tan's only victory over Nashua was in the Cowdin Stakes. Besides, Nashua is such a big, handsome fellow that he immediately catches the eye and fills it. Nevertheless, if Summer Tan comes back to the races in the spring as fit as he was last October, I'll string along with the handicapper.

Both colts are now wintering at Hialeah, but they're not expected to meet there—not even in the hundred-thousand-dollar Flamingo Stakes on February 26th. Summer Tan has quite recovered from the embolism he had early in November, and is doing slow gallops, but Sherrill Ward, who trains him, likes to take his time with his horses, and that's all right with me. Nashua is flourishing; indeed, he has grown so chubby that casual observers doubt whether Jim Fitzsimmons, his trainer, can get him ready for the Flamingo. Maybe they've forgotten that Mr. Fitz is better than a green hand at that sort of thing.

Most of the other runners in the Experimental also seem to me to be pegged about right. Royal Coinage, who was never out of the money all season, is third on the list, four pounds below Summer Tan and one pound better than Blue Ruler, California's top colt. I'd say, though, that the estimate of Royal Note, who drew a hundred and twenty-two pounds, is a bit high, even if he did beat Nashua at Garden State last spring. Royal Note is a sprinter. As for the fillies, High Voltage, who leads the distaff side, with a hundred and seventeen pounds, was certainly the best of the lot last season, and I'm sure she will be again this year.

I DARESAY the most interesting item from Tropical Park, where the racing has been pretty much run-of-the-treadmill, was the dead heat brought off the other afternoon by a couple of racers with the fascinating names of Will Be There and Where Are We. Both animals—mares, by the way—are owned by William Wickham, a tobacco grower from Kentucky, who, I'd guess, dotes on slogans and little family jokes. I am reminded of another Kentuckian, of an earlier day—Dan Swigert, whose wife was on the free-spending side. After one of her shopping trips, he named a colt Spendthrift in her honor. The following year, Spendthrift's brother came along, and Mrs. Swigert named him Miser. She didn't have the last word, though, for Miser never amounted to much, while Spendthrift became a champion on the racecourse and founded a dynasty in the stud. One of his great-grandsons was Man o' War.

The best race at Tropical last week seems to have been the Robert E. Lee Handicap, in which Helianthus, a consistent performer in Jersey and Maryland last autumn, beat a baker's dozen of the better runners in Florida. There was another Helianthus years ago—a big, headstrong beast who liked to run away just before a race. Horseplayers called him Hell-with-us.

DETERMINE celebrated his fourth birthday by winning the Malibu Sequet Stakes at Santa Anita on New Year's afternoon. Quick as a flash, his odds in the Caliente Future Book on the Santa Anita Handicap were cut from 4–1 to 2–1. . . . Miz Clementine is Calumet's prize runner. Last weekend, she galloped off with first money in Las Flores Handicap, at Santa Anita. It was her fifth straight victory.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

"It is my intention to get along throughout the state with as few people as possible," Mr. Ribicoff said.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Surly type, evidently.

"Something Wonderful Happens"

Just outside Cincinnati is a shaded lawn leading up to a rambling, vine covered building . . . one of the wineries of Meier's Wine Cellars, Inc.

Inside, candlelight introduced us to Meier's charming Wine Tavern. Our host poured Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne and a bit of the old world came to life—through taste which was real . . . atmosphere romantic and stimulating. By colored motion pictures we began a "journey"; destination—Isle St. George, northernmost point of the U. S. in Lake Erie. Here Commodore Perry made history . . . the Battle of Lake Erie . . . and dispatched his famous report—"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

Today, here are famous vineyards, where a century ago the Catawba grape vine took naturally to the soil and the climate of the little isle. Our camera showed us young grapes and old vines, all important to this scheme of things where something wonderful happens to grapes . . . then moved in close on a cluster slumbering and ripening to perfection in the longer-than-mainland growing season.

"This is the time," said our host, "when the vines send out their sugar roots and the grapes swell almost to bursting with rich juice."

As we sipped our Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne we were mindful of how our host had retained the full rich flavor of these grapes—how he had even captured the romance and the history which is the heritage of the Catawba from the Isle St. George.

Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne makes friends fast . . . and you'll be one of them. Try it!

Always in good taste

The unforgettable good taste of Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne is always in *good taste.* There is no such thing as the "wrong" wine to serve. The enjoyment and ceremony of wine should be fun and not fancy. Just remember that *in* good company, serve Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne *for* good company. Normally, white table wines, like Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne, are served with seafood, chicken and other white meats . . . but you won't be off the good-taste-base to serve it with heavier and darker foods. "Which wine" is a matter of choice and taste—with Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne it's bound to be good taste! Another Meier's wine—Ohio State Sparkling Burgundy. Have you tried it?

MEIER'S WINE CELLARS, INC.
SILVERTON, OHIO

Owners of the
World Famous
Isle St. George Vineyards

(*Advertisement*)

wear it a 1,000 ways!
terry dress-a-robe
for beach, town or home

Toss it over your swim suit while riding to or from the beach . . . wrap it on for serving brunch or just 'round the corner shopping . . . slip it on for casual at home lounging. Thick 'n thirsty Mooresville, pin-stripe terry—completely washable, needs no ironing. Handsomely belted in wide, black patent. Black or red pin-stripe on white. Small, 10-12, Medium, 14-16, Large, 18-20. Modestly priced at only $8.95

THE TOG SHOP
Americus, Georgia

Please send me the following:

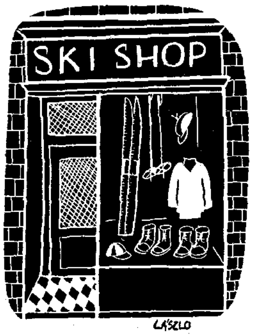
	Quan.	Size	Color
Terry dress-a-robe **$8.95**			

name____________________
address____________________
city__________**zone**____**state**______
☐ Check ☐ Money Order **add 35c for postage**

Drake Room
Preferred by the town's
most interesting people for
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
Addison Bailey in "Songs Without Words" at the piano during cocktail time, dinner and supper
HOTEL Drake
440 Park Avenue, at 56th Street
PLAZA 5-0600
Bing & Bing, Inc. Mgt.

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

ONE Thursday afternoon, an ancient man selling apples knocked at the door of our house in Dublin. He appeared to me to be about ninety. His hair was thin and white. His back was stooped, his expression was vague and humble, and he held his hat in one of his hands. His other hand rested on the handle of an enormous basket of apples that stood beside him. My mother, who had opened the door at his knock, stood staring at him. I peered out past her. I was nine. The first question that came into my mind was how did that thin old man carry that big basket of apples—because there was no one in the vicinity, as far as I could see, who might have given him a hand. The second question was how far had he come with his burden. I am sure the same dismayed speculations were in my mother's head, but she had no chance to ask him anything, because as soon as the door began to open he began to talk—to describe his apples and to praise them, and to say how cheap they were. After every few words he paused, not so much to catch his breath, it seemed, as to collect his wits, and to assure himself that the door was still open and that we were still listening, and, perhaps, to make certain that he himself was still standing where he thought he was. As soon as my mother could with politeness interrupt him, she said hastily that she would take a dozen apples for eating and a dozen for cooking. She got two large bowls from the kitchen, filled them with apples, and paid the old man. She left me to close the door. I watched him shuffle down the tiny tiled path that led to the sidewalk. He closed our gate carefully behind him, and started to open the gate next door, but I was quick to tell him that our neighbors were away. He nodded without looking at me, and continued on his way. I hurried into the front sitting room. From the window there, I could see what luck he had at the four other houses that remained for him to visit. By the rapidity with which he retreated from each door, and by the abrupt manner in which he pulled the gates to after him, I judged that he had sold no more apples.



I charged off down to the kitchen. My mother was already peeling the cooking apples. My Uncle Matt, my mother's brother, was standing in the door to the garden, smoking a cigarette. My little sister Derry was sitting on a chair and trying to clasp her hands behind its back.

"I suppose you took every apple he had in the basket," my uncle said to my mother.

"Oh, no," I said quickly. "He had most of them left, and he didn't sell any more. We must have been the only people who bought any."

"What did I tell you?" my mother said, not taking her eyes from the apples. "God help him, it would break your heart to see him standing there with his old hat in his hand."

"A half a dozen would have been enough," my uncle said amiably. "Now you've encouraged him, he'll be on your back the rest of your life. Isn't that so, Maeve?"

"Like the Old Man of the Sea," I said, but they paid no attention to me.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," my mother said to my uncle, "always thinking the worst of everybody. This is the first time I ever laid eyes on him, and I'd be very much surprised if he ever turns up here again. It's not worth it to him, dragging that big basket around from door to door."

I was thinking of the old man who had attached himself to Sindbad the Sailor. I was thinking how helpless and frail the old man had looked when Sindbad first encountered him, and how, after Sindbad took him on his back to carry him, the old man grew heavier and heavier, and stronger and stronger, until, when it was too late, Sindbad began to hate him. It was a story that had fascinated me, especially the description of the old man's cruel, talonlike hands and the way they dug into Sindbad's shoulders.

On the following Thursday, the old apple man again appeared at our door, at the same time in the afternoon. When my mother opened the door, he was standing as before, with his battered hat in his hand and his thin shoulders stooped and the basket of apples beside him, but this time on top of the basket were balanced two large brown paper bags, full of apples. He bent over painfully, lifted the bags, and offered them to my mother, saying something we did not understand. He had to repeat it twice before we caught it. "A dozen of each," he was saying.

My mother started to speak, but changed her mind, turned away, got the money, paid him, and took the apples. I stood at the door and stared at him, hoping to catch in his faded eyes a glimpse of the villainy that had possessed the old sinner Sindbad found on the beach, but this old man seemed to have no sight at all. Again I watched him from the front sitting-room window, and then I joined my mother in the kitchen.

"He didn't go near any of the other houses," I announced. "I suppose he was afraid they wouldn't buy any."

"I suppose he was," my mother said dismally. "But I didn't want two dozen apples today. The most I would have taken was a half a dozen. And I didn't want to say it the other day with your Uncle Matt here, but he charges more than McRory's." McRory's was the store around the corner, where we bought our groceries. "Oh, well," said my mother, "maybe they're better apples." But she left the bags unopened on the kitchen table.

"He was depending on us," I said.

"Oh, I know that very well," my mother said. "I was a fool in the first place, and now I'll never get rid of him. If he turns up *next* Thursday, I'll take a half a dozen and no more. I'll have the exact money ready."

This resolution cheered her, and she spilled the apples out on the table.

"They are very good apples," she said, "I wonder where he gets them."

"I wonder where he comes from," I said.

"Oh, the poor old Christian," she said. "And he probably has to walk all the way."

"Unless he could find someone to carry him," I said.

"Not with all those apples," she said in surprise.

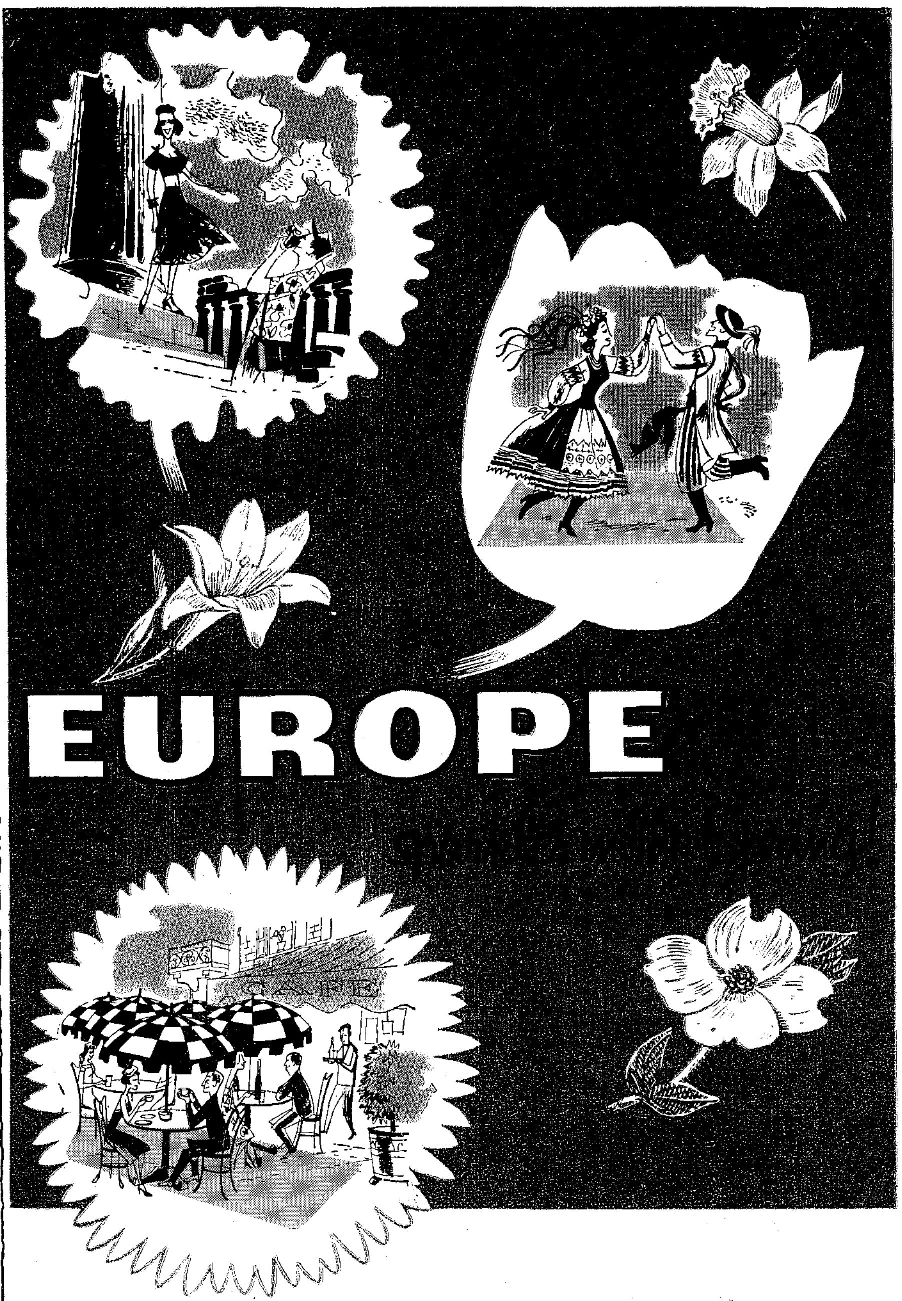
"He looks very tired," I said, trying to remember if his fingers were talon-like.

"Why wouldn't he look tired?" my mother said. "He's a very old man."

The next Thursday, she had the money ready in her hand when she answered the old man's knock. She hardly had the door open before she spoke.

"I only want a half a dozen apples today," she said clearly, smiling at him. I smiled, too, to show that we meant no harm. He already had the bags in his arms and was lifting them up to her. It was a step down from our front door to the path, so that, although she is a small woman, he appeared smaller than she. She gravely repeated what she had said, and shook her head at the bags.

"Just give me a half a dozen," she said, and I could not have told if she



Spring waves a magic wand over Europe touching her age-old cities with brilliant flecks of floral color, tinting her orchards with pastel hues, warming her mountains and valleys with the sunny radiance of a new season. Forests, fields and streams yield up countless delicacies for her tables. Sidewalk cafes blossom forth under budding trees. The world of theatre, music and art is at its very height. Whether it's your first visit or your twentieth, you will be thrilled by Europe in the Spring. And "Thrift Season" savings let you see and do *more* for *less!*

See your Travel Agent—now! For further information, write each country in which interested. Address: National Tourist Office of (name of country), Box 258, Dept. E, New York 17, N. Y.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL COMMISSION

AUSTRIA BELGIUM DENMARK FINLAND FRANCE GERMANY GREAT BRITAIN GREECE ICELAND IRELAND ITALY LUXEMBOURG MONACO NETHERLANDS NORWAY PORTUGAL SPAIN SWEDEN SWITZERLAND TURKEY YUGOSLAVIA

GO "THRIFT SEASON"

was still smiling, because I was staring at the old man. He seemed about to cry. My mother suddenly reached and took the two bags, and hurried away, calling to me to get the money and pay him.

"Now what'll we do?" I asked her when he had gone.

"Oh, it isn't that I mind the apples so much," she said, "but I don't like feeling I *have* to buy them."

"Did you see that his basket is always full up, except for the apples we take?" I said.

"Oh, I suppose he only goes to the ones he's sure of," she said bitterly, "and you can't blame him for that. He's only trying to get along, like everybody else in the world."

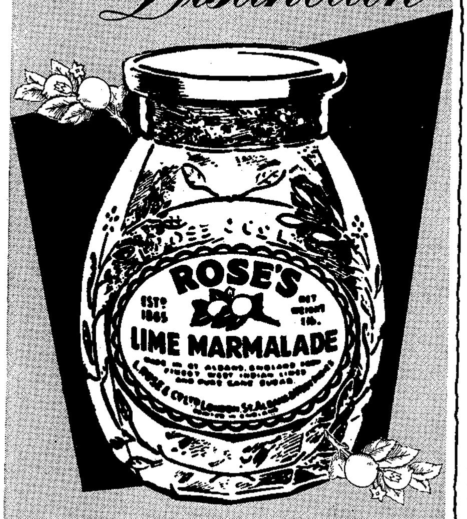
The following few Thursdays, we put up no fight, but I did notice that the old man's fingers were not at all talonlike. They were short and stubby, with bulging knuckles.

Then one Thursday afternoon about three months after we had bought the first, fatal two dozen, my mother decided, everything having gone wrong that day, that she would put her foot down once and for all.

"Now look here," she said, "I'm buying no apples from that old fellow today. Even if I wanted them, I wouldn't buy them. Even if he breaks the door down, I won't answer it."

Derry and I exchanged a glance of anticipation. We were going to pretend we weren't in. We had done that before when unwanted callers came, and we enjoyed it very much. We liked keeping rigidly quiet, listening to the futile knocking at the front door, and we especially enjoyed having our mother at our mercy for those few minutes, because we all felt sure that the least squeak we made, no matter where we were in the house, would betray us to the straining ears outside. Then there was always the sense of triumph when at last we heard our little gate clang shut again and knew that we had defeated our enemy. This time, however, there was an extra suspense that we could not have explained. We were all in the kitchen when the old man's knock came. Our kitchen was separated from our front door only by the length of a small, narrow hall, so we shut the kitchen door. We heard the first knock, and then the second, and then the third. Finally, the old man knocked several times more in rapid succession. Derry and I began to reel around, giggling helplessly, and my mother gave us a reproachful look. She was distressed anyway.

A familiar scratching noise came to



IMPORTS OF Distinction

ROSE'S LIME MARMALADE

Devotees of gastronomy delight in the tangy tart-sweet flavour of this inimitable marmalade. So good the gracious hostess deviates from propriety to serve it by the large spoonfuls. Concocted in England from the pure fruit of tree-ripened West Indies limes.

Write for recipe folder.

A. GOLDMARK & SONS, CORP., N. Y.
Importers of TERRY'S OF YORK CHOCOLATES
CHIVERS OLDE ENGLISH
ORANGE MARMALADE AND PRESERVES
ROSE'S LIME JUICE

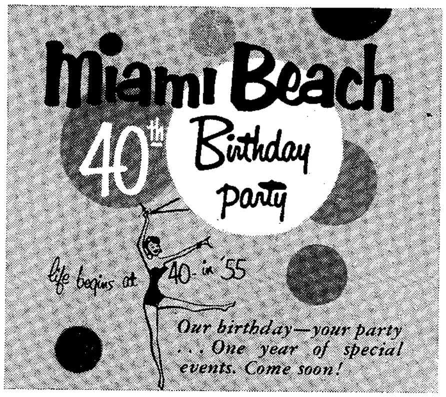
This Season
ENJOY YOUR SUN
in the beauty and luxury of the
ARIZONA
BILTMORE
Our big pictorial folder will give you an idea of our
Unsurpassed Service • Magnificent Setting
Delicious Food • Colorful Pool Area
Championship Golf Course
and many other interesting things to see and do here... Just write to
Mr. George Lindholm, *Manager*
ARIZONA BILTMORE HOTEL
Box 81, PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Transistor
and
Digital
Computer
Techniques

Digital computers similar to the successful Hughes airborne fire control computers are being applied by the Ground Systems Department to the information processing and computing functions of large ground radar weapons control systems.

FIELDS INCLUDE
- TRANSISTOR CIRCUITS
- DIGITAL COMPUTING NETS
- MAGNETIC DRUM & CORE MEMORY
- LOGICAL DESIGN
- PROGRAMMING
- VERY HIGH POWER MODULATORS & TRANSMITTERS
- INPUT & OUTPUT DEVICES
- SPECIAL DISPLAYS
- MICROWAVE CIRCUITS

Scientific and Engineering Staff
Hughes
Research and Development Laboratories
Culver City, Los Angeles County, Calif.
Relocation of applicant must not cause disruption of an urgent military project.



Miami Beach 40th Birthday party
life begins at 40 in '55
Our birthday—your party ... One year of special events. Come soon!

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO
Enjoy food of superb quality served in a distinctive continental atmosphere.
Reservations Suggested
OPEN DAILY... 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

Lake Shore Drive HOTEL
Rooms and Suites
181 East Lake Shore Drive, CHICAGO

our ears, and we gazed at one another, aghast.

"He must have got in somehow," my mother said in a fearful whisper.

I opened the kitchen door very gradually. "He's got his hand in the letter box," I whispered over my shoulder to the others.

In the middle of the front door there was a wide slot, through which the postman pushed letters and papers so that they fell inside on the hall floor. On the outside, the slot was protected by a brass flap, and the old man had lifted this and was trying to peer into the hall. We knew very well that the slot gave only a limited and indistinct view of the hall, but we were unreasonably startled to realize that he had found an opening in the house. Suddenly he began to shout through the slot.

"He's roaring mad!" Derry whispered. "He'll kill us all."

"Can you make out what he's saying?" asked my mother, who was appalled.

"He's saying, 'apple, apple, apple,' " I said.

Derry and I collapsed into hysterical mirth. My mother bundled us out into the garden, and came out herself.

"Have you no heart?" she said. "To laugh at an unfortunate old man who probably never gets enough to eat!"

"Now we're really not in," I said, "because we're out in the garden."

Derry joined me in screeches of laughter.

"If I thought he could hear you," my mother said fiercely to us, "I'd murder you both."

"Well, it's too late to answer the door now," she added. "I couldn't face him after this. I'll make it up to him next week."

There was sudden silence—no knocking, no shouting.

"He's gone away," my mother said, in a tone of guilty relief.

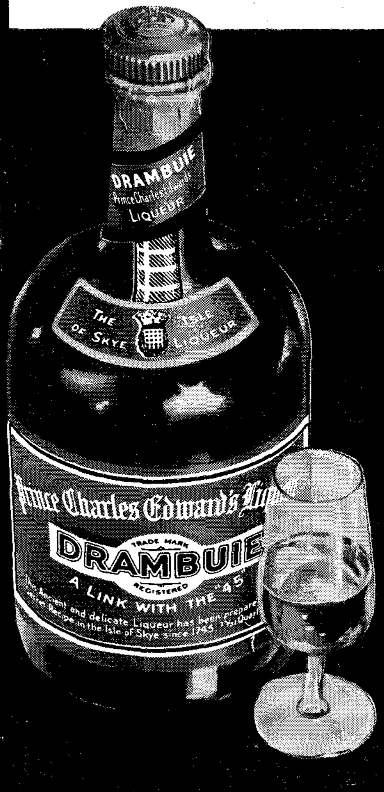
At that moment, the tousled head and avid eyes of the woman next door appeared over the wall that separated our garden from hers. "Mrs. Brennan!" she shouted. She had a powerful voice. "There's an old fellow outside with apples for you. He says he's been at your door for a half an hour. He says he comes regularly and he knows you're depending on him. I told him you were in the garden. He must be back around at your door by now. There he is."

There he was. The knocking had started again.

"Oh, God forgive me!" my mother cried. "That old villain! He must have known I was hiding from him."

"What are you hiding for?" our

"No matter where you are—after dinner there's nothing like a dram of Drambuie"



The only cordial with a Scotch Whisky base

Made in Scotland since 1745 from the secret recipe of Prince Charles Edward's personal liqueur, Drambuie is famous for its unique dry flavour and exquisite bouquet. Enjoy Drambuie "on the rocks"—with twist of lemon peel if desired—or in the traditional cordial glass.

after dinner . . .
a DRAM* of

DRAMBUIE

* Dram—A small drink. When the drink is Drambuie, a luxurious after-dinner adventure.

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

naturally . . .

you will never be more comfortable

PowAire pantie girdle No. 17 with satin Lastex panel . . . $5.95
Matching girdle No. 15 . . . $5.95

The tape measure and your mirror will tell the delightful difference.

underneath it all . . . a Vassarette

Write for Style Booklet: Vassar Company, 2543 Diversey Parkway, Chicago

planning a trip to Europe?

INCLUDE sparkling Scandinavia

DENMARK • FINLAND
NORWAY • SWEDEN

Wonderfully different in many ways . . . yet alike in friendliness! These are happy lands . . . lands of sunlit nights . . . fjords and fairy tale towns . . . ancient castles and modern designs for living . . . gay outdoor cafes and fabulous food! . . . Come in glorious Spring.

Ask your Travel Agent for free illustrated folders, or write

SCANDINAVIAN TRAVEL COMMISSION
Dept. A-6, Box 80, New York 10, N. Y.

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________ STATE__________

neighbor shrieked. "Do you owe him?"

"Oh, no," my mother said indignantly, "but I don't want any apples."

"Well, why don't you just tell him to go about his business?"

"I will, of course. That's what I'm going to do."

"Just give him a piece of your mind for making a nuisance of himself, and shut the door in his face," commanded our neighbor, with relish.

My mother went into our kitchen, took her purse in her hand, and marched to the door, with Derry and me following. The old man was a pitiful sight. He had forgotten to take off his hat, and his eyes glittered, whether with anguish or with anger it would have been hard to say. He pushed the two bags of apples rudely into my mother's arms without looking at her. She opened her purse to pay him, and gave a cry of distress: "Didn't I go and pay the grocer only an hour ago, and I'm fourpence short!" She handed him the money, and showed him that it left her purse empty. "It's all I have in the house at the minute," she said.

He grabbed the money, counted it, and gave her back a dreadful look of contempt. Then he lifted his enormous basket, which was, as always, full to the brim, and turned his back on us. This time, we all stood in the front sitting-room window, and watched him. He didn't close our gate, and he scuttled slowly off down the street as though he couldn't get away from us fast enough.

"First, he thought we were making fun of him," my mother said, "and now he thinks I was trying to bargain with him. He might have known I'd make it up to him the next time."

She, who never tried to bargain with anybody in her life, was filled with shame.

"Next week, we'll have the door open for him before he knocks," I said.

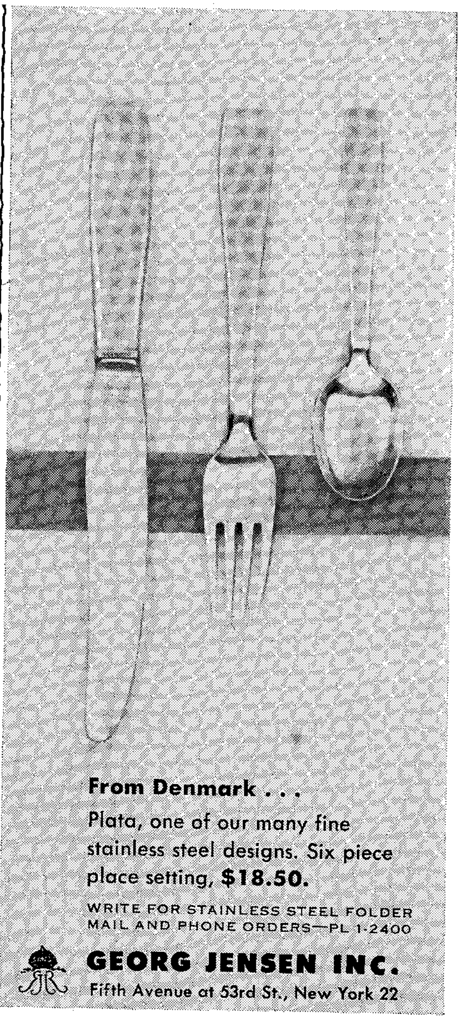
BUT the following week there was no sign of the old man, and he never came near us again, although, filled with remorse, we watched for him. One afternoon, my Uncle Matt dropped around to see us, and my mother, in a confiding mood, told him the whole story.

"Well, I could have told you," he said, grinning.

"It wasn't so much the apples, you know," my mother said.

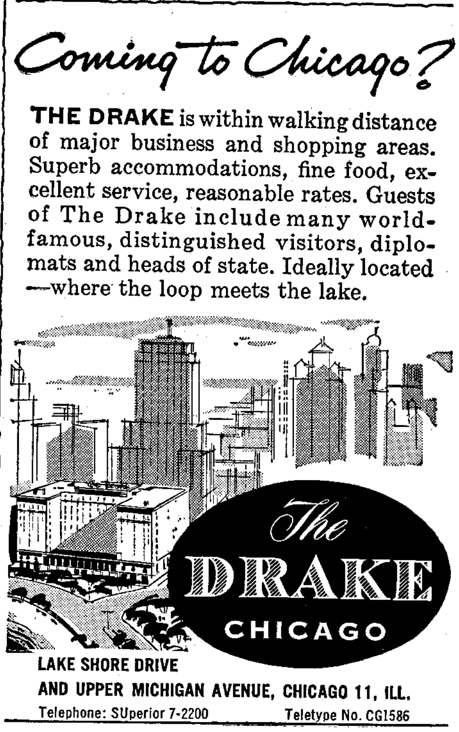
"Oh, no," said my uncle. "You'd have liked him to come to your door and ask straight out for money, like the rest of your beggars."

My mother was noted for her in-


From Denmark . . .
Plata, one of our many fine stainless steel designs. Six piece place setting, **$18.50.**

WRITE FOR STAINLESS STEEL FOLDER
MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS—PL 1-2400

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd St., New York 22


Coming to Chicago?

THE DRAKE is within walking distance of major business and shopping areas. Superb accommodations, fine food, excellent service, reasonable rates. Guests of The Drake include many world-famous, distinguished visitors, diplomats and heads of state. Ideally located —where the loop meets the lake.

The DRAKE CHICAGO

LAKE SHORE DRIVE
AND UPPER MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 11, ILL.
Telephone: SUperior 7-2200 Teletype No. CG1586

The Henge

The Caribbean cousin of "Stonehenge", destined to be equally famous for its eatables and potables, is *open now*
VICTOR GILBERT, "Skinker"
Christiansted, St. Croix (U.S. Virgin Islands)

ability to refuse food, clothes, or money to anybody who came to the door.

"How many times must I tell you not to call them beggars," she said angrily now to my uncle. "They're just unfortunate, and I wouldn't be so quick to laugh at them if I were you."

"Well, you're well rid of *him*," my uncle said. "And I may as well tell you now that I saw him strolling down O'Connell Street the other morning wearing a suit of clothes that I couldn't afford to buy, and not an apple in sight. There's your poor old man for you."

"Now how did you know it was him?" my mother cried skeptically. "You never saw him at all."

"Wasn't I here the first time he came to the door? I was standing in the middle of the kitchen, and you had the hall door wide open. Of course I saw him."

"Well, you're making all that up about seeing him on O'Connell Street."

"I saw him, and I passed close enough to touch him. He had his married daughter from Drumcondra with him."

"And how do you know she was his married daughter from Drumcondra, may I ask?"

"Oh, you couldn't mistake *her*," my uncle said airily. "I knew her by the way she was wearing her hat."

"That tongue of yours, Matt," my mother said. "I never know whether to believe you or not."

For my part, I believed every word my uncle said. —MAEVE BRENNAN

•

SHIPBOARD

That line is the horizon line.
The blue above it is divine.
The blue below it is marine.
Sometimes the blue below is green.

Sometimes the blue above is gray,
Betokening a cloudy day.
Sometimes the blue below is white,
Foreshadowing a windy night.

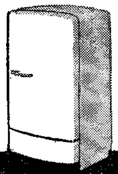
Sometimes a drifting coconut
Or albatross adds color, but
The blue above is mostly blue.
The blue below and I are, too.

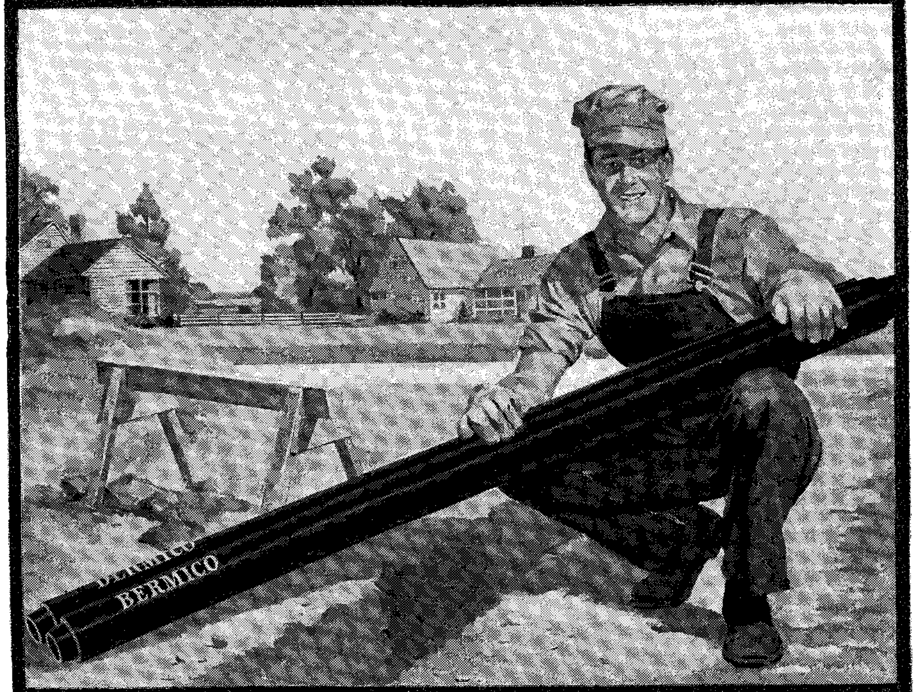
—JOHN UPDIKE

•

Belgium's Baron Robert Silvercruys and his beautiful blond Baroness—she was the widow of Sen. Brien McMahon of Connecticut until her marriage last year—were there, the latter wearing a gown of pale blue and gold Italian silk fashioned with a Dior neckline, the skirt sheath-slim in front and billowing into a trial at the back.—*Washington News.*

She asked for it.





BERMICO®
LIFETIME PIPE

YOUR FIRST COST IS YOUR LAST COST!

Before you install any sewer pipe, it will pay you to consider all these facts about Bermico...

Permanence ... you never have to replace Bermico because it gives you a *lifetime* of trouble-free service.

Cost...with Bermico you get the best in low-cost root-proof sewer pipe.

Root-Proof ... Bermico's accurately machined couplings and joints insure tight connections—permanent protection against root penetration, when properly installed.

Corrosion-proof ... acids and alkalies normally found in soils can't affect Bermico.

Ease of installation ... Bermico installs easier and faster because its longer 8-foot lengths are light and uniform. A few light hammer taps seal the joints permanently. Complete line of fittings, made from the same material, is also available.

Shock-Resistant ... Bermico stands up under the shock of heavy traffic loads.

Uses ... Bermico fits every need—for house-to-sewer connections, septic tanks, downspout drains; perforated Bermico for drainage or irrigation.

Your best buy ... ask your plumbing and heating contractor, building materials dealer, or write to Dept. GB-1, at our Boston office.

Complete line of Bermico Wyes, Tees, and Bends

[illegible]

Slim, smooth look . . . a wide collared, pearl buttoned Tootal* linen sheath by David Crystal. Tebilized* for crease resistance. Ice blue, pink, white or black.
***® Sizes 10-20. $39.95**

J. J. Jonas

14 West 55th St.
NEW YORK CITY

189 Bradley Place
PALM BEACH, FLA.

The best after dinner speech . . :

"Which Cusenier will you have?"

Freezomint *(Creme de Menthe)* 60 proof
Blackberry, 60 proof Orange Curacao, 84 proof
. . . and 14 other distinctive cordials.
Also available in half bottles.

imported from France

CUSENIER
CORDIALS

Sole U. S. Distr., BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.

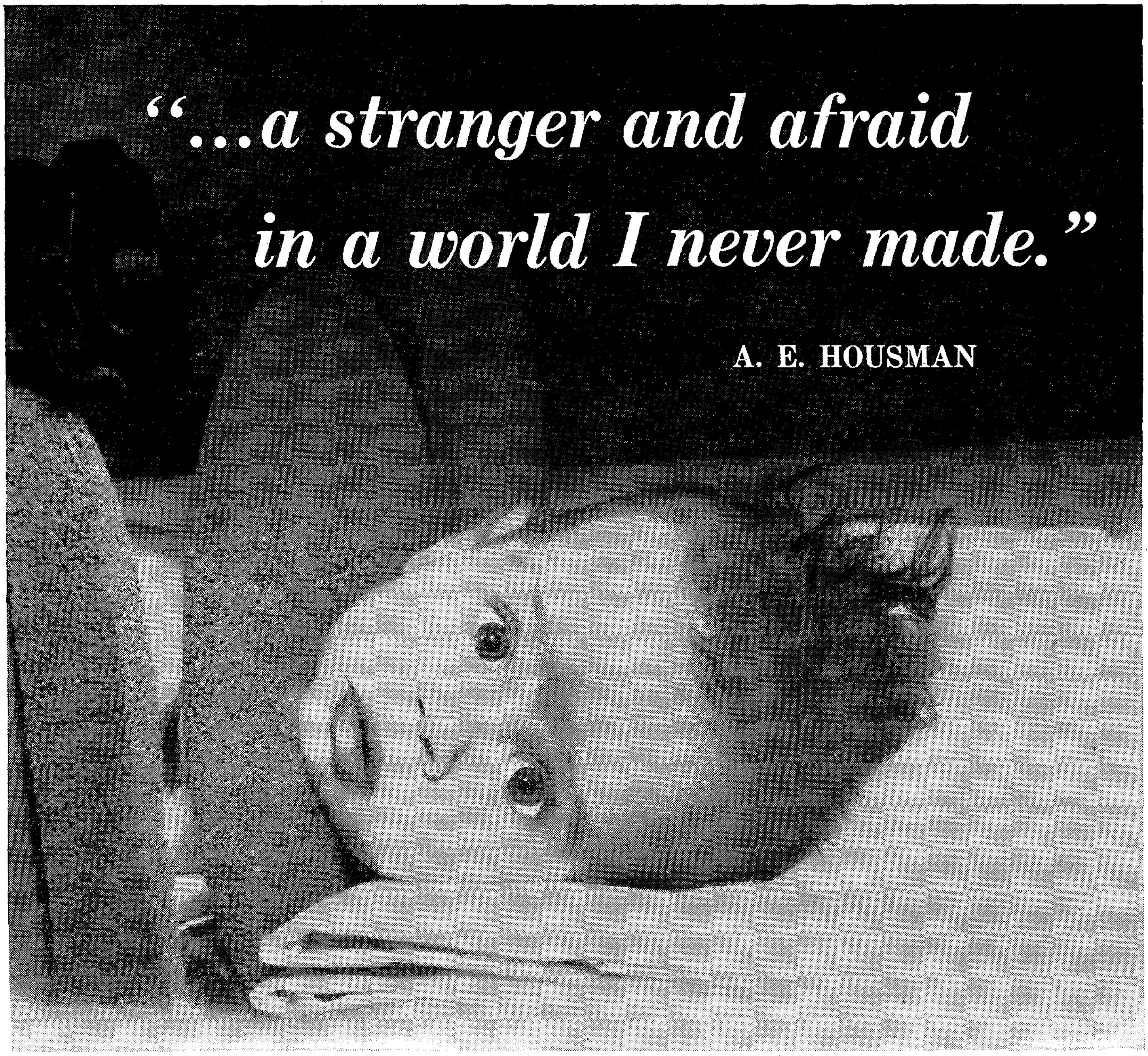
TELEVISION

Dr. Oppenheimer

MR. EDWARD R. MURROW, who has a passion for doing fine things on television, came along on his "See It Now" program (C.B.S.) last week with one of his finest things. His idea was basically so simple that it made one wonder why other members of the broadcasting fraternity hadn't beat him to it. It was to permit Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the Director of the Institute for Advanced Study, at Princeton, to speak his mind for half an hour on a variety of topics, with Mr. Murrow remaining unobtrusively in the background, and only occasionally steering him into a particular channel of thought. When it was all over, I must confess, I was overwhelmed by the beauty and candor of the program, by the beauty and candor of the principal speaker, and by the courage of Mr. Murrow in pushing ahead with his project and seeing it through. To get right down to it, Mr. Murrow seems to have more courage—or, to use the midtown term, guts—than many of his brethren, and that alone may be the explanation of why he interviewed Dr. Oppenheimer before anybody else did. In any event, the half hour was thoroughly engrossing—even hypnotic—and it will be a long time before I forget it. For one thing, there was the office of Dr. Oppenheimer—the crammed bookcases, the desk littered with stacked papers, manuscripts, and books, the blackboard scrawled with the mysterious beckoning symbols of higher physics. For another, there was Mr. Murrow—quiet, smiling, an intelligent observer, and possessed of an obvious pride in the man he was interviewing—and, I hope, in himself. And, of course, there was Dr. Oppenheimer, a true study, I should think, in genius—tense, dedicated, deeper than deep, somewhat haunted, uncertain, calm, confident, and full, full, full of knowledge, not only of particles and things but of men and motives, and of the basic humanity that may be the only savior we have in this strange world he and his colleagues have discovered.

Dr. Oppenheimer is a thin man, with crew-cut gray hair. He sat at his desk and smoked his pipe ferociously. It kept going out, and he kept lighting it, with fierce, sharp movements. Once, he rose, as if on a sudden impulse, and, moving over to the hieroglyphic-covered blackboard, discoursed on something that was clearly of the utmost aesthetic and intellectual importance to him and meant absolutely nothing to me. In short, he was himself at all times, and he had a great many things to say that bear repeating. Mr. Murrow wondered about the Institute itself—what it is like, and so on. Dr. Oppenheimer was charmed by the query. It was plain that he loves the Institute and what it stands for. There are no phones ringing, he said, and the people on the staff don't go to committee meetings. This lack of interruption, he maintained, is a great handicap for many people—they count on being interrupted, "in order to live." "Failure is, of course, I guess, an inevitable condition of success," he went on. "So they're used to having to attend to other people's business. When they get here, there is nothing of that, and they can't run away." He said that the purpose of the Institute is "to help men who are creative and deep and active and struggling scholars and scientists to get the job done that it is their destiny to do," and added, "This is a big order, and we take a corner of it. We do the best we can. The kind of intimacy, the kind of understanding, the kind of comradeship that is possible in a place of this size is hard to maintain in a place ten times as big."

And what sort of men work at the Institute? Dr. Oppenheimer's eyes became even more alive and burning, and he seemed excited beyond measure at the thought of the people he was associated with. There were the pure mathematicians—Hassler Whitney, for instance, whose field is topology, a study of relationships that deals with shape and arrangement, rather than measurements and size. There was Jean Piaget, who investigates the way children learn to think and "how they learn notions of cause, notions of time, notions of number—all the things Kant thought you were born with. But you are not born with them." There was Marston Morse—"I hate to say it, he is almost a statesman of mathematics." And Deane Montgomery, "who solved a famous problem of Riemann—which I'm not going to define—and astonished us all a few years ago." And a Dutchman, Abraham Pais, and an Englishman, Freeman Dyson, who "in quite different ways are struggling with the problems that interest me." And many more—Einstein ("one of the most lovable of men"), Bohr ("we have with him an arrangement which we reserve



This baby was stricken with polio last July when he was three months old. Bobby Hill of Blanchester, Ohio, was America's youngest iron lung patient.

An emergency March of Dimes respirator saved his life.

Recently, Bobby has been freed from the respirator to begin the long therapy needed to strengthen polio-weakened limbs. His journey back — from iron lung to play pen — is still a rough one, but he will not be alone.

For Bobby Hill — and thousands of other Americans hit by polio — will have help in the long, hard pull necessary to rebuild their shattered lives. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis will refashion new worlds for all these children and adults born too soon to benefit from any polio vaccine.

It's a BIGGER job now!

JOIN THE MARCH OF DIMES

for our best friends"), and Panofsky. Is there reluctance on the part of scientists to work for the government? "No. I don't think so." But work for the government implies applied science, Dr. Oppenheimer said, and if every scientist devoted himself to applied science, "it would be terrible for us." He felt that all people, including scientists, enjoyed being called upon for advice. "I suppose that when the government behaves badly in a field you are working close to, and when decisions that look cowardly or vindictive or shortsighted or mean are made very close to your area, then you get discouraged, and you may—may—recite George Herbert's poem 'I Will Abroad.' But I think that's human rather than scientific." The impediments placed in the way of travel and free exchange of information among scientists? "This is terrible. This is just terrible, and seems a wholly fantastic and grotesque way to meet the threat of espionage. Just an enormous apparatus, surely not well designed for that, and terrible for those of us who live with it." Have we discovered a method of destroying humanity? "I suppose that really has always been true. You could always beat everybody to death. You mean, to do it by inadvertence? Not quite, not quite. You can certainly destroy enough of humanity so that only the greatest act of faith can persuade you that what's left will be human." A few more remarks: "It isn't the layman that's ignorant. It's everybody that's ignorant. . . . The trouble with secrecy isn't that it inhibits science; it could, but in this country it's hardly been used that way. The trouble with secrecy is that it denies to the government itself the wisdom and the resources of the whole community, of the whole country. The only thing you can do is to let almost anyone say what he thinks, to try to give the best synopses, the best popularizations, and to let men deny what they think is false, argue [against] what they think is false, have a free and uncorrupted communication. . . . There aren't secrets about the world of nature. There are secrets about the thoughts and intentions of men."

And there were a great many other notable things said by Dr. Oppenheimer, who is, incidentally, a security risk. —PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

Jenkins raced across to the north side of the street and the two cops took after him. When they hit Fifth Ave., King drew his gun and fired into the air to get the crows on the avenue out of the way. —*The News.*

Those are pigeons, son.

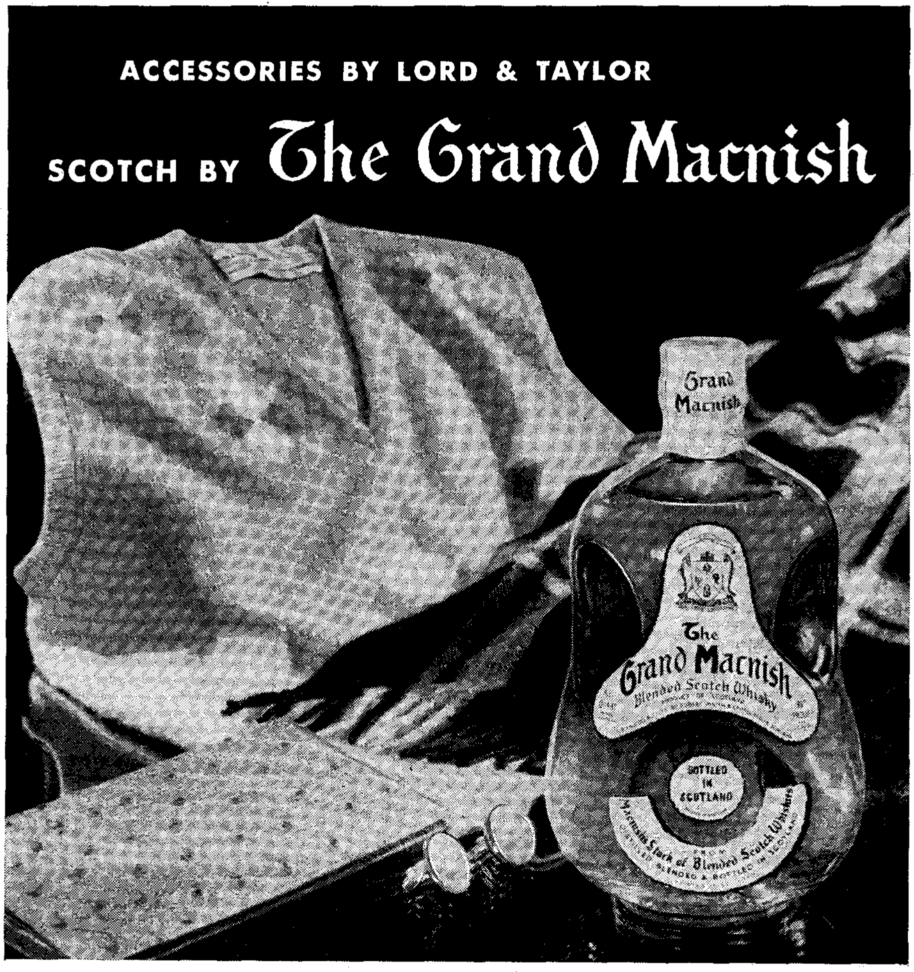
says an engineer

. . . "I judge solely by facts—the record for on-time arrivals and departures is what impresses me about

SWISSAIR

TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHTS

NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES


ACCESSORIES BY LORD & TAYLOR
SCOTCH BY The Grand Macnish
Grand Macnish
The Grand Macnish Blended Scotch Whisky
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—86 PROOF—IMPORTED BY JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

MUSICAL EVENTS

Anderson at the Met

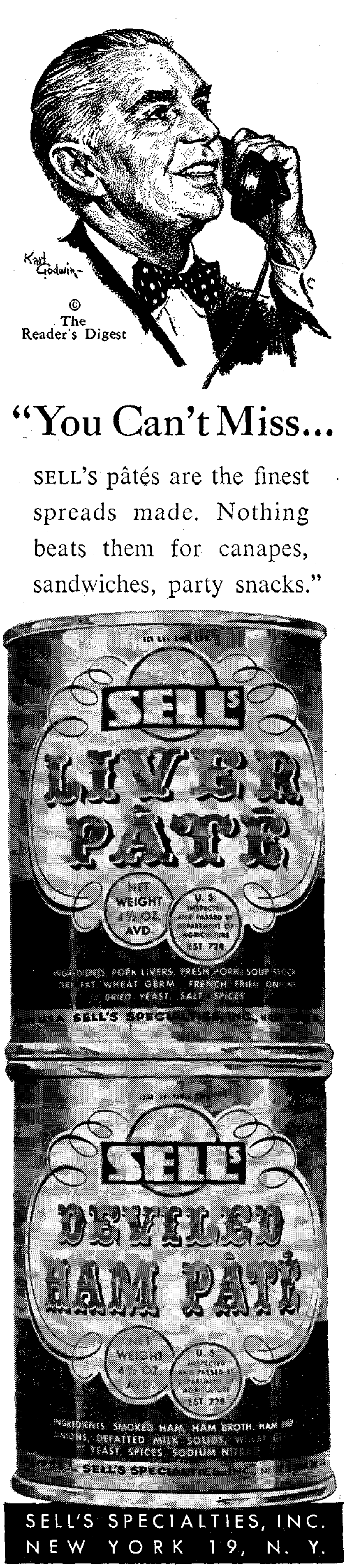
I MUST confess to a feeling of relief that the publicity and righteous sentiment attending the début of Marian Anderson at the Metropolitan Opera House have finally died down, so that the institution can now proceed to hire the best Negro singers without seeming to be involved in a crusade of sociological rather than artistic significance. As everybody knows, the precedent set by Miss Anderson in last Friday evening's performance of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" was long overdue, not only as far as the Metropolitan was concerned but also as far as Miss Anderson herself was concerned. And because of this I found the evening an occasion for sadness as well as rejoicing. Miss Anderson's voice—once so lovely, limpid, and unforgettably evocative—is far past its prime. The role allotted to her was a minor one that has always been difficult to project effectively. She showed, understandably, considerable nervousness in attacking it, and even when this initial nervousness had worn off, she failed to produce the brilliant result that the historic event seemed to demand. The audience gave her a thundering ovation, but I'm afraid that its applause was for the principle of the thing, and not for the specific artistic contribution she made. Her voice was unexpectedly small and tremulous in the vast spaces of the Metropolitan, and her stage personality, I regret to say, was timid and lacking in authority. The event should have occurred years before; coming at this time, it was hardly more than a gesture.

Still, the gesture was obviously in the right direction, and Miss Anderson, because of her position as the most celebrated of living Negro singers, was perhaps, after all, the appropriate person to break the ice. And now that it is broken, the Metropolitan will doubtless continue to hire artists without reference to the pigmentation of their skin. There are, I suspect, many fine Negro singers who deserve a place on its roster; certainly the appearance of Negro singers in opera has been by no means a rarity elsewhere. One who comes insistently to mind is the young coloratura soprano Mattiwilda Dobbs, who created a furor as Zerbinetta in last year's performance of "Ariadne auf Naxos" by the Little Orchestra Society at Town Hall. She is an extremely impressive singer, and a search will undoubtedly reveal others.

The production of "Un Ballo in Maschera" was, on the whole, a good one, with a cast containing some of the Metropolitan's best Italian-style artists, and Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted it crisply and energetically, though he was not, in my opinion, as much at home in the suave melodies of Verdi as he was in the volcanic orchestral rumblings of "Salome" three weeks previously. Leonard Warren, as Renato, sang with the dignity and eloquence that one has come to expect from him, and, I think, carried off the main vocal honors of the evening. Richard Tucker was in fine voice, and produced many a ringing note in the role of Riccardo. Zinka Milanov, as Amelia, was not in her very best form, but despite some lapses from correct pitch and a few rather carelessly spun phrases, she had her moments of exquisite tone and moving vocal drama. Roberta Peters sang the role of the page with the admirable dash and security she has so often exhibited in the past. As Verdi operas go, "Un Ballo in Maschera" is, of course, a somewhat spotty affair, which makes its effect through a few stunning scenes, mostly in the third act and at the close of the second. They were so beautifully sung on Friday night that I found them well worth waiting for.

George Szell, as the current conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, appears to be doggedly hewing himself a niche as a champion almost exclusively of well-worn classics. If he were a conductor with lesser gifts, I should find his symphonic activities so conventional as to be uninteresting. After all, items like Brahms' Fourth Symphony have been performed here in recent years by conductors of towering artistry and are available on phonograph records in interpretations so near perfection that few concert performances can ever be expected to surpass them. Having made this point, however, I must admit that Mr. Szell undertakes his scholarly and overfamiliar duties with great dedication and technical brilliance, and since his audience seems quite content with the programs he offers, I suppose my complaint must be regarded as a purely personal one.

Last Thursday evening in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Szell did, in fact, conduct Brahms' Fourth Symphony with a nota-



"You Can't Miss...

SELL'S pâtés are the finest spreads made. Nothing beats them for canapes, sandwiches, party snacks."

SELL'S SPECIALTIES, INC.
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

ble power and incisiveness. He preceded it with a swift and somewhat hard-driven performance of the overture to Smetana's "The Bartered Bride" and with what was, all in all, a very fine reading of Chopin's E-Minor Piano Concerto, in which the distinguished pianist Claudio Arrau appeared as soloist. The concerto is not a uniformly inspired work, but its best passages (particularly the long and magnificent slow movement) are rich in the peculiar lyricism that was Chopin's special contribution to the literature of the piano—a kind of lyricism that, for all its Polish nostalgia, derives from the Italian operatic style, and that might be described as a sort of pianistic *bel canto.* Mr. Arrau showed himself a master of its phraseological subtleties, and I think he deserved the hearty applause that followed. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

HAZARDS OF LIFE DEPT.

[*From the Digest of Opinions—The Judge Advocates General of the Armed Forces*]

§17. Misconduct or Willful Neglect, Generally

§17.1. Generally.

An enlisted man visited another man's wife at an early morning hour and got into bed with her. The husband, a nightshift worker, returned home unexpectedly and found the enlisted man and his wife in bed together. In the ensuing uproar, the husband shot the enlisted man in the foot. HELD: The injury was a reasonably foreseeable result of the enlisted man's actions. Accordingly, the injuries were suffered not in line of duty, but were the result of the enlisted man's own misconduct. Going to bed with another man's wife in the other man's home is a hazardous pastime even if it is thought that the other man would be busy most of the night working on a nightshift. . . . Op JAGN 1953/187. 16 October 1953

•

Mrs. Grace Knudsen of Evans Mills reports a strange incident in the bird world.

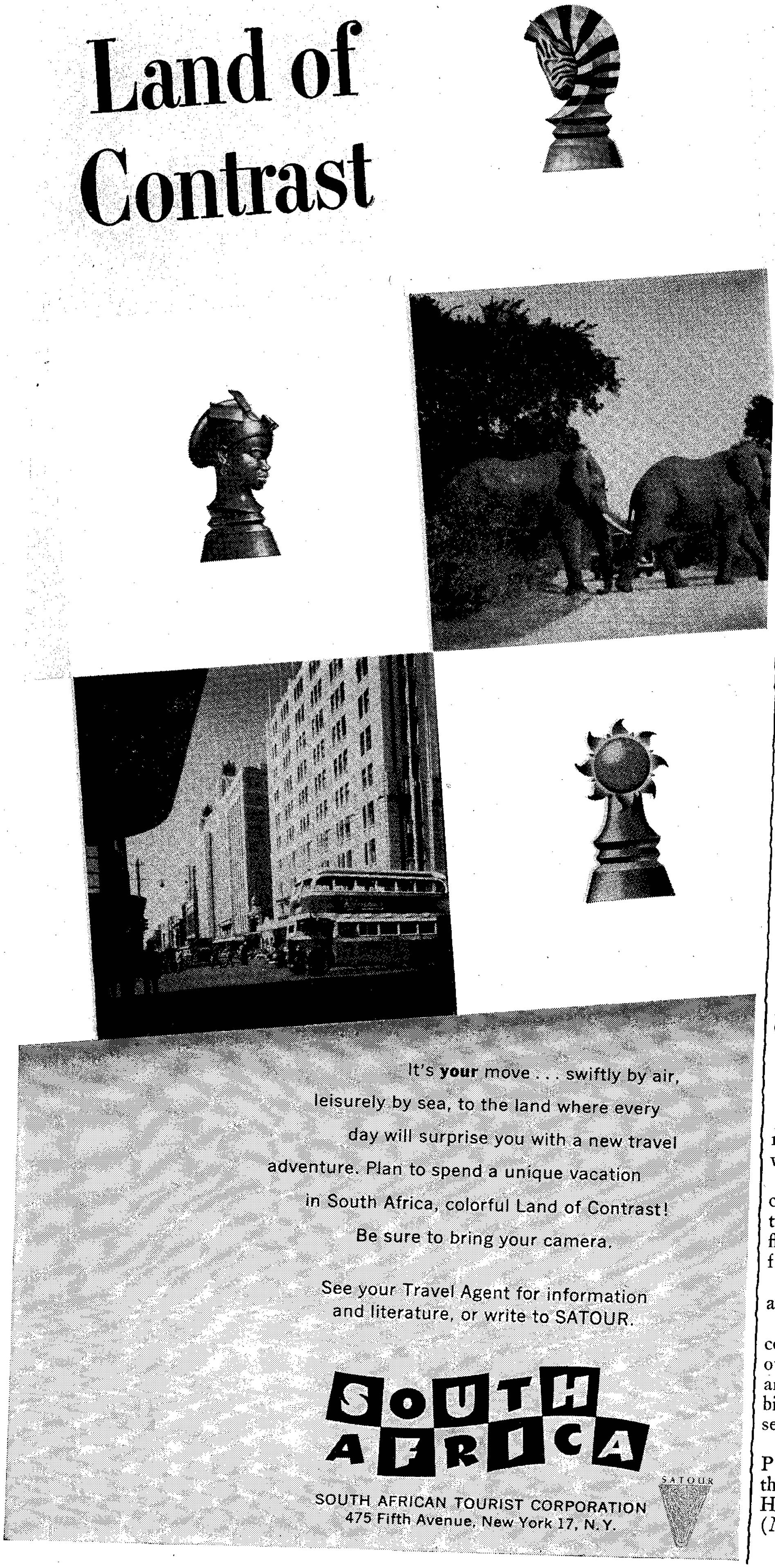
One day recently she noticed her two pet canaries lying crouched on the floor of their cage. They appeared ill, but later flew to their perches and seemed watchful.

The next day the same thing occurred again.

Upon investigating, Mrs. Knudsen discovered a butcher bird on the window sill outside. Feathers were stuck on the pane and seemed to indicate that the butcher bird had tried to fly through the window to seize the canaries as his prey.

Mrs. Knudsen is the mother of Mrs. Patrick B. McGinnis. Mr. McGinnis is the president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad.—*Watertown* (*N.Y.*) *Times.*

That wouldn't make any difference.



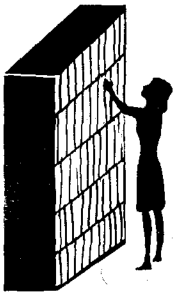
It's **your** move . . . swiftly by air, leisurely by sea, to the land where every day will surprise you with a new travel adventure. Plan to spend a unique vacation in South Africa, colorful Land of Contrast! Be sure to bring your camera.

See your Travel Agent for information and literature, or write to SATOUR.

SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION
475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

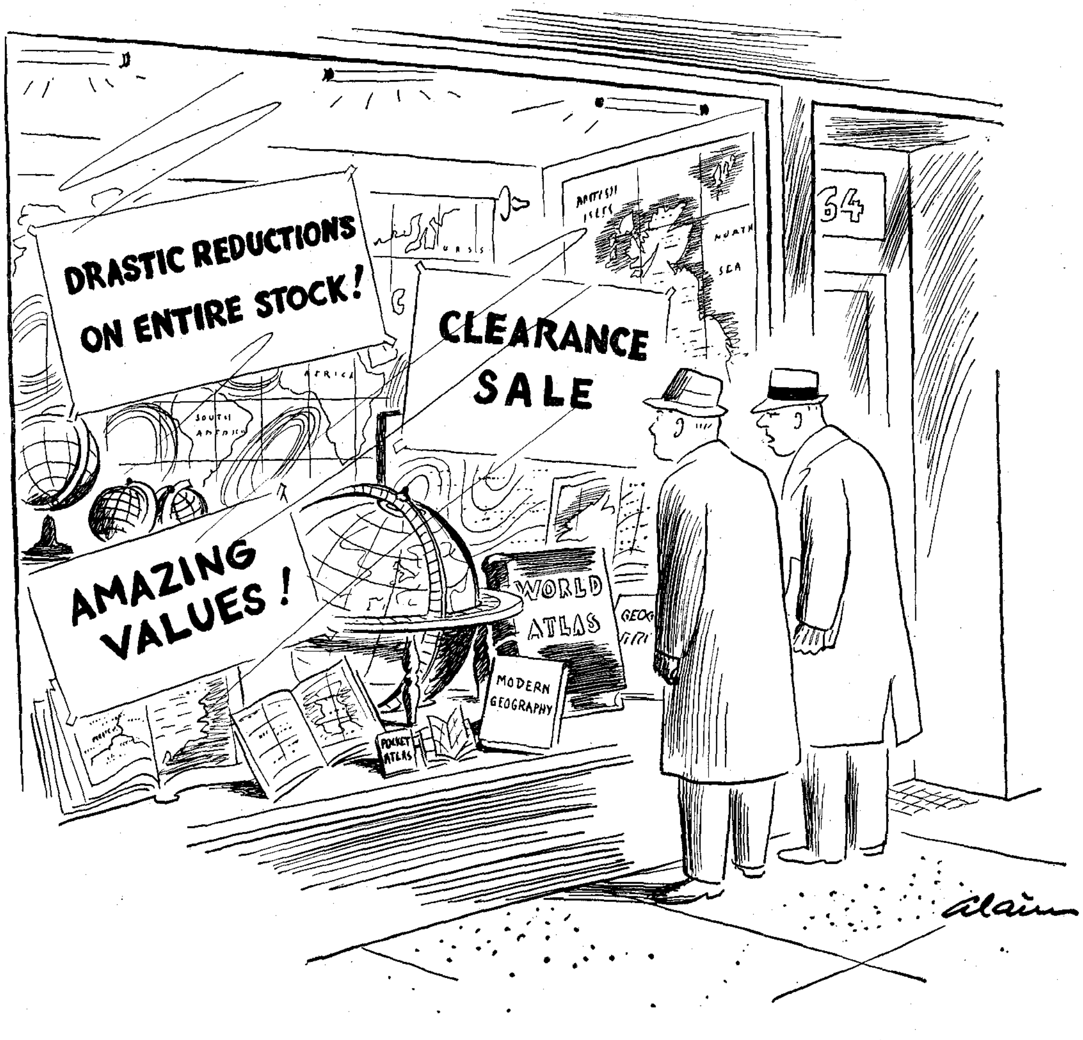
BOOKS

Trials



“Out Went the Candle,” by Harvey Swados (Viking), is a long, earnest, ambitious, intelligent, and, alas, not very appealing novel. The time is during and just after the Second World War, the place is mostly suburban New Jersey, and the circumstance is the growing up of four young people whose problems appear to leave the author by turns sympathetic, appalled, and merely ill at ease, with the result that the conscientious reader is never quite sure how to respond. Dare he laugh here? Is irritation, the emotion he feels at certain points, the emotion he is expected to feel? What *is* this tangle of stricken hopes intended to convey? The four entangled young people are Joe Burley, a reporter for a newspaper in Bergen County who has quit his job in order to take, at a small local college called Benedict, courses that will enable him to procure a commission in the Army and thus honorably outwit his draft board; Betsy Felton, a bright, pretty, and nearly always desperate-seeming girl, whom Joe meets at Benedict; Betsy’s brother Morrow, already in the Army and already in serious trouble with his superiors; and Betsy’s spindly scarecrow of a friend, Benton Traynor, known as Bunty, who is attending college because the moment he stops submitting to an education a trust fund established to pay for his education will stop and he and his mother will be penniless. Bunty’s mother is a widow, his father having committed suicide many years before. She is an alcoholic and spends much of Bunty’s income on liquor and gambling. Joe’s mother, also a widow, is the operator of a successful second-rate restaurant. Betsy’s mother is a fat, breathless doll, suffering from a more or less authentic heart condition, and her father is a passionately aggressive businessman in the garment district in New York, for whom the war is an opportunity to cheat and prosper on a scale that would have been impossible for him in peacetime. Joe, Bunty, and the Feltons are aware of being members of a graduated social order. Bunty is the scion of a once great American family; Joe is of undistinguished but comfortably Early American stock; and the Feltons, recent émigrés from the Bronx, are originally from who knows where. Bunty and Joe are Protestants and the Feltons are Jewish, and the difference is always intensely, naggingly there. (“I know Mr. Burley’s mother Mrs. Blanche Burley,” Betsy’s father writes her, in one of the illiterate letters he is in the habit of dashing off while on business trips to “Chi” and other cities. “Very nice but *goyim*, alright to have some fun with, occassional date, but never for serious partnership, don’t encourage him since he is going to War.”)

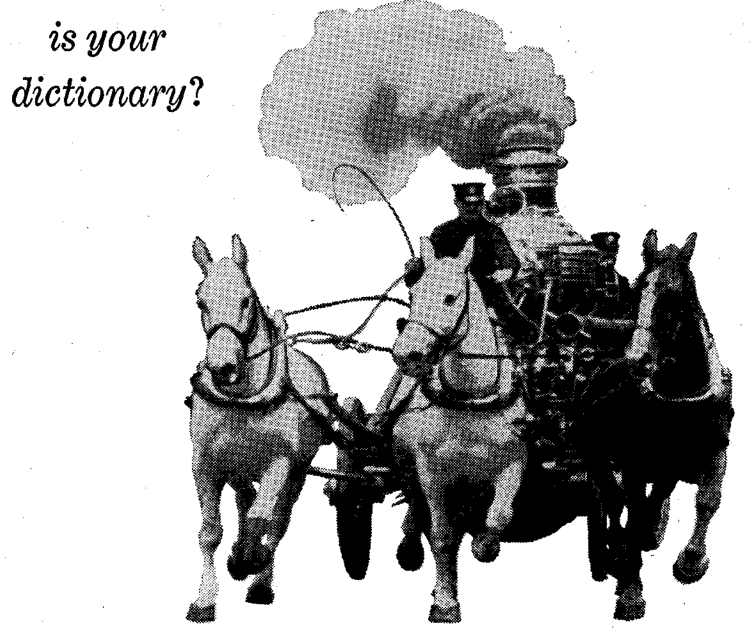
It is the doomed, never-in-the-least-merry merry-go-round of those four young lives that we follow with increasing perplexity and distress from one page to the next, but it is Betsy’s father who gives the merry-go-round a center on which to turn. Herman Felton is a crook; endlessly greedy, endlessly resourceful, endlessly hypocritical (he writes on another occasion, “Here I am, a Jew whose strife was to remove poverty—try to make the path of my children that of avoidance of trial and error—abolish pitfalls and have joy of my family”), he is also at every moment superbly alive, and if all that he builds ends in destruction, destruction has its own energy, even its own modes of beauty. Though Felton is a monster, little by little we perceive that the one thing worse than a world capable of generating Feltons would be a world incapable of generating them. Betsy, loving and hating her father, wishing that she were a man like him and wishing that he had never been born, tears herself to tatters against his harsh surface; Morrow, loving and hating his father, first becomes a crook in order to outdo him, then ends by pitying him in his ruin and going off to fight in Palestine, purged of the qualities that they have



“Do you suppose they know something that we don’t know?”

shared; while Joe, prompted by Bunty, seeks out the sick and defeated old man, and, in consenting to accept him as a surrogate father, consents at last to loving Betsy, which he has always longed to do and feared to do. Troubled boy, in short, gets troubled girl—or, as the author puts it, in the final sentence of the novel (luckily, not a characteristic sample of the color of his prose): "Just as the war had begun for him when he had been impaled on Betsy's brave and brittle lance in their first days together, so now the war would end for him once and for all when he entered her room and offered to share with her the bewilderment and terror of her broken world; and he would be ready for what the vast, dark vault of the future held for him and for all those who, like himself, would never grant that they had come into the world too late."

Mr. Swados' novel is depressing and imperfect, but Mr. Swados has not been easy on himself; one can both admire what he has attempted and deplore what he has failed to accomplish. In "Trial," a novel by Don M. Mankiewicz (Harper), one can only deplore what the author has attempted and deplore what he has accomplished. This is the Harper Prize Novel for 1955, which means that it has received an award of ten thousand dollars and a helpful automatic push up the ladder of the best-seller lists. It was chosen by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., Orville Prescott, and Bernard DeVoto as the best of eight hundred and eighty-six novels submitted in the contest, and it is to be supposed that their choice reflects the quality of the manuscripts rained down upon them rather than their own intellectual standards. Unlike Mr. Swados, Mr. Mankiewicz has been easy on himself. He is evidently one of that large group of contemporary novelists who have as their motto "Don't get it right, get it written." For them, *le mot juste* means the word that has just come to mind. Mr. Mankiewicz thinks nothing of writing, "It was the pop of the buttons and the clicks as they fell against the brick floor and the ugly sound of the tearing cloth that caused Marie suddenly to pit her strength against Angel's in a frantic effort to raise herself from half supinity in his lap, and, failing in the attempt, to rake her hand against his face." "Supinity" indeed! And not merely "supinity," but "half supinity"! Moreover, he is satisfied to sketch a setting with "The room beyond the door behind the bench was bare, minus the worn leather chairs and the walls of law books customary in a



How 'dated' is your dictionary?

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY is the first truly *new* dictionary in more than three decades. New from A to Z — 142,000 entries, each word freshly defined for modern usage. 1760 pages. In cloth, $5; thumb-indexed, $6, at booksellers. THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Cleveland and New York

LONDON
PARIS
CANNES

GODFREY DAVIS

Europe's first name in Car Hire

CAR HIRE

1954 BRITISH and FRENCH MODELS

For full details of Self-drive and Chauffeur-driven Services write, cable, telephone or call—

GODFREY DAVIS LTD. 7 ECCLESTON ST., LONDON, S. W. 1.
Telephone: SLOane 0022
Cables: Quickmilez, London
Also at Neasden Lane, London, N.W. 10

S. F. L. GODFREY DAVIS
38 Avenue de Friedland
Paris 8e
Telephone: WAGram 73-49
Cables: Quickmilez, Paris
Also at CANNES

If you prefer to buy a new British Car to use in Britain and take home afterwards. Godfrey Davis will be pleased to make all necessary arrangements.

R.S.V.P.
ELSA MAXWELL'S OWN STORY

"... wonderfully entertaining exercise in name-dropping." —*The New Yorker.* Fabulous photographs.

***$5.00** at all bookstores*

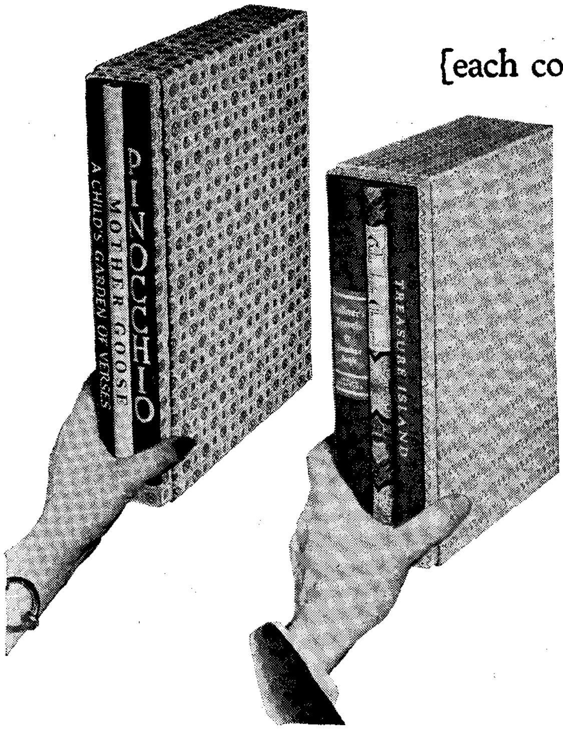
LITTLE, BROWN

C'EST MAGNIFIQUE

Add a dash
of Pernod
to your Salads,
Soufflés and
Newburghs.

PERNOD
liqueur • 100 proof
PRODUCED & BOTTLED IN U.S.A.
SOLE U.S. AGENT CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD.

Now you may have either of these $8 Gift Boxes Free



[each containing three beautiful, *beautiful* children's classics—for you to give some Lucky Young Person]

—if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club & get beautiful books like these for yourself:

Yes, you may NOW—and for a period of five months—TRY OUT this successful cooperative plan by which you obtain a unique collection of the world's classics, especially illustrated by the world's greatest artists, planned by the leading book designers, and well printed on fine papers—for the same price as ordinary rental library fiction . . .

AND RECEIVE ONE OF THESE $8 GIFT BOXES FREE!

NEVER FEAR, there is a method in this seeming madness! There is a reason behind what may seem to you an unreasonably generous offer. This is it:

Grown-ups buy more books to give to children than they buy for themselves. Therefore, since there must be one Lucky Young Person to whom *you* would like to give some books, the directors of The Heritage Club have decided to turn over to you a wonderfully handsome Gift Box which you can use for just that purpose—because we hope it will spur you [and, if you have read this far, we do mean *you!*] into obtaining a Trial Membership in this Club for yourself.

You can't always do this! The membership roll of The Heritage Club is not always open to new members. When that does happen, as now, the opportunity is one you should not neglect.

THE MEMBERS OF The Heritage Club regularly come into possession of those "classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." They come into possession of books beautifully designed, printed on papers chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, well bound and boxed: AND *the members obtain these books for the same price that they pay for ordinary rental library books!*

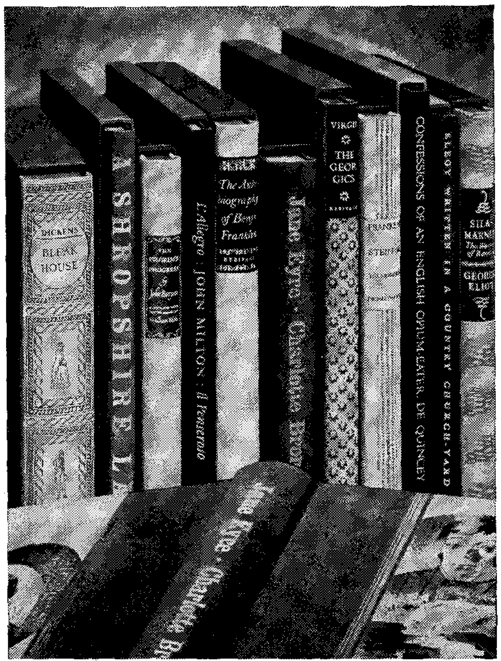
If *you* try this system, you will in the coming five months receive five books, at a cost of only $3.95 each—or *only $3.55 each* if you pay for the books in advance! Then, when the members receive the Prospectus for the next annual Series, that Prospectus will go to you; and you can decide, after you will have had five of the books, whether you want to continue.

DURING YOUR Trial Membership, you will receive *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin,* in his own original version, cleverly illustrated by William Sharp; and *Jane Eyre,* with actual lithographs in color by Barnett Freedman; and Caesar's *The Gallic Wars,* in a new "first person" translation and with engravings by the Italian artist Bruno Bramanti; and *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* by John Milton, the two poems in one volume designed *dos-à-dos* by Bruce Rogers; and Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein.*

Or, if for any reason you do not want to have one of these titles, you are permitted to make substitutions from a list of several dozen Heritage books-in-print!

This Trial Membership is offered to you now because the directors of The Heritage Club confidently believe that you will find these books rich treasures for your home. Five of them, and this *is* the opinion of the directors, will make you want to remain in the Club. However, to make your desire for this Trial Membership completely irresistible, we offer to present you with either of the two wonderfully handsome Gift Boxes pictured above: each selling at retail for $8.

NEVER IN THE HISTORY of book publishing has a greater bargain than this been offered to wise buyers of books. The offer of a Trial Membership gives you the opportunity to put this statement to the test. Please mail this coupon *now:*


DICKENS
BLEAK HOUSE
A SHROPSHIRE L
The Autobiography of Benj Franklin
L'Allegro JOHN MILTON Il Penseroso
Jane Eyre · Charlotte Bro
VIRGIL THE GEORGICS
CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER DE QUINCEY
ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD
SILAS MARNER
GEORGE ELIOT
Jane Eyre · Charlotte Br

Reservation Coupon

To THE HERITAGE CLUB,
595 Madison Avenue,
New York 22:

Please send me a copy of the Prospectus in which are described The Heritage Club's cooperative system of distribution, and the books to be distributed to the Trial Members during the coming five months, and the contents of the two $8 Gift Boxes. I understand that you will in the meantime reserve a Trial Membership, awaiting my application.

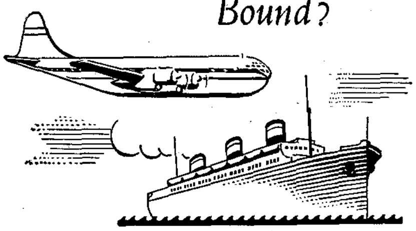
NAME ______ PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS ______

CITY & STATE ______

N-195

Bermuda Bound?



. . . then plan now to make Smith's the headquarters for your Bermuda shopping. Here you will find a superb selection of the finest imports from Britain and the Continent.

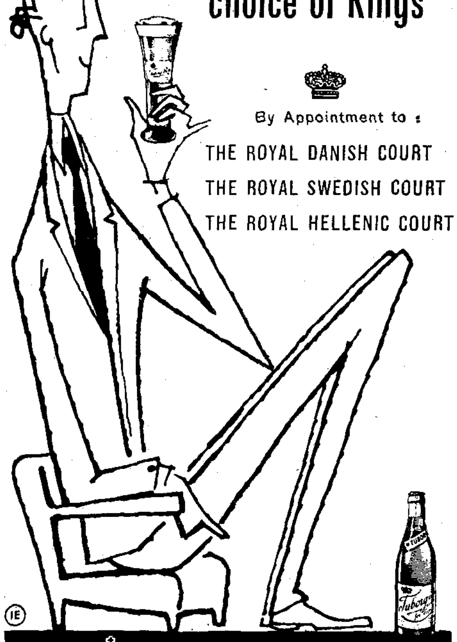
Among these carefully selected importations are Bone China, British Woolens, Braemar Sweaters, Camelhair Coats, Cashmere Jackets and Sweaters, Doeskin Trousers and Gloves, French Perfumes, Irish Linens and Leather Goods.

You are sure to find shopping at Smith's an exciting and rewarding adventure.

H.A.&E. Smith Ltd.
HAMILTON, BERMUDA

FREE—The "Key to Bermuda"—a colorful folder, with map of the Islands, to help you plan a more enjoyable visit. Write for folder N.

Treat yourself to the choice of Kings



By Appointment to :
THE ROYAL DANISH COURT
THE ROYAL SWEDISH COURT
THE ROYAL HELLENIC COURT

Tuborg Beer
Special Import from Denmark
BREWED AND BOTTLED AT TUBORG

© Tuborg Breweries Ltd., Copenhagen/Denmark

judge's chambers." Writing of this sort is often described as journalistic, but what newspaper would let that sentence pass beyond the door behind the copy desk?

Mr. Mankiewicz's champions may protest that his intention is not to produce a work of art; that he has a terrific story to tell, and that he has told it—well, terrifically. But one doubts that, as it stands, "Trial" has anything like the power to interest and move its readers that it might have had if the author had spent the pains on it that, say, James Gould Cozzens spent on *his* terrific story of a trial, "The Just and the Unjust." "Trial" is a thriller and only a thriller; "The Just and the Unjust" is a novel. Having thus mourned Mr. Mankiewicz's lost opportunity, one might as well go on to enjoy "Trial" for what it is, letting it race movielike across the top of one's mind as, someday soon, it will be racing over movie screens. In a small town in California, a Mexican boy has been charged with the murder of a girl. The boy is innocent. He is being defended by a thirty-year-old professor of law who has never defended a client in court. The professor has been given the assignment as the result of a chance meeting with a big, loud-mouthed criminal lawyer who, in the course of the trial, turns out to be a Communist. It further turns out that the Party doesn't wish the professor to win his case; for the Party's purposes, the boy must die. Can the professor save him? Can he save his own reputation, sullied by an unwitting association with the Party? Since this is a thriller, readers had better find out for themselves what happens. Meanwhile, one hopes that Mr. Mankiewicz, who is young and talented, will come to see that writing is a hard craft, as worthy of his talent as it is of his youth.

—Brendan Gill

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Sir Henry, by Robert Nathan (Knopf). Mr. Nathan's particular kind of fantasy finds itself on firm ground, at last, in the Middle Ages. This romance about a middle-aged English knight who cannot decide whether to follow adventure or stay at home and keep his feet warm has a constant doleful charm, and the knight's two ladies, Alisane and Meghan, who represent the opposing desires that finally break his heart, are portrayed with pathos and wit.

Money to Burn, by Elizabeth Cadell (Morrow). A harmless little tale

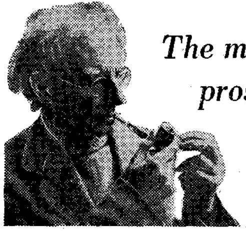
"Down East" Chowder is Downright Good!

Did you know that "chowder" means *kettle* in French? Yes or no, New England clam chowder smacks of old-time Down East cook stoves and kettles where this classic "brew" originated.

Today, Sexton New England style Clam Chowder—faithful to the original recipe—is made in the gleaming kettles of Sexton's Sunshine Kitchens. Better food stores have it—better lunch counters and restaurants serve it.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Sexton Quality Foods
John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, Ill.



Eris

The most magnificent prose writer in the modern theatre
—BROOKS ATKINSON

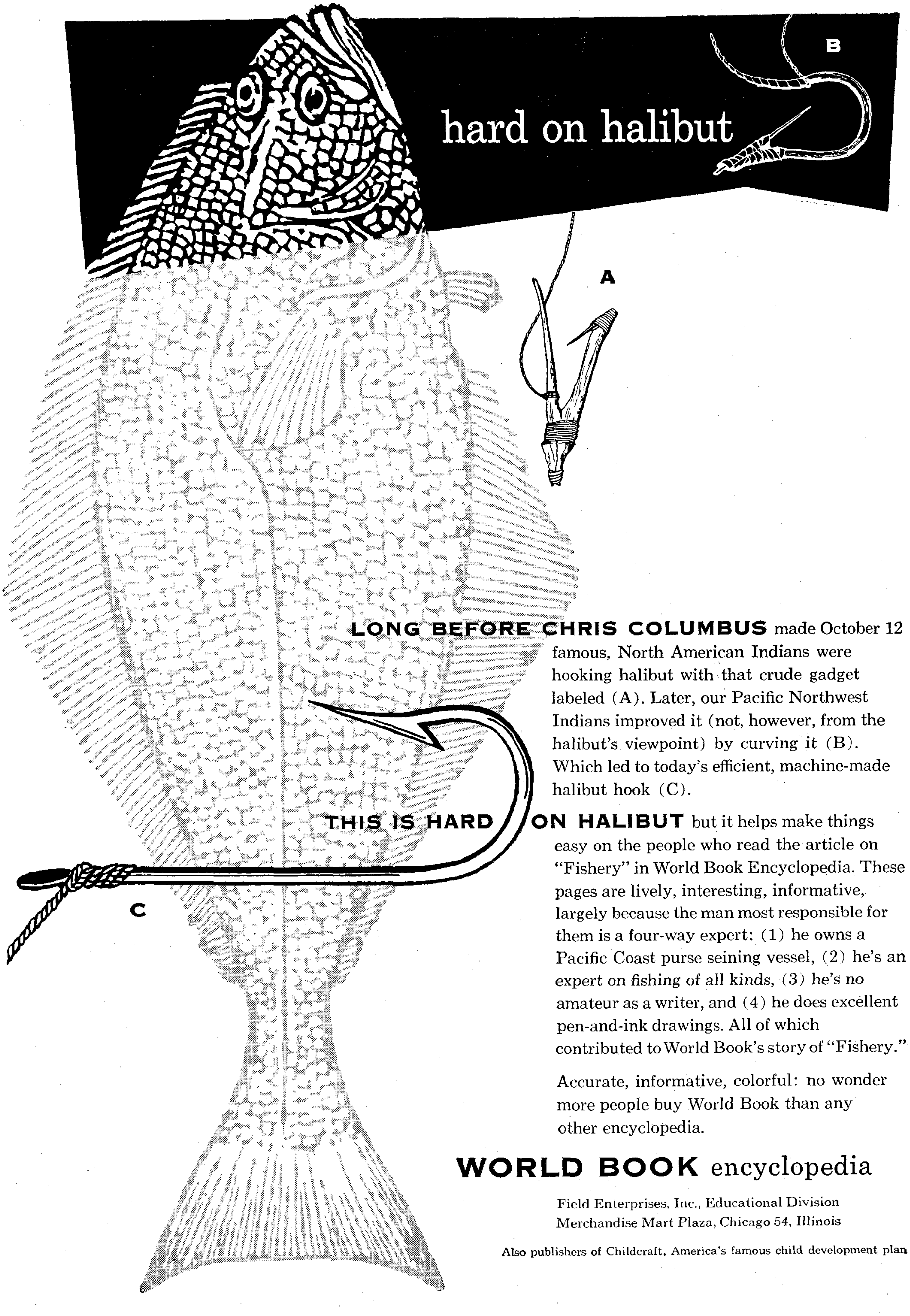
THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS / THE SHADOW OF A GUNMAN / RED ROSES FOR ME / WITHIN THE GATES / THE SILVER TASSIE / TIME TO GO / PURPLE DUST / BEDTIME STORY / JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK

SELECTED PLAYS OF
Sean O'Casey

Selected and with a foreword by SEAN O'CASEY
Introduction by JOHN GASSNER $5.00

GEORGE BRAZILLER, *publisher*
AT ALL BOOKSTORES NEW YORK
Distributed by Tudor Publishing Co., 221 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3

WHEN DINING IN NEW YORK
MENU *tells you*
• WHERE TO EAT
• WHAT TO ORDER
• WHAT TO PAY
THE RESTAURANT GUIDE OF NEW YORK
$1 at Newsstands or send $1 to
MENU, 18 W. 12th St.
New York 11, N. Y.



LONG BEFORE CHRIS COLUMBUS made October 12 famous, North American Indians were hooking halibut with that crude gadget labeled (A). Later, our Pacific Northwest Indians improved it (not, however, from the halibut's viewpoint) by curving it (B). Which led to today's efficient, machine-made halibut hook (C).

THIS IS HARD ON HALIBUT but it helps make things easy on the people who read the article on "Fishery" in World Book Encyclopedia. These pages are lively, interesting, informative, largely because the man most responsible for them is a four-way expert: (1) he owns a Pacific Coast purse seining vessel, (2) he's an expert on fishing of all kinds, (3) he's no amateur as a writer, and (4) he does excellent pen-and-ink drawings. All of which contributed to World Book's story of "Fishery."

Accurate, informative, colorful: no wonder more people buy World Book than any other encyclopedia.

WORLD BOOK encyclopedia

Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division
Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois

Also publishers of Childcraft, America's famous child development plan

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

CRUISE NEWS! Our long-sought Orlon and Nylon WASH-AND-WEAR TUXEDO

We're *first* with the remarkable Traveler Tuxedo, made expressly for us by Gordon of Philadelphia. Wonderfully practical for cruise and resort wear because both jacket and trousers may be *washed* and simply *drip-dried* without ironing. White jacket of twist-weave Orlon and Nylon (shawl collar, flap pockets, center vent). Regular, short or long, 36 to 46. **$32.50.** Black tropical-weight trousers of crease-retaining Orlon and viscose (side-tabbed extension waistband eliminates need for cummerbund if desired). Waist sizes 30 to 42. Shipped uncuffed. **$17.50.**

Mail Orders: Add 3% Sales Tax in New York City. Add 35¢ postage outside Metropolitan United Parcel Zone.

Whitehouse & Hardy

695 Fifth Avenue (at 54th Street), New York
835 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach, Florida

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Ballantine's

LIQUEUR BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY

Ballantine's
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF
George Ballantine & Son Limited
Glasgow & Dumbarton, Scotland

The Crest of Quality

"21" Brands, Inc.

86 PROOF · NEW YORK CITY

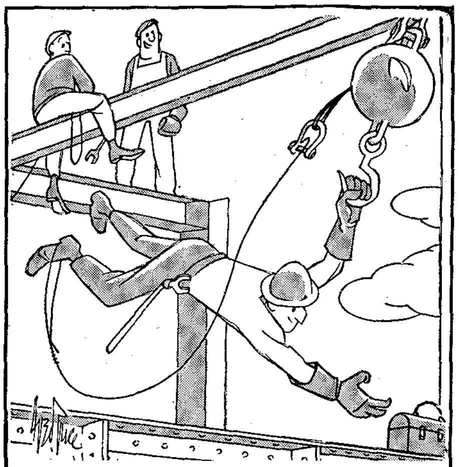
about the handsome, courageous, responsibility-ridden children of an impoverished, and even seedy, English family, who are rescued from their morass of problems by their own gaiety and by the provident visit of some Canadian friends.

GENERAL

GLADSTONE, by Philip Magnus (Dutton). Gladstone was an odd man even for his time—a politician who spent his evenings picking up streetwalkers and taking them to his home for a talking-to, a scholar who tried to prove that Homer's pantheon was derived from the Old Testament, a fanatic Christian who fought to get the House of Commons to admit the Jew Lionel de Rothschild and the atheist Charles Bradlaugh. Sir Philip Magnus has written a full account of Gladstone's animated career, boldly criticizing this "wanton act of high-handed folly" or that "silly, petulant, and ill-considered" reaction while fundamentally respecting the G.O.M. and his values. Excellently illustrated with photographs and cartoons.

THE FIFTY-MINUTE HOUR, by Robert Lindner (Rinehart). Five instructive new adventures in the Upper Amazon of the disordered mind by the psychoanalyst who wrote the near-classic "Rebel Without a Cause." The protagonists, all but one of whom in time rose purged and plumb from Dr. Lindner's couch, are linked by the familiar common denominator of childhood exposure to satanic extremes of emotional aridity, but the manifestations of their misery are something less than ordinary. They are a compulsive glutton, a homicidal schizophrenic, a chronic dependent, a jack-booted psychopath, and a fantasist whose mind has escaped to outer space, and their stories, it need hardly be stressed, are altogether horrifying. That they are also wholly heartbreaking is a tribute to Dr. Lindner's perception both as a scientist and as an artist. An absorbing book. Introduction by Max Lerner.

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING, by Grantland Rice (Barnes). "I owe sport a great deal," Mr. Rice, who completed this characteristically sweet-tempered autobiography just before his death last July at seventy-three, tells us in an introductory note. "Not only has it enabled me to earn a comfortable living; it helped me to grow up. . . . Almost every one of [the] heroes of sport taught me



"When the lunch whistle blows, Smitty takes off like a bird for his ham sandwich with Durkee's FAMOUS."

DURKEE'S FAMOUS

SAUCE

And no wonder—for everyone loves the unique, delicious flavor of Durkee's FAMOUS. It tastes especially good on sandwiches, sea food, meats, poultry, and in casseroles, cheese dishes and salads. Take your cue from famous dining places and use this distinctive sauce to pep up your menus.

Durkee's
FAMOUS

One of Durkee's Famous Foods

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK
LOIS SHAW HELEN APPLETON READ

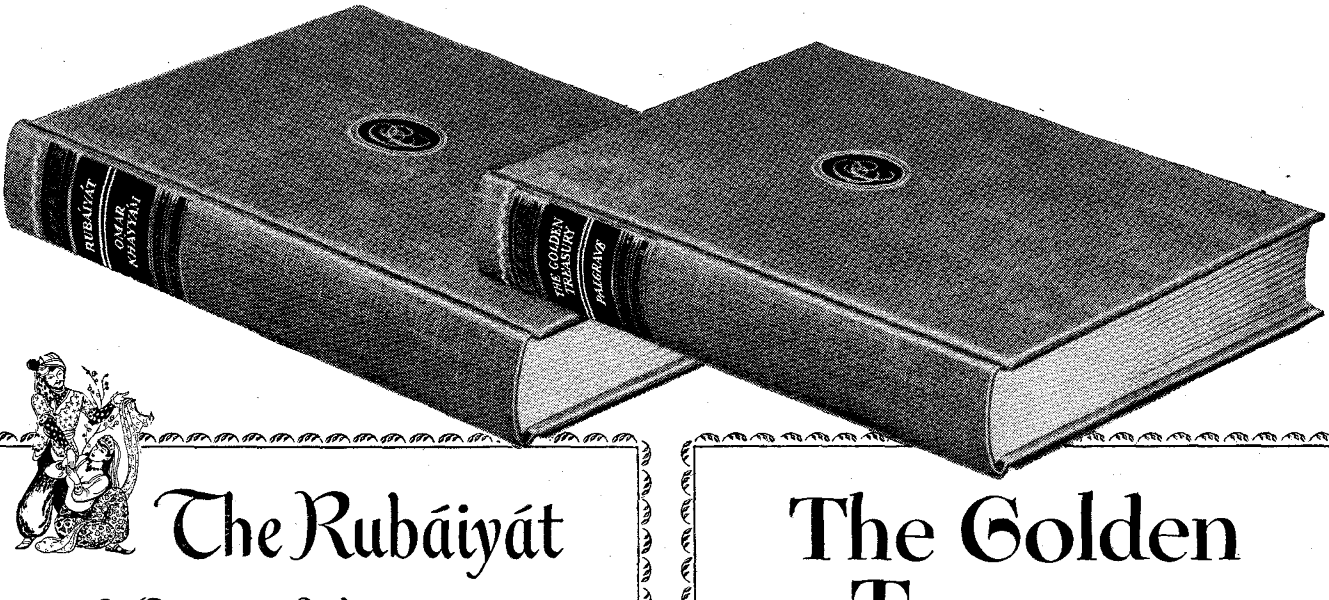
Slither *immediately* to the nearest bookseller for your copy of **CHAS ADDAMS' HOMEBODIES.**

His new collection of cartoons.
$2.95. SIMON AND SCHUSTER

BOTH FREE

AS YOUR NEW MEMBERSHIP GIFT FROM THE CLASSICS CLUB

Walter J. Black Invites You to Accept Both of these Beautifully Bound and Decorated Editions for Your Personal Library . . .



The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám

FitzGerald's Five Versions, Edited and Introduced by

GORDON S. HAIGHT

HERE is a book treasured wherever English is spoken. A single one of its haunting verses, written a thousand years ago by Omar the stargazer, is enough to send your imagination soaring far beyond the four walls of everyday life. You will arise from your reading refreshed and wiser in the ways of enjoying life's tasks with new vigor and courage!

This beautiful De Luxe Classics Club Edition, containing all five versions of the famous FitzGerald translations, is the first of two handsome *matched* volumes which you may now have *free*, as a gift from The Classics Club!

The Golden Treasury

The Most Famous Anthology of England's Poetic Literature, Compiled by

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

THIS is the ultimate authority on English verse, from the Elizabethan simplicity of Ben Jonson to the passionate realities of Shakespeare. All of the greatest talents are here—Shelley, Keats, Milton, Pope and all the rest. Here are poems to take into your heart and read again and again for inspiration and comfort whenever you wish.

Complete with Sir Francis' Notes and Comments, plus a useful index of *first lines*. Both THE RUBAIYAT and THE GOLDEN TREASURY are essential in any personal library . . . both are yours *free* as membership gifts!

Why The Classics Club Wants You to Have Both These Books Free

WILL YOU ADD these two volumes to your library as membership gifts from The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have *become* "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes (which are being used today in many leading colleges and universities) are luxurious De Luxe Editions—bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for $5 and $10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre—books you and your children will read and cherish for years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price—and your FREE copies of THE RUBAIYAT and THE GOLDEN TREASURY—cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L.I., N.Y.

Walter J. Black, President **SE**
THE CLASSICS CLUB
Roslyn, L. I., N. Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful 2-volume De Luxe Classics Club Editions of THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM and THE GOLDEN TREASURY, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you $2.89, plus a few cents mailing charges. (*Books shipped in U. S. A. only.*)

Mr.
Mrs. } ....
Miss (Please Print Plainly)

Address ....

Zone No.
City..........................(if any)........State....................

She shot the ashes off the Kaiser's cigaret

Her name was Phoebe Mozee and she was born in Darke County, Ohio, in 1860, and she could shoot the head off a running quail when she was twelve years old.

Once, at the invitation of Kaiser Wilhelm II, she knocked the ashes off a cigaret while he was holding it in his mouth.

She could handle a rifle or a six-gun with an artistry unsurpassed by that of any human being before her time or, probably, since. And when she appeared in Colonel Cody's Wild West Show, she thrilled your father and mother—not as Phoebe Anne Oakley Mozee but as the immortal Annie Oakley.

Annie Oakley, the poor back-country orphan girl who made her way to world-wide fame, was the very spirit of personal independence. That spirit is just as much alive in our generation as it was in hers. It is among the great assets of our people. And it is one very great reason why our country's Savings Bonds are perhaps the finest investment in the world today.

Make that investment work for you! Increase your personal independence and your family's security, by buying Bonds regularly.

It's actually easy to save money—when you buy United States Series E Savings Bonds through the automatic Payroll Savings Plan where you work! You just sign an application at your pay office; after that your saving is done *for* you. And the Bonds you receive will pay you interest at the rate of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish! Sign up today! Or, if you're self-employed, join the Bond-A-Month Plan at your bank. *For your own security—and your country's, too—invest in United States Savings Bonds!*

something, gave me some insight into how to live and added to my philosophy of life." The philosophy he thus acquired is familiar enough: Win or lose, the game, fairly played, is the great thing. So, it need hardly be said, are the heroes who instructed him (Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Jim Thorpe, Bobby Jones, Jack Dempsey, Red Grange, Jesse Owens, Tommy Hitchcock, Eddie Arcaro, and a thousand others), but since they taught more by example than by precept, his story of his life-long education is generally lively enough to hold one's attention. Photographs.

HAITI: THE BLACK REPUBLIC, by Selden Rodman (Devin-Adair). A guidebook for serious-minded trippers. In addition to the usual basic information (how to get there, where to stay, what to do, and how much it will cost), the author includes a comprehensive survey of the island's bloodstained past, a review of its present social, political, and economic structure, and an admirably unexcited analysis of the curious mixture of Christianity and *vaudou* that is Haitian Catholicism. There is also a most engaging discussion of the vibrant cultural renascence that exploded with the recent discovery and encouragement of such painters as Hector Hyppolite, Philomé Obin, and Wilson Bigaud. Photographs and an end-paper map.

THE INTELLIGENT HEART: THE STORY OF D. H. LAWRENCE, by Harry T. Moore (Farrar, Straus, and Young). A turgid and pedestrian biography, interesting chiefly because the author has had at his command two hundred previously unpublished letters, made available to him by Lawrence's widow. It is the most complete life yet, and, in fact, may be too complete for all but the handful of addicts eager to know everything about the cat Timsey and the dog Bibbles, to read that at twenty-seven Lawrence kissed a girl after a dance and immediately wrote a friend, "Life is awfully fast down here," and to follow the older Lawrence as he turns on his friends and lovers one by one and rends them. Photographs, a bibliography, and an end-paper map of Lawrenceland.

VERSE

POEMS COLLECTED AND NEW, by Rolfe Humphries (Scribner). This collection, an assemblage from five earlier books, to which has been added a group of thirty new poems,

"FOR VARIETY, spice your life with MYERS"

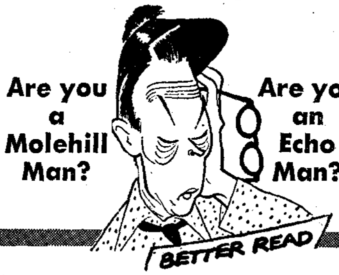
Traditional dark MYERS Jamaica Rum

"Planters' Punch" Brand

not too heavy... not too light... but just right

Write for FREE Rum Recipe Booklet

97 Proof R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc., Dept. H, 655 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.



Are you a Molehill Man? Are you an Echo Man?

BETTER READ

TREADMILL TO OBLIVION

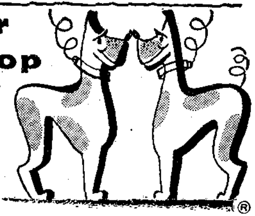
By FRED ALLEN

"... probably our wittiest and most original comedian . . ."—*The New Yorker*

$4.00 at all bookstores

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN



Help your pup develop STURDY BONES!

Give him New Formula VIONATE®

Complete vitamin and mineral supplement for

• PEP & VIGOR • STURDY BONES • HEALTHY SKIN • GLOSSY COAT • GOOD APPETITE

Choice of kennel-owners, veterinarians, pet owners!

See Your Druggist

79¢ 8 oz. Save on kennel-size packages!

VIONATE® is a Squibb trademark

SQUIBB—A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

STOP SAYING ➔ THAT TRAVEL IS TOO EXPENSIVE

➔"I ALWAYS SPEND TOO MUCH ON MY VACATION"

In his new book, **Where to Vacation on a Shoestring,** Norman Ford, founder of the world famous Globe Trotters Club, tells you about hundreds of undiscovered beauty spots all over America, Canada, Mexico, and elsewhere, where you'll have the time of your life and **spend less money.**

He tells you how to get real values in whatever kind of vacation you want, whether it's a weekend at a beach or two weeks in the mountains or an auto tour of America.

He tells you all about the national parks and how to reach them with double the sightseeing. He shows where to get the real bargain basement in government supported vacation resorts. He has the data you want whether you vacation on a real western ranch, or cruise on a houseboat into the Minnesota woods or on a sailing ship along the Maine coast, or if you want to do any of the hundreds of things the American vacationist can do—**if he knows where to find out about such exciting ways to vacation and how to do them with the least expenditure of money.**

Whatever your plans might be—to tour the magnificent Colorado Rockies or relax at a luxury hotel when rates tumble to a third of their high season level or to sightsee for a week in New York or Los Angeles or New Orleans—no matter what are your plans, in Norman Ford's big book, you'll find the facts you want on what to do before leaving, where to find low cost accommodations, what to see, and how to cut your costs. Yes, he covers rail and plane vacations, too.

There are about 75,000 words in **Where to Vacation on a Shoestring,** and a book as big as this for only $1 is a real value. When you think of how it will give you a fuller, happier, and lower cost vacation, you'll say it's one of the best investments you ever made. Use coupon to order.

HOW TO TRAVEL —AND GET PAID FOR IT

There's a job waiting for you somewhere—on a ship, with an airline, in overseas branches of American firms, in foreign firms overseas—even exploring if you're adventurous.

The full story of what job you can fill is in Norman Ford's new book *How to Get a Job That Takes You Traveling.* Whether you're male or female, young or old, whether you want a life-time of paid traveling or just hanker to roam the world for a short year or so, here are the facts you want, complete with names and addresses and full details about the preparations to make, the cautions to observe, the countries to head for.

You learn about jobs in travel agencies (and as tour conductors), in importing and exporting concerns, with mining and construction companies. Here's the story of jobs in the Red Cross and the UN organizations, how doctors get jobs on ships, the almost sure way for a young girl to land a job as airline hostess, the wonderful travel opportunities if you will teach English to foreigners, and the fabulous travel possibilities for those who know stenography.

"Can a man or woman still work his or her way around the world today?" Norman Ford asks in his book as you might ask today. And he replies in 75,000 words of facts, "The answer is still a very definite Yes!"

To travel and get paid for it, send today for *How to Get a Job That Takes You Traveling* on a money back guarantee if not satisfied. Price—just $1. Use coupon to order.

EUROPE ON A SHOESTRING

It probably costs much less than you think to see Europe. For one thing there are many low cost tours originating in Europe, the kind that economical Europeans buy for themselves. Some are as low as $5 a day for hotels, meals, sightseeing, etc.

The book that describes these tours and many other ways to see Europe as nearly on a shoestring as possible is *Europe on a Shoestring.*

Here are facts galore on—

What to see from one end of Europe to the other, including England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Scandinavia, etc.

When it's cheaper to rent a car than take your own; how to buy and sell a car overseas.

How to get the most for your money when going via rail, bus, sightseeing coach, etc.

How to save on foreign exchange. This part of the book alone will pay for its cost many times over.

In short, it covers everything you want to know—from what to see to how to see it, with facts, facts, facts. There's a handy guide to "How to Say It in 7 European Languages" (that section alone is also worth the price of the book). Of course, it's specific about passports, visas, customs here and in Europe, clothing to take, etc.

"No traveler can afford to go to Europe without this book," writes a travel agent. "Your book saved me enough last year to bring home lots of gifts," writes a woman. "The intelligent traveler's vade mecum to Europe," says the French Government travel office.

For two dollars, you get this money-saving book, plus 2 supplements on where to stay, eat, and shop in England and France—more help on seeing Europe comfortably and at low cost.

For your copy, fill out coupon.

FREIGHTERS

Are The Secret of Low Cost Travel

Yes, for no more than you'd spend at a resort you can take a never-to-be-forgotten cruise to Rio and Buenos Aires. Or through the Canal to either New York or California. Or to the West Indies or along the St. Lawrence River to French Canada. In fact, trips to almost everywhere are within your means.

And what accommodations you get: large rooms with beds (not bunks), probably a private bath, lots of good food and plenty of relaxation as you speed from port to port.

Depending upon how fast you want to go, a round the world cruise can be yours for as little as $250-$300 a month. And there are shorter trips. Fast, uncrowded voyages to England, France, the Mediterranean: two or three week vacations up and down the Pacific Coast or to New Orleans. Name the port and the chances are you can find it listed in "Travel Routes Around the World." This is the book that names the lines, tells where they go, how much they charge, briefly describes accommodations. Hundreds of thousands of travelers all over the world swear by it. Travel editors and travel writers say "To learn how to travel for as little as you'd spend at a resort get 'Travel Routes Around the World.' "

It's yours for just $1, and the big 130-page 1955 edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called How to See the World at Low Cost plus pages & pages of photos and maps.

A big $1 worth, especially as it can open the way to more travel than you ever thought possible. For your copy, simply fill out coupon.

ROUND THE WORLD ON A SHOESTRING

If you know the seldom-advertised ways of reaching foreign countries, you don't need fantastic sums of money in order to travel. You could spend $550-$1000 on a one-way luxury steamer to Buenos Aires—but do you know you can travel all the way to Argentina through colorful Mexico, the Andes, Peru, etc., via bus and rail for just $107 in fares?

You can spend $5000 on a luxury cruise around the world. But do you know you can travel around the world via deluxe freighter for only a fourth the cost—or via connecting steamer for $600—and that there are dozens of other round the world routings for under $1000?

Do you know all about the really comfortable, low cost routings to whatever part of the globe you're interested in? India, say, and how to reach it at lowest cost via rail from Europe through France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, and the Middle East? Or how to see South America economically? Which airlines Americans living down there take to cut $30, $50, $75 off the top fares?

There are two ways to travel—like a tourist, who spends a lot, or like a traveler, who knows all the ways to reach his destination economically, comfortably, and while seeing the most.

Norman Ford's big new guide *How to Travel Without Being Rich* gives you the traveler's picture of the world, showing you the lower cost, comfortable ways to practically any part of the world. Page after page reveals the ship, rail, bus, airplane and other routings that save your money and open the world to you.

What do you want to do? Explore the South Seas? This is the only guide in the world that names the schooners, tells what they charge, where they go. Visit Mexico? This is the guide that tells you the low cost ways of reaching the sights (how 56c takes you via 8 passenger automobile as far as those not-in-the-know pay $5.60 to reach). Roam around South America? Europe? Any other part of the world? This is the guide that tells you where and how to go at prices you can really afford.

If you've ever wanted to travel, prove now, once and for all, that travel is within your reach. Send now for *How to Travel Without Being Rich.* It's a big book, filled with facts, prices, and routings, and it's yours for only $1.50. Even one little hint can save you this sum several times over.

Mail now for prompt delivery

Mail to HARIAN PUBLICATIONS, 85 Second Ave.
Greenlawn (Long Island), New York

I have enclosed $........... (cash, check, or money order). Send me the books checked below. You will refund my money if I am not satisfied.

☐ How to Travel Without Being Rich. $1.50.

☐ Travel Routes Around the World. $1.

☐ Where to Vacation on a Shoestring. $1.

☐ How to Get a Job That Takes You Traveling. $1.

☐ Europe on a Shoestring, plus 2 supplements on where to stay, eat, and shop in England and France. $2.

☐ *Special offer: All books above ($6.50 worth) for $5.*

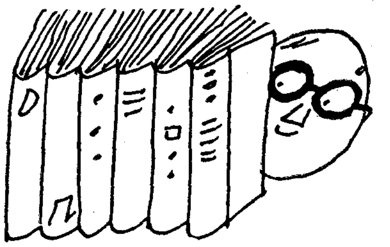
Print name...

Address ....

City & State...

(*Advertisement*)

editor at large



Now, about this matter of reading on trains:

I know commuters who maintain that there is no better place for books than the train. Away from family and friends, out of reach of the telephone's importunities, they get their best reading done as the car jolts from one suburban station to the next.

I share this view, in part. I can remember reading "Tortilla Flat" between New York and Washington, the first page in Penn Station, the last as the Capitol came into sight. And I also recall Thomas E. Dewey's book which I read crossing Montana on a Seattle-bound Great Northern train. The Governor's "Journey to the Far Pacific" seemed to take on added significance on my own trip to the Near Pacific.

But there is one drawback to train reading, and that is train windows. I like to look down main streets we are passing, into the windows of homes along the tracks, at the people on platforms, and especially at the freight cars standing in the yards or on sidings.

I even "collect" cars from unusual lines, and my prize is one from a West Indies railroad which I once saw on a siding in La Junta, Colorado, where the Santa Fe Chief pauses on its way East.

This came to my mind the other day when I was reading David Lavender's new book, "Bent's Fort". Bent's Fort was a trading post near La Junta which helped shape the destiny of our Southwest. And I was wondering what William Bent, or Kit Carson and the traders, trappers, soldiers and Indians who frequented his post would think if they could see today the stream-lined Chiefs or West Indian fruit being unloaded from refrigerator cars.

I can't say about Bent's thoughts, but I can recommend "Bent's Fort," if you're taking the Chief, or any train anywhere. It's good reading about a phase of American history that is too little known, and after the first page you can put the shade back up. This book will hold your attention.

L L Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Bent's Fort" ($5.50), by David Lavender, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your favorite bookseller, or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, especially those in New York's Grand Central and Pennsylvania railroad stations.

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.

clearly proves Humphries' rare knack of treating rough fact and subtle emotion with the same ease and insight, of being light without levity and serious without solemnity, always within the limits of classically disciplined form. Humphries' feeling for the actual and his civilized humor light up certain areas of the modern scene—the ballpark, the race track—that are hard to get at in imaginative terms, while scattered translations and his late experiments with Welsh metres illustrate the skill of a fine lyricist who is constantly in search of new breadth and range.

SONGS FOR EVE, by Archibald MacLeish (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. MacLeish, who has spent several years working with poetic drama, here returns to the lyric in a related group, "Songs for Eve," plus twenty-one additional short poems. His view of modern civilization is still full of gloom, but lively images of man's freedom and nature's ability to refresh also appear, while certain poems recall his most successful early musical effects.

SELECTED POEMS, by Mark Van Doren (Holt). Mr. Van Doren, having published nine volumes of verse, as well as several long verse narratives, since 1924, has now selected poems, chiefly lyrical, that appear to him representative (as he says in an introduction) of "the copious poet I [seem] to have become." Van Doren's emotions are curiously free-floating, and his form often resembles Emily Dickinson's and Robert Frost's, but feeling and expression sometimes fuse—in the "Sonnets (1935)" and "A Winter Diary," for example.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal*]

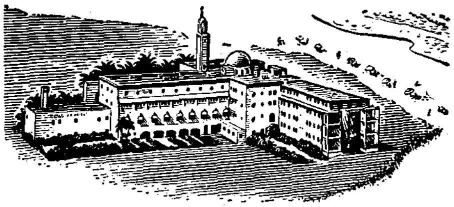
STOCKHOLM—An unusual test in Sweden showed that alcohol plays a greater role in traffic accidents than supposed. Thirty-seven expert drivers were divided into two groups. One was given alcoholic drinks; the other was not. Then they all drove over a track specially laid out to test driving ability.

•

Seventy-one per cent of the University's expenditure of $55,145,972 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1954, was paid in salaries, wakes and staff benefits, according to the financial report issued yesterday.

—*University of Michigan Daily.*

Well, you can't get a keener for peanuts.



GOLF
and BEACH
right at our door

A complete Florida resort . . . friendly club-like atmosphere... beautiful private beach where guests enjoy luncheon and cocktails as they bask in the sun . . . 18-hole championship golf course. Tennis, riding, fishing and other sports. Invigorating climate.

OPENING JANUARY 26TH

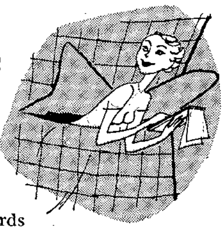
Reduced rates through February 15th

The COQUINA

ORMOND BEACH, FLORIDA
Mrs. Walter Bovard, Owner-Manager
NEW YORK RESERVATION OFFICE:
630 FIFTH AVE., CIRCLE 6-6820

Before or after VAN GOGH Luncheon at LA MER
RESTAURANT
FIFTH AVENUE AT 86TH ST., NEW YORK
Near Metropolitan Museum

minifon
lives in your pocket



Goes anywhere unseen. Hears everything. Records and plays back dictation, conversation, notes, interviews, etc. 2½-hour recordings may be mailed as letters, edited, or erased and used over. For details, write to Dept. N-2, GEISS-AMERICA Chicago 45, Ill.

WORLD'S ONLY POCKET RECORDER
complete $289.50

"My beer is Rheingold
—the Dry beer!"
says NANCY WOODRUFF
MISS RHEINGOLD 1955

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

COSTUME DESIGNED FOR MISS RHEINGOLD BY KNIZE, N. Y.

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer
UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION
MEMBER

It's beer as beer should taste!

Always refreshing – never filling

Every day, every season, every year, every glass of Rheingold Extra Dry is *always* as perfect as the one before. Rheingold's *consistent* quality, its clean, clear, *extra* dry flavor, have made it New York's largest-selling beer!

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,* BREWERS FOR 118 YEARS. ESTABLISHED 1837

Copr. 1955, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., New York, N. Y.

The Brandy of Napoleon*
V.S.O.P.
By Special Appointment to H.M. Napoleon III
COURVOISIER
"The Brandy of Napoleon"
COGNAC
FINE CHAMPAGNE

84
PROOF

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

Napoleon chose Courvoisier—and down through history Courvoisier has been the choice of those who could command the finest. It is the traditionally correct cognac—unchanging in quality—matchless in flavour and aroma. Illustrated is Courvoisier V.S.O.P. Brand Cognac Fine Champagne in the distinguished Josephine bottle. Also available in all liquor stores—in the familiar tall bottle—is the popular Courvoisier THREE STAR, the recognized standard of quality. Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, New York, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears this registered phrase on every bottle. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Special offer in French glassware —Four Courvoisier cognac snifter glasses about 3½ inches tall, with Nap emblem in permanent gold design. Shipped to you from France. Send $1 cash or check *payable to T.V.* P.O. Box 1 , Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y., Dept. NY 1. Pay Postman 15¢ U. S. Postal Examination Charge on arrival.